

JUN 8 1929

McCALL'S



July
1929

Ten
Cents

— A New Novelette —
Margaret Pedler — Gerald Mygatt
Frances Noyes Hart —

THE VENGEANCE OF THE SACRED GROVE
by the author of "THE MAGIC ISLAND"

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A bringer of beauty from within

IN some mauve and gray salon, you may loll for hours while dexterous fingers smooth the years and troubles from your brow. Or, at home, you may use, yourself, good creams and pure, to freshen your complexion and to make smooth your skin!

And in both cases you may be wrong—through no fault of the creams nor of the technique! For many a woman unjustly blames her lotions and her creams while the fault is her own—and directly her own!—*in that she has failed to keep herself immaculately clean internally!* and has thus robbed her creams and unguents of their powers!

She, then, should know the good effects of Sal Hepatica, which doubles the potency of every lotion and unguent she pats on her skin. By thorough internal flushing, cleansing the system of the poisons and waste, it clears the complexion of defects—banishing blemishes and replacing dullness with lovely clarity. It keeps the skin pure and youthfully translucent.

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Constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are wafted away. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.



Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet that explains the uses and benefits of Sal Hépatica as the standard laxative for your entire family.

★ ★ ★ ★

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Kindly send me the free booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Sal Hepatica

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The Patriotism Of Peace

Ever since Stephen Decatur defined the arrogant patriotism of war the world has waited for a universal conception of the patriotism of peace.

The point too seldom stressed is that such a patriotism has its roots in simple things—in trees and earth and rivers, in homes and children, the schools we go to and the jobs we work at.

All of us are quick to associate patriotism with the mood of an heroic moment—watching an endless file of troops marching on and ever on, down to death and glory; seeing the flag go by, or cherishing the last dying note of “taps” echoing away on the horizon. We reserve our feelings for public occasions and let them burst in swelling triumph at an Inaugural, or the observance of Armistice Day and the Fourth of July.

It should be understood that these moments bear testimony to intensely brief and triumphantly desolate interludes in our country's history. The patriotism of peace plays no

part in them. It cannot be encompassed in a firecracker, nor betrayed in a flight of oratory. It cannot be limited to a day, nor yet a year. It is a matter of the spirit, expressed in action, throughout our lives.

It is the spirit which moves men to go calmly and quietly about the task of conserving our waning forests, our minerals, our water power; harnessing the destructive power of floods; cleansing our rivers; embracing our new citizens; improving the cities in which we live and the industries in which we labor; creating healthier and happier and more prosperous homes; bringing education and enlightenment to young and old, to rich and poor.

These are the campaigns of peace, waged quietly, often unheroically. Victory holds no fruits of undying fame nor everlasting glory for the leaders—no fame but the happiness of our fellows, no glory but the glory of progress.

—THE EDITOR

HE THOUGHT:

"How absolutely
lovely she is
tonight!"



SHE THOUGHT:

"How glad I am
I washed my hair
and changed to
this fresh dress!"

Real cleanliness is the greatest beauty secret!

What is it that puts high-lights in your hair ... glints of gold or copper? What is it gives your skin the vivid pinkness that even great painters find difficult to get on canvas? What is it that transforms the simplest summer frock ... makes it *charming*?

The answer, of course, is *real cleanliness*.

It isn't that we do not know these things. The question is, do we make *use* of this great aid to beauty as much as we might and should?



What doctors say about shampooing

The driest hair is oily enough to catch the dirt that flies everywhere. As this grime kills hair luster, why let it accumulate?

Authorities advise a thorough shampoo every two weeks ... and *oftener* when a hair dressing is used, when you perspire freely, when your hair is naturally oily, when in work or play your head is exposed to more dust and dirt than is usual. And remember, any good toilet soap is a good shampoo soap.

Don't fail, either, to wash your comb and brush thoroughly every few days.



Wash your face the only "best" way

The skin, also, is invisibly oily and dirt-catching ... and water alone will not remove this film. Soap, the real cleanser, is needed.

Skin specialists say that creams and powders, when used as a *substitute* for soap and water, increase rather than lessen the possibility of blackheads and "shiny nose". They call soap and water "the most valuable agent we have for keeping the skin of the face normal and healthy".



Elbows, underwear and finger nails

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you aren't able to manage as many pro-

fessional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub your nails once a day with a stiff brush, and push the cuticle back with the towel while drying. You'll find that except for occasional shaping and polishing, little else is needed.

From stockings and underwear to dresses, scarfs, gloves, etc., there's only one safe rule about your clothing: anything that is *doubtful* is definitely *too soiled to wear*.



The kind of beauty called "elusive"

Other people know when we do and do not take baths. Other people notice when the attention we give to cleanliness is the 100% and constant kind.

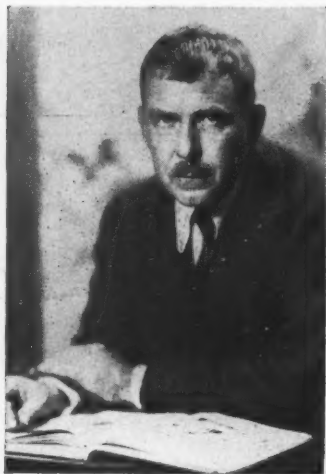
Isn't "daintiness" just another name for being *clean*? ... and "elusive" beauty, probably mostly *extra cleanliness*? ... of body, face, hands, hair, clothing, and all the many little details?

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, 45 East 17th Street, New York.



From a painting by George Bellows

Elizabeth Alexander



W. B. Seabrook



F. Tennyson Jesse

McCALL MIRRORS

AUTHORS, as a rule, are a restless group. Given all the things a normal heart desires—leisure, social position, comfortable surroundings and a suitable income—they are apt to weigh anchor and slip to sea, seeking strange scenes and stranger faces. F. Tennyson Jesse ("The Patience of Griselda") did so at a very early age—three, to be exact, and accompanied by her father, of course, Reverend E. Tennyson d'Eyncourt Jesse, a nephew of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. At fifteen she began training as a painter. Having exhibited at Liverpool and Leeds, several years later she took ship alone for a trip around the world. Having little money, much of her traveling was done on cargo boats. Her experiences aboard these tramp steamers furnished a valuable background for the writing of her well-known novel of the sea, *Tom Fool*. In 1918, after a career as newspaper correspondent and a French Red Cross worker, she married H. M. Harwood, a playwright. Together these two have sailed their little ketch into the most entrancing ports in the world—right through Holland, along the north coast of Africa and into all the alluring harbors of the Mediterranean.

W. B. SEABROOK ("The Vengeance of the Sacred Grove") shuffled into the office several weeks ago, a figure in rough tweeds, with a boyish haircut, and a huge silver ring on his left thumb—the gift of an Arab chieftain. He was trying desperately to adapt himself to the success which has attended the publication of his book, *The Magic Island*, but in the light of his past he found it difficult. Born in Maryland, the son of a Lutheran minister, Seabrook took to reporting immediately after college. At the end of a year, he was offered the managing editor's chair of an Augusta, Georgia newspaper. This he refused in order to spend the next year working his way through the University of Geneva. Leaving the University, he became a tramp—a real, not a romantic one—wandering his way about Europe. Five years later the same man was married, successful in business and secretary of the Rotary Club of Atlanta, Georgia. The war intervened. 1919 found Seabrook back in New York, writing Sunday feature articles, while his wife ran a coffee shop. One evening an Arab dropped in. Seabrook met him, counted the family bank account, and several months later was en route to a fifteen months' stay in Arabia. It was there that the incident of his McCall story occurred. On the proceeds of his book, *Adventures*

in Arabia, Seabrook went to Haiti—*The Magic Island*. The success of that book would content any ordinary author, but where is Seabrook? En route to Central Africa for six months' hibernation in the camp of a cannibal tribe, with more adventure ahead.

ELIZABETH ALEXANDER "was born in Kentucky and decided the next day to go on the stage." So some twenty years later she came to New York to tread the squirrel cage, the endless tramp from manager to agent looking for a job. "No, you're not the type." One day a brunette, the next a blonde, and the gentlemen preferred neither. Finally, despairing, gloomy, she got a job as vampire in a one-act play, four shows a day, appearing in Hoboken. But not for long! The play ran for one week only. So Miss Alexander became a writer and married Norbert Heermann, the artist. But from her theatrical days came inspiration for her story, "Upside Down."

JULY

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By Neysa McMein

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GERALD MYGATT, author of "The Wishing Window," is a native New Yorker, and, with countless excursions to every point north, east, south and west on the American continent, still lives there. He was in the army during the war, entering as a private and coming out as a captain of artillery. The day he received his discharge he took oath with himself never to get up early in the morning or groom a horse again. And he says he hasn't. But he has had time, nevertheless, to write some very engaging short stories, another of which will appear in an early autumn number—"Ambition Is A Woman," a rollicking domestic comedy.

TALK of the future summons the August issue to mind, and particularly two of its features. Can you imagine a greater fiction treat than having Temple Bailey and Ethel M. Dell bracketed together in one issue? But there they are, as appealing as ever, with their airy romance and their tales of dreams come true.

In "Early To Rise," Temple Bailey, against a background of the fashionable summer colony at Bar Harbor, Maine, unfolds the story of one man's struggle against himself, typified in his love for two women—one a sophisticated, modern flapper, the other the tender and gracious daughter of a famous surgeon. Ethel M. Dell's contribution is a novel, the first installment of a powerful portrayal of a girl's soul, which is all but sacrificed on *The Altar of Honor*. Mrs. Edgar Guest, the wife of the beloved poet, will be shown in Miniature; and the short stories, "Desert Bloom," by Vingie Roe, and "The Strongest Tie," by Evelyn Campbell, help to make the August issue of McCall's the kind of magazine you will like to take on vacation.



Outstanding Beauty and Remarkable Six Cylinder Performance ~ ~ at prices within the reach of all

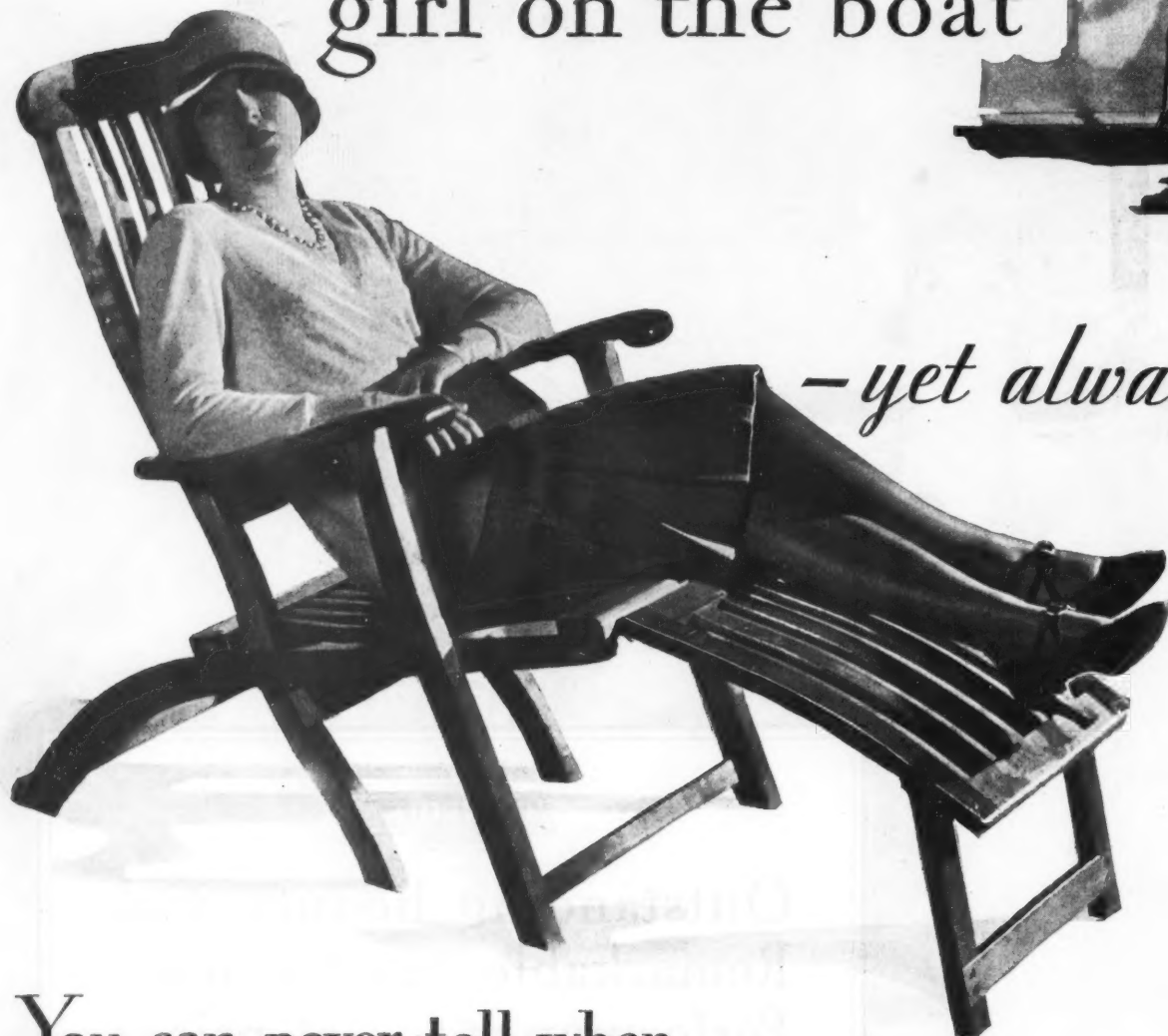
Superlatively smooth in its operation, the Chevrolet Six stands high among the most ably engineered cars in the world—for here is offered, in the price range of the four, everything you want in a truly fine automobile. Its smart bodies reveal the mastery in design and craftsmanship that has made the Fisher name renowned throughout the world for excellence in body building. Its flashing acceleration and speed and its marvelous comfort and handling ease are a revelation to everyone who takes the wheel. Visit your Chevrolet dealer to-day. See and drive this remarkable automobile.

The Roadster, \$525; The Phaeton, \$525; The Coach, \$595; The Coupe, \$595;
The Sedan, \$675; The Sport Cabriolet, \$695; The Convertible Landau, \$725.
All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

The best looking girl on the boat



-yet always alone!

You can never tell when
a temporary deodorant will cease
to protect you...



Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) used twice a week at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry.



The new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless)—for sensitive skins and for frequent use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely after skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry before any clothing touches the skin.

PAM had dreamed for months of going abroad! The first day out she knew it was her "great adventure"—she was the most sought after girl on the boat! But before the second day was over people were no longer enthusiastic. Wretchedly, she wondered why.

She did not realize the simple fact that no one can ever tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect!

Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, gives you *continuous protection*. Its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor and ugly spreading stains.

Why Odorono Gives Continuous Protection . . .

The regular use of Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way. Odorono checks perspiration in the closed-in portions of the body where it causes odor and ruins clothes and directs it to the more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

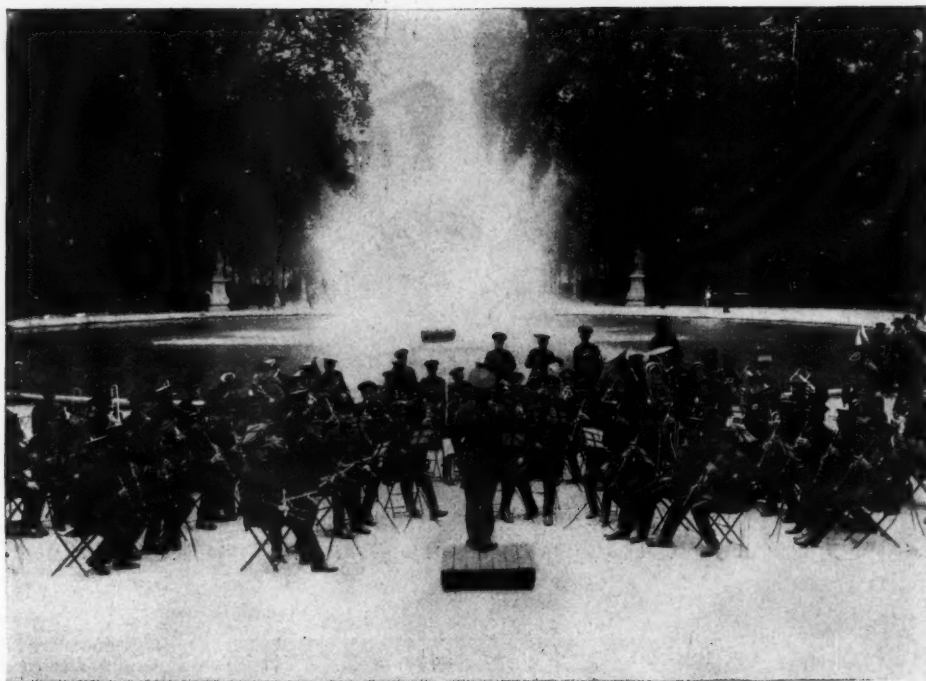
Odorono Regular Strength should be applied at night before retiring, regularly twice a week.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skin and frequent use, may be used at night or morning. Odorono No. 3 Mild should be kept on hand for the inevitable times when you miss one of the Odorono Regular Strength applications.

At toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono Regular Strength, and the new Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins and frequent use, 35¢, 60¢, and \$1.00. The delightful Creme Odorono (deodorant) for general body use, 25¢.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for complete underarm toilette samples of Odorono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (In Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. D-7, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.



*The Symphonic
Band of the
Royal Belgian
Guards*

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

The Belgian Symphonic Band

YOU know what a band concert is like, of course. If you are an average American, living in or near an average city or town, you must have heard dozens of them on holidays and Sunday afternoons in parks and picnic grounds. If someone should say to you: "Come on; let's go to the band concert at the opera house next Tuesday night," you would not have to look at the program to know that it would run something like this:

Overture—"William Tell" Rossini
March—"Pomp and Circumstance" Elgar
Cornet Solo—"I Hear You Calling Me"
..... Mr. Salvino
Waltz—"Beautiful Blue Danube" J. Strauss
Humoresque—"The Whistler and His Dog"
..... Pryor
March—"The Stars and Stripes Forever"
..... Sousa

Such being the case, had you gone to the Metropolitan Opera House on a certain Tuesday evening of last March, expecting to revel in a collection of noisy old-time favorites, you would, upon opening the program, have had the shock of your life. For this is what you would have read:

Prelude and Fugue in A Minor Bach
Offertory from Midnight Mass Franck
Overture—"The Bartered Bride" Smetana
Suite—"Petrushka" Stravinsky
Symphonic Poem—"The Sorcerer's Apprentice"
..... Dukas

Now obviously, any band that would undertake to play such a list of symphonic virtuoso pieces is either under the leadership of a madman or it is no ordinary collection of tuba-pumpers. Let it be said at once that Captain Arthur Prevost of the Belgian army is no madman, and that the Royal Belgian Symphonic Band, which he directs, is an aggregation of extraordinarily skillful and well disciplined players. It is—or was originally—a cavalry organization, which, having won widespread

acclaim in Europe, has been touring the United States under the patronage of a distinguished committee whose chairman is the King of Belgium himself.

It is what is known as a "harmonie" on the Continent, and differs from the average military band that we know in that of its eighty members, by far the larger number play instruments of the wood-wind family. Its brass section, comprising the usual cornets, trumpets, horns, trombones, euphoniums and tubas, is not much larger than that of an augmented symphony orchestra, and is greatly outnumbered by the flutes, clarinets, oboes, saxophones and bassoons.

It is this predominance of wood-wind instruments that gives the band its amazing flexibility and great variety of tone color. The clarinet and saxophone sections can play elaborate orchestral [Turn to page 83]



Horace Braham and Erin O'Brien Moore in "Street Scene"

GOING TO PIECES

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Rejection Slips

IN THEIR sheep-like fashion, the idle folk of the world have, within the past two or three years, developed a marked tendency to flock to the Riviera in the summer months, and in particular to cluster to Antibes, a crumbling old town which looks out across a turquoise sea at that island fortress of which, long ago, the massive walls held prisoner the Man with the Iron Mask.

The once abject manager of the Grand Hôtel du Cap at Antibes can therefore afford nowadays to pick and choose among the cosmopolites who bid high for the privilege of stopping at his inn. One day last summer a taxi rattled up to the hotel bearing, as prospective but unannounced customers, an elderly Irishman and his wife, the man a tall, lean, sinewy gaffer, with eyes quite as blue as the aforesaid Mediterranean, and a beard which looked as though it had just been shampooed with the white of an egg. His name, he said, was Shaw—G. Bernard Shaw, to be exact.

The clerk at the desk yawned, and then exerted himself to the point of giving a dismissive shake to his head. He did not know the Shaws, and the hotel was expecting important guests to claim all its possible vacancies. It was not until after the visitors had found quarters at an obscure little *auberge* down the road that the story got out, and the whole Riviera shook with that kind of mischievous laughter we all save up to use for the discomfiture of the uppity.

As soon as the manager of the grand hotel on the sea learned whom he had turned from his doors, he tried frantically to lure the famous sage back to his roof, but, failing in that, he at least had the presence of mind never to admit for one moment that the great man was not stopping there. As journalists dispatched from every newspaper in France to interview the distinguished visitor swarmed in on every train, they were all told merely that Mr. Shaw was out walking and could see no one.

I followed the comedy from the vantage point of a sleepy villa a little way [Turn to page 100]



Dr. Peter Ainslie

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

The Scandal Of The Church

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

BY REV. PETER AINSLIE, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

WHY so many kinds of churches and all worshipping the same God? The greatest scandal of civilization is a divided Christian church and the fact that Christians have not learned how to behave toward each other. Half of Christendom is not on speaking terms with the other half—separated by ignorance, suspicion and fear. Whatever else this condition may reveal it certainly is not Christian. Even pagan philosophers behaved better toward those from whom they differed. Is Christian faith a feud and Christian fellowship a fantasy?

In these ringing words Dr. Peter Ainslie, minister of the Christian Temple of Baltimore, gives us the key to his long and fruitful ministry. Along with Archbishop Soderblom and Bishop Brent, he is one of the major prophets of Christian unity in our generation. In his own great Church—a kind of chain-church, so to speak, with ten branches—as editor of the *Christian Union Quarterly*, as a tireless preacher and practitioner of a wide fellowship, he has worked and pleaded for unity among Christians; as well as in many books, the last of which is entitled *The Scandal of Christianity*, in which he tells us that if the Christian Church cannot unite to face the growing materialism of the age it will slowly die like the ancient religions.

"Of course," Dr. Ainslie says, "each denominationalist tells me consciously that the issue is whether we are following Christ or men; he, of course, following Christ and I, in his judgment, following men, if I dissent from him. There you are—more than two hundred different Christs—the old sin of making a Christ of our opinions and worshipping it. Such a philosophy, if it can be so named—mistaking narrowness for nobility—is denial of the fundamental principle of Christian love and fellowship, and, therefore, is sheer infidelity. It is a blight upon the religion of Christ, a fresh crucifixion of Jesus, a shame in the eyes of God and man."

In this noble and notable sermon, a great preacher sees with the eyes of coming generations—looking back, as it were, from the future upon the senselessness, the stupidity, the tragedy of a divided and impotent Church. In his own life he has led a great advance toward a creative Christian fraternity, which has attracted attention all over the Christian world. His [Turn to page 102]



Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Dark Hester"

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

Marriages True And Untrue

WE ARE all discussing modern marriage these days. Dr. George Dorsey in a chapter entitled "How to Be Happy Though Married," included in his book on the *Hows and Whys of Human Behavior*,

lays down a series of do's and don'ts which sound sensible enough. But I have on my table four recent books—two novels, a biography and a collection of poems—which leave me with the strong impression that true marriage is a spiritual equation which two people attain or do not attain, quite irrespective of the age they live in.

As typical of the thousands of men and women who fall short of this spiritual equation, Sinclair Lewis tells us the story of *Dodsworth*, an American business man of more than average brains and character, and of his wife, Frances, brilliant and clever, but fundamentally shallow. It had been a case of love at first sight for young Sam Dodsworth, but for the girl Frances one suspects that it was a case of calculation at first sight.

When Sam merges his automobile company with a larger concern and is in a position to drop everything for the first time since their marriage, Frances persuades him to take her abroad on an indefinite tour.

It is their belated adventure; and Sam starts out with boyish enthusiasm. In many ways Europe proves a revelation to him, but it also proves to be his Gethsemane, for it gives his wife opportunities for infidelity which she had lacked at home; and it gives him time for much miserable thought. Their marriage might conceivably have remained if they had never left Zenith, or if he had in the beginning paid less attention to business and more to love-making. [Turn to page 86]

Something To Say

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THE period of hysteria, induced by the movietone, is just about over. The reorganization of the mammoth film industry has been managed with surprising efficiency and speed, and the new regime is definitely in operation. The electrical engineers are persistently improving the sound recording devices, removing the lisps, squawks and roars; and the actors and directors are successfully adjusting themselves to the revised order of things. Nervous apprehension has abated in Hollywood.

In fact, the talking picture is emerging from the cradle of infancy, and all that it needs now is to find something interesting to say.

That, however, is not an easy task. For no matter how competent the acting and direction, or how smooth the mechanical reproduction and synchronization, a talking picture may be utterly ruined by bad dialogue. The [Turn to page 102]



Norma Shearer and Raymond Hackett in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"

Buying?



Building?

Or just fixing up?

*Before you pay a penny,
let experts show you how
each room will look*

*Above: English cottage
designed by William
Clifford, Jr., architect.*

*Right: Living-room of
this house. Decorations
and color schemes se-
lected by Armstrong's
Bureau of Interior
Decoration. Floor is
Armstrong's Linoleum
design No. 6042.*



SUPPOSE you could see each room of your home mirrored in miniature.

Suppose each room were planned with the actual materials themselves—draperies . . . wall finish . . . wood-

work . . . even the floors—so that you could see the texture as well as the pattern and color of these four main elements of every well-planned interior.

Wouldn't it take the difficulties out of decoration? End costly guesswork? Insure praise-winning results?

Thousands of home-planners (many of them architects and decorators themselves) have told our Bureau of Interior Decoration that this help in creating pleasing room scenes, this mirroring in miniature, is invaluable. Many have offered to pay for the service—say it saves expense and worry. Yet the only consideration is that you see the new Armstrong Floor effects now showing at local stores, that you learn anew what modern linoleum really looks like.

Be sure . . . start with the floor

Frankly, the whole success of this service, the whole idea of visualizing a room before it is actually decorated, depends upon the largest single area in a room—the floor. It's the logical starting place for your decorating scheme. The foundation. The background for everything else in the room.

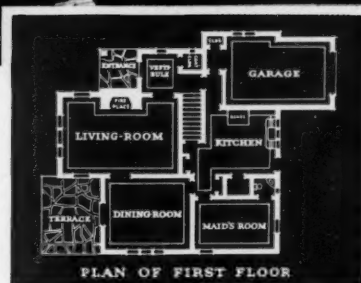
That's just why so many of the fine interiors pictured in magazines have patterned linoleum floors. The best decorators endorse the idea. You can get almost any effect your fancy dictates—rich, regal marble designs, textured embossed tiles, softly blended Jaspés, plain colors, even daring modernistic motifs. Each room of that new home you are about to build or buy can be made to express the architectural plan if you let the floors do their share. You see how it works out in the living-room of the home illustrated.

*Transforms old
homes too!*

Or the house you are now living in can be given new sparkle, new zest, by introducing color and pattern in the floor. Here's how easily it can be done.

First plan your room in miniature with actual materials. Decide on the exact Armstrong's Linoleum Floor that best carries out your color scheme. In less than a day your new Armstrong Floor will be cemented in place over a lining of builder's deadening felt. Your old floor is forever out of sight, out of mind. In its place is a quiet, foot-easy, colorful surface—a correct foundation for your fabric rugs and fine furniture.

And, too, this floor is easy to clean. The new Accolac Process makes the surface spot-proof, stain-proof. Light wax-



BUILD THIS HOUSE YOURSELF

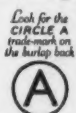
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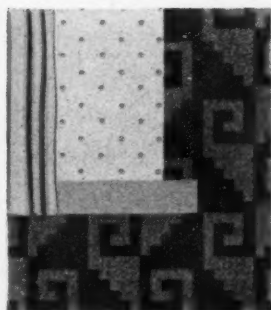
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Dicky had gone to Sidi-bou-Said to see the Arab girl again

THE PATIENCE OF GRISELDA

Tunis— veiled setting for a sinister intrigue and a triumphant revenge

By F. Tennyson Jesse

Illustrated by LOREN WILFORD

THE noonday sun stood high above Tunis like a shield of shining brass, in a sky whose blinding blueness paled to a blaze of white heat above the flat roofs of the town. The tourist season was over, only unfortunate French officials still lived on as best they might through the hot blaze.

It was strange, therefore, thought Madame Bignon, the patronne of the Hotel de l'Univers et de Dieppe, that the Lamotte couple and their young English friend should still be staying on.

Madame Bignon, her egg-shaped bust heaving, her dark mustache perpetually bedewed with perspiration, gazed at Monsieur Lamotte, who was also of a heavy build, as he passed in and out of her café, and wondered

vaguely what the business could be that kept a gentleman of private means in this hot town. Business in the strict sense of the word she knew he had none, but he might perhaps be one of these writing gentlemen, though if so, she had never been able to catch him at work. She had occasionally seen Madame Lamotte, that

tall, thin, gaunt, forbidding looking English woman, writing busily in a small black-cover-

ed book, but she had never been able to find out what was written, for Madame Lamotte kept the book locked away where Madame Bignon's most curious researches had failed to discover it. It could only be, the patronne decided to herself, that they were staying on for the sake of the young Englishman to whom Monsieur Lamotte was acting as tutor in the French language . . . And as tutor in other matters as well, thought Madame Bignon shrewdly, for she had made a very good guess at some of the resorts to which the older man had taken his young friend of a night time, not a very praiseworthy proceeding when one considered he had



*Giles thought he had never
seen her look so lovely*

been entrusted with the task of looking after the charming and still innocent youth and was paid for it.

She could not help liking Dicky Amphlett. It was pleasant to see his young, smiling face and to hear his halting French as he paid her extravagant and delightfully insincere compliments. She often thought that Madame Lamotte was unduly censorious and tried too much to act as nursemaid to the young man. But the Lamottes settled their bills promptly.

One evening, when Dicky, after drinking two of Madame Bignon's rather crude and violent aperitifs, had gone off alone toward the native quarter, Madame Lamotte did what for her was a rather unusual thing. She brought her sewing and came and sat beside the landlady in the deserted bar and began to talk about the young Englishman in their charge.

"I do wish," said Madame Lamotte—who after years of residence with a French husband spoke the language perfectly—"that Monsieur Amphlett would not go off so much by himself without Paul. No one regrets more than I do the places where he insists on going, for you and I know, chère Madame, that watching these native dances may lead to anything, but at least I always knew that Paul would look after him. Paul is so careful of the young, but lately—" she paused as though uncertain whether to say any more.

"After all," said Madame Bignon comfortably, "young men will be young men, is it not so, Madame? And these native dancing places are strictly supervised by the police; as a matter of fact there is even talk of suppressing them altogether."

"Oh, the dancers!" Madame Lamotte dismissed them contemptuously. "If it were only dancers Paul and I would not mind. No, it's more serious than that. Paul is afraid that this misguided young man has fallen in love with an Arab girl of good family, and that is bound to mean trouble."

MADAME BIGNON made a clicking noise with her tongue. "With an Arab girl of good family?" she echoed. "That is serious. How did he come to meet her?"

"At Sidi-bou-Said. You know the women there don't go veiled, except very lightly, and this girl, the daughter of the richest man there, let her yashmak fall as she was passing Dicky, who was on his way down to bathe with Paul. You remember? It was the day we took our lunch and picnicked over at Sidi-bou-Said a fortnight ago. The day the weather began to be so hot. To tell you the truth, Madame Bignon, we should have left before this, if it had not been for Dicky. But he refused to go. Paul and I are both very worried about it."

Madame Bignon's swarthy, good-natured face looked very grave. She too knew how dangerous it was to meddle with the women-folk of a proud and wealthy Arab. It was with a feeling of relief that she heard Dicky come in fairly early that evening.

on his dignity as a man of the world able to take care of himself. Paul continued to point out to the young man how little he knew of the world; how incapable he was of looking after himself, even of defending himself should any trouble arise, but the more Paul advanced these arguments the more angry Dicky became!

The next afternoon Dicky went out alone. He hired a little two-seater which he had used before and drove away in the direction of Sidi-bou-Said. That evening he did not return and Madame Lamotte kept on going to the door of the hotel and looking anxiously up and down the street. Paul Lamotte was out and when he came in about six o'clock he took the matter calmly.

"I shall begin to worry," he said, "if the boy misses his dinner. That's a thing I have never known him to do."



"It's a black business, I'm afraid. We'll get 'em yet, don't you worry"

However, young Dicky Amphlett did not come back for dinner, had not come back by eleven that night, and at last Monsieur Lamotte put on his hat and went off to see the police. He did not say much, but Madame Bignon knew he must be thinking that if Dicky had indeed gone to Sidi-bou-Said and tried to see the Arab girl again, there was grave cause for alarm . . .

Young Dicky never came back to the Hotel de l'Univers et de Dieppe. Instead, his body, with the knife-hilt still sticking out between his shoulder blades, was taken to the mortuary, and within twelve hours had been buried in the little strangers' cemetery.

Poor Dicky had no relations except a sister called Pat, a few years older than himself, and she had hardly received the telegram confirming the tragic news before the body of her brother was laid to rest. Madame Lamotte wrote her a long letter softening the ugly tale as best she might, and hinting also that justice could not be taken upon the murder or murderers, for alas! there was no doubt that poor Dicky Amphlett had been doing a thing upon which the French Government could not look with sympathy and which it endeavored at all times to discourage—he had tried to violate the sanctuary of an Easterner's harem and his death was well merited though regrettable . . .

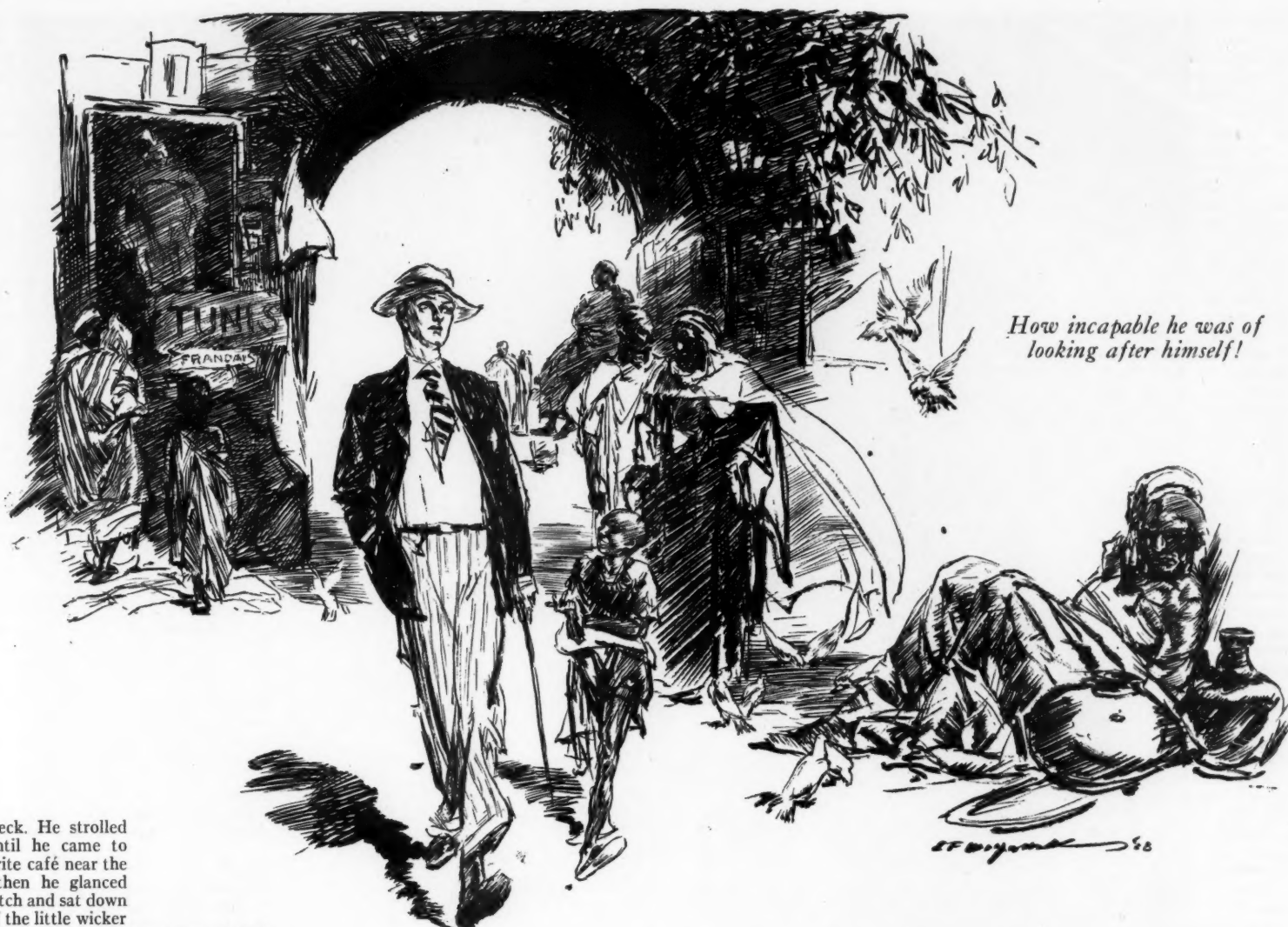
The affair was hushed up. Madame sent home Dicky's little personal belongings, very few, for his pocketbook, which unfortunately had been bulging with notes as he had only that morning drawn his allowance, was missing, and so was his gold watch. Both had doubtless been taken from him by the natives who had discovered the body sprawling in one of the little twisted streets of Sidi-bou-Said . . .

The episode was over and the Lamottes had behaved excellently. It was beautiful to see how they mourned the loss of their young friend, and as soon as the painful obsequies were over they bade farewell to Madame Bignon and to Tunis.

Dicky was soon forgotten by everyone except a girl in England who set out to brave the heat and glare of Tunis to discover all she could of her brother's end and to attend to his grave, as no stranger, she felt, could be trusted to do. Madame Bignon, perspiring more than ever, was very sympathetic, and it was from her that Miss Amphlett heard the story as far as Madame Bignon knew it herself, which perhaps was not so very far after all.

IT WAS spring of the following year, a lovely summer-like spring, and the little town of St. Fructueux, which lies on the eastern side of a gulf that runs sharply up into the land, not far from Toulon, was as charming a spot on an April morning as you could wish to see. The dappled plane-trees in the little square were bursting into leaf; the sails of the fishing boats, tawny and pearly white, were drying in the sunshine. The little flat-faced houses, washed pink and blue and yellow, clustered round the harbor, their painted shutters wide open.

Monsieur Paul Cauvin, returning from a little stroll along the quay, gazed at him with deep content. He was a gray-haired man with a heavy, clean-shaven face, and a dark hairy mole just under the angle of his chin on the left side



How incapable he was of looking after himself!

of his neck. He strolled along until he came to his favorite café near the casino, then he glanced at his watch and sat down at one of the little wicker tables set beneath the plane-trees. A dark good-looking girl came out of the inn and he saluted her courteously.

"The usual I suppose, Monsieur Cauvin?"

He nodded benignly.

"Is Mademoiselle coming?" she asked him with a twinkle in her brown eyes.

"I am hoping so, Jeanne," he replied, "but of course one never can be sure. Your charming sex, my dear Jeanne . . ." and he shrugged his heavy shoulders a little.

"She will come if Madame Cauvin lets her," said Jeanne with the sympathetic smile of her nation for lovers. And indeed at that moment there appeared round the corner of the square the figure of a young girl. Jeanne, not for the first time as she watched the somewhat ungainly approach, wondered what Monsieur Cauvin could see in this English girl. Paul's face lit up, however, as the girl rather ungraciously slumped herself onto the little iron chair opposite him.

DAISY JONES was typical of her class in England; that is to say, that though pretty with the prettiness of golden hair, baby-blue eyes and a pink and white skin, her figure was lumpy and her feet and hands too big. She was well-dressed in a little white suit with a scarlet belt and blue and scarlet embroideries, but one would have been safe in guessing that her clothes had been chosen for her, for she put them on badly, and her little scarlet felt hat lost nearly all of its smartness by not being worn low enough over her eyes.

Jeanne, while envying her hair and complexion, considered her not at all *chic*, in which she was perfectly right. Nevertheless she felt sympathetic as she put the two glasses of vermouth on the table. After all, Monsieur Cauvin, though not handsome, seemed to Jeanne a very attractive man, but he could not find much pleasure in that grenadier of a wife of his. It was only natural he should prefer to take out her niece, who at least was young. The curious part of it was that Daisy herself never seemed very enthusiastic on these occasions; Monsieur Paul had to work hard to get any smiles and responses from her. He spoke in English; so Jeanne didn't know what they were saying, but indeed she would not have been very much the wiser had she been able to follow every word.

"Well," she now remarked, as she sipped her vermouth, "you have got a nerve, I must say. Madame

Cauvin would be half wild if she could see us."

"Why should she mind?" asked Paul. "Is

it not permitted that I take her charming niece, whom I have adopted as my own, out for a little stroll with me? Bertha is a reasonable woman."

"Yes, she is," said Daisy. "That's just it. You won't pull any wool over her, believe me or believe me not. I expect she's used to your little games by now."

Paul's face was heavy and impassive and yet somehow he looked hurt by this remark. "I don't know what you mean by little games," he protested. "I have been a good husband to my Bertha, that I swear. Do you blame me because, my little Daisy, your youth and beauty rest my eyes?"

"Exercise your eyes rather than rest them, I should say," replied Daisy. "Besides—all this talk of being a niece!"

"You are our niece. We have adopted you," said Paul firmly. "Bertha and I are a childless couple. We met you and loved you and wanted you for our own. There is nothing strange about that."

Bertha Cauvin was sitting in the loggia, occupied with her sewing, when her husband and Daisy arrived. "Imagine!" cried Paul cheerily. "I found this child wandering along the beach alone. There never was such a one for looking at the sea. We must take her out sailing, my Bertha."

"Every girl should know how to handle a boat and how to swim," agreed Bertha placidly.

"Well, I can't do either," said Daisy.

"You will soon learn my child," said Paul. "The weather is quite warm enough to bathe now. You shall have your first lesson tomorrow."

It was a week later, and Daisy, with much complaining and screaming, had had several swimming lessons, but still seemed as incapable as ever of keeping up in the water for two moments together. She had been out twice in Paul's small sailing boat with him, and about this entertainment also she was extremely dubious. As she put it, why should people go messing about with the nasty, unsafe water when they could be on dry land?

Daisy had made a new friend, an English girl who was boarding at a convent outside St. Fructueux. A Miss Griselda Anstruther, an intelligent and beautiful girl of about twenty-eight, who was a pitiful and appealing

figure, for she was quite blind. Daisy was sorry for her and yet flattered because though Miss Anstruther was undoubtedly what Daisy would have called "quality" yet she had taken a great fancy to Daisy. Everyone could see that. The Cauvins, who had at first not seemed too pleased when Daisy had told them of this new acquaintance, seemed to lose their prejudice when they heard that poor Miss Anstruther was blind.

SHE was a quiet and reserved person who didn't respond very enthusiastically to the overtures of the Cauvins, but she seemed to like to be with Daisy as much as possible; though an onlooker would have thought that the two girls had nothing in common. Yet Griselda made the flimsiest excuses to come to the villa Sans-Souci as often as possible. Daisy was flattered and embarrassed by this interest . . . "I don't know what you see in me," she said one day to the elder girl. "I shouldn't have thought I was at all your sort. I can't talk about books and things the way you do. How you have read them all beats me—" she broke off, blushing, afraid lest she might have wounded Griselda's feelings by this reference to her blindness.

"People have always been very kind about reading to me," said Griselda, "and one can get so many books in Braille type nowadays."

"Have you always been—like this?"

"I was nine when it started," said Griselda, "so you see I know what the world looks like quite well. When you describe places and people to me I really can imagine quite well what they are like. For instance, you have described the Cauvins so well to me that I always feel as though I can see them; especially him and his light eyes and the mole under his jaw. They have been very good to you, haven't they, Daisy?"

"Oh, yes, I must hand them that," agreed Daisy, "and, mind you, I always feel a little bit queer about it."

"How do you mean, queer?"

"Well, it doesn't seem to me quite natural for a thing like this to happen outside a story book. I suppose that's why I don't feel grateful about it as I ought. By rights I should be thanking my stars every minute of the day and yet somehow I am not. But I'm used to a bit of life and I miss it."

"Don't they take you about?"

"They took me once to Monte Carlo because I kept on at them until they did, and they take me out to tea

with some of the stuffy old French people round here they have got to know. That's not much use to me, because I can't do the parley-vo. I give you my word the only man I've spoken to for months was one that they brought over from Toulon to see me a couple of months ago, just after I came to live with them. And he was only an insurance agent."

"An insurance agent?" echoed Griselda. "Were they insuring you?"

"Yes. Old Bertha explained it to me. You see they haven't really got much money, and if I were to be ill or have an accident they wouldn't be able to do everything for me the way they would want to."

"Did they insure your life too?"

"I don't know at all. I shouldn't think so. It wouldn't be much good when they are so much older than me, would it? But they told me they had insured their lives in my favor. Pretty decent of them, I must say. But something will happen to spoil it like it always has. But you see I really was down and out when these Cauvins came along. In Marseilles this was, and they got to talking to me and then they adopted me and here I am."

"But your relations?" said Griselda. "Couldn't you have got enough money to go back to them in England?"

"I'm a poor lone orphan," replied Daisy. "Haven't got as much as a seventh cousin, there's really no one to mind what becomes of me."

Nearly every day found Griselda down at the villa Sans-Souci. She knew the path well and there was no danger from traffic. It was amazing to watch the ease with which she went about her ways, lightly feeling the path before her with her walking-stick. One day when she arrived at the villa she was not alone; there was a tall, thin, very sunburned young man with her, a fact which caused Daisy to open her blue eyes very wide.

Giles Penrose had set his heart on getting to know Griselda Anstruther from the moment that he had first set eyes on her sitting in the pine woods, her hat on the ground beside her, her hands quietly folded on the lap of her white frock, the dappled sunlight shining on her short, red-brown hair. Her face was lifted up as she listened to the calling of the birds, and Giles went back to St. Fructueux eager to find out who she might be.

He felt a shock as of a sudden sense of loss when he heard that she was blind, but curiosity and pity sharpened the interest that he felt in her, and he told himself there was no reason why he should not pass his holiday in conversation with a pretty girl just because the poor thing suffered from such an appalling handicap.

Giles found no lack of people to introduce him to her, and she accepted his friendship simply and pleasantly. He was not by any means the only person who would have been glad to look after Griselda in her rambles, but she preferred solitude except for her uncountable friendship for Daisy, and Giles was the only person whom she had allowed to walk with her.

"IT'S odd somehow," said Giles to Griselda, when one day he caught her up as she was going through the woods, and persuaded her to sit down for a little on the sweet-smelling pine-needles, "that you should be so interested in that awfully dull, common little girl."

"She seems to me," said Griselda slowly, "very lonely and unprotected."

"She used to be, evidently," said Giles, "but you surely can't say that now the Cauvins have adopted her?"

"More than ever now, I think," said Griselda.

Giles looked at her curiously. Some fine instinct in him prevented him looking at her much, because she was unable to see him while he did so. Now, however, he looked straight at her as though she could return his gaze. Her subtly-modeled face with its delicate but unexpectedly strong curve of jaw and its down-dropped eyelids told him nothing; yet he said with conviction in his voice: "You don't like the Cauvins. I think I have always felt that."

"I don't show it, I hope?" asked Griselda, alarmed. "No, you're always polite. It's just a feeling I have had about you, somehow. I am an awful idiot, you know. One of these silly asses who is not much good for anything, but I do get a hunch sometimes."

"Dear me!" said Griselda, her mouth curving to a smile. "I thought you were in the Intelligence during the war, and did wonderful things in the Near East."

"How did you know?" he demanded. "Ah! I know a good deal more than you expect. But it's true, isn't it? You are the Major Penrose I mean?"



"I know what the world looks like quite well"

"I messed about with the Turk and the infidel a good bit, yes. They always shove fellows like me into the Intelligence, you know."

They went on together through the pine trees; Griselda refused his guiding arm and walked with a light assurance. The day had changed with the rapidity that it does in and about the Mediterranean, where squalls spring up out of a clear sky. Griselda stood still for a moment and lifted one bare hand as though she could feel the weather with her sensitive fingers. "There's a squall coming on, isn't there?" she said. "I do hope Daisy isn't out in that wretched little boat of Monsieur Cauvin's. She's so nervous. He will force her to go out when she really hates it."

AT SANS-SOUCI the kind Bertha met them in the loggia. "Daisy is not back yet," she said, "but come in, Miss Anstruther. She will not be long, she's expecting you to tea. She's gone out sailing with Paul and they ought to be back by now."

Giles felt Griselda's fingers tighten suddenly on his arm, then relax again.

"Surely not a very good day to be out sailing, Madame?" he remarked.

"It was lovely when they started," Bertha replied. "I expect they got into St. Fructueux before the wind changed." As she spoke a sudden blow of wind ran through the trees and died away again like a sinister comment on her remark.

"Let's walk toward St. Fructueux," suggested Griselda to Giles, "and then we shall meet them."

Twenty minutes of sharp walking brought them to the little village. A storm of rain had swept them and soaked Griselda's thin white woolen frock so that it clung about her. But they forgot that when they reached the quay. For there was a great commotion and in the center of it was Paul Cauvin, kneeling, dripping wet, with a livid and agonized face, over something that lay upon the flagstones beside him. All around him crowded fishermen and harbor loungers, explaining to each other with excited gestures exactly how the tragedy had occurred.

"The jib carried away just as he had got her head into the wind and was going to ride it out."

"I always said that boat was not good. She's too short and just spins round and round. It's the third time she's capsized."

"It needn't have been fatal if the poor girl hadn't hit her head against the gunwale."

Daisy lay upon the flagstones, one hand outflung, her face white and a gash upon her temple.

Paul was frantically moving her arms up and down and calling to her, and Giles, with a slight feeling of distaste for the other man's emotionalism, knelt down and made a brief examination. "No good," he said in French. "She's dead."

The men standing round took their caps off and stood bareheaded. One or two helped Giles wrap Daisy's coat about her and lay her on a rough stretcher of oars and sailcloth. Paul followed humbly, like a man dazed.

"She can't have suffered," said Giles to Griselda, who was shaking so that he was afraid she might faint.

She turned toward him an ashen face that shocked him. "I must speak to you alone," she said.

He gave a few directions to the local doctor who had come bustling down to the quay, then he said to Griselda: "All right, come with me now. You need a drink and so do I. There's nothing more I can do for the poor girl for the moment."

"No," said Griselda drearily as she walked beside him toward the inn. "There's nothing more we can do for her, and it's all been my fault . . . I waited too long . . . I didn't know it would be so soon, so terribly soon."

Once or twice he asked a question and nodded his head at the answers and he made a few notes in a little book. "As soon as this is cleared up here, which ever way it goes," he said—"and I think it will go quite well for the Cauvins; there's no reason why not—I

will be off for Tunis. Meanwhile, what about you? I can't bear to go off and leave you alone."

"I have a plan," said Griselda. "No, I can't tell it to you yet, but I will write you care of general delivery at Tunis and keep you up with my movements. I shall never forget what you are doing for me."

"Good Heavens! Who wouldn't?" cried Giles. "It's a black business, I'm afraid. We'll get 'em yet, don't you worry."

"I oughtn't to ask you," said Griselda suddenly. "It's dangerous work, I know. Why should I drag you into it? My brother Dicky was nothing to you, nor was this poor girl."

"Justice and decency are a good deal to me," said Giles more lightly and like his usual self.

"Now," said Griselda, "you are going to hire a car and take me out to Sans-Souci."

"I'm darned if I'll do anything of the sort."

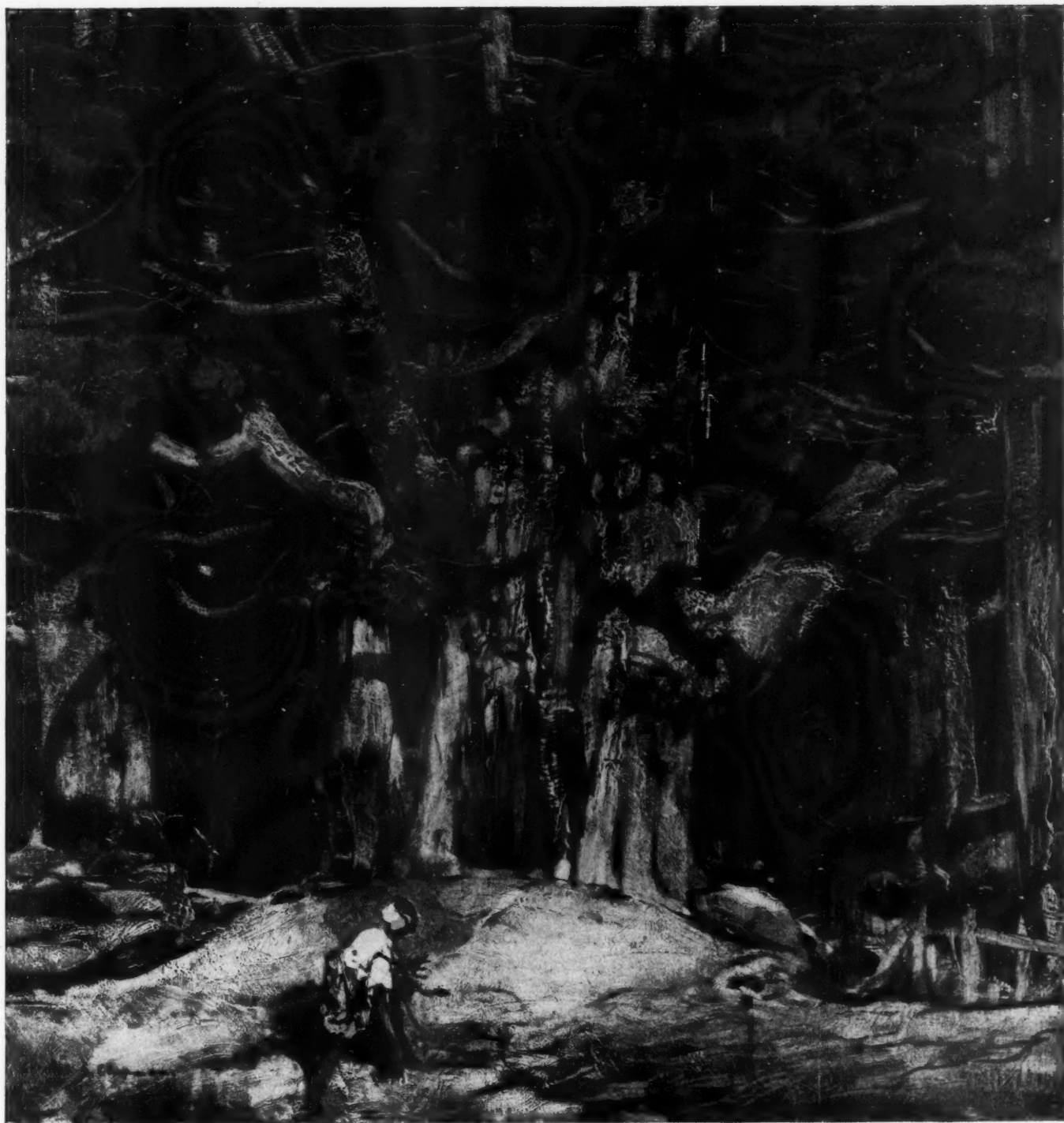
"Oh, yes, you will, please. I want to be the one to break it"—she used the familiar expression with an intense bitterness of tone—"to Bertha. It's part of my plan. I've got to work in my own way here."

Griselda's way led her in a direction that Giles Penrose, if he had not already set off on his quest, would have disapproved strongly. She consoled Paul and Bertha in their affliction, stayed by them through the trying time of the inquest, when a verdict of "accidental death" was brought in, and the uncle and aunt received a vote of sympathy.

So much Giles knew before he went to gather up the threads of a dark tale across the blue water of that Mediterranean. What he did not know was that Griselda, alone in the world even as Daisy had been, had yielded to the Cauvins' plea to solace them, and after they had sold the little house Sans-Souci, she had gone away to make her life with them.

THE late summer found Griselda and the Cauvins in Cornwall, where they had taken a delightful though isolated little bungalow on one of the rocky headlands of the north coast. It was two and a half miles to the nearest village, a mile to the nearest farmhouse, but Griselda told the Cauvins she liked it. As to the Cauvins, they frankly admitted that they had taken the bungalow because it was cheap, for poor dear Daisy had been the innocent means of costing them more than they could afford . . .

"I wonder," Griselda said to them, "that you didn't insure her life. After all, it's only the sensible thing to do, you know. I'm sure if I had been Daisy I should have wanted that to be done." [Turn to page 117]



THE VENGEANCE OF THE SACRED GROVE

Is superstition false or real? And do eerie forces
shape our ends? Then read this tale from the Arabian
hills— part Poe, part Kipling—and all true

JUST the same, I wouldn't do it," said the holiest man in Islam—the most reverend and venerable Sheik Shefieh el Mevlewi, Governor General of the whirling dervishes of Syrian Tripoli—and flected the ash from his gold-tipped, amber-perfumed cigarette.

"And is it because you are superstitious?" countered his old and very intimate friend, Dr. Arthur Dray of the American University at Beirut, with an amiable twinkle in his eyes.

By William B. Seabrook

Illustrated by CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

"I assert," said the Shiek el Mevlewi, quite graciously but steadfastly, "that I am not superstitious. . . . but I do not know what I mean when I say it."

"You understand, of course," said Dr. Dray, shifting ground, "that

no vandalism is involved. I am planning to take only one of these broken branches which otherwise would lie here rotting."

"Of course I understand, but that has nothing to do with the essence of the matter. I can only repeat that I wouldn't do it."

"And why?" insisted Dr. Dray.

"The truth, then," said the Mevlewi, "the truth though it lead one to China," here he was [Turn to page 120]



"You'll have to hurry, Jimmie, for the days won't be many"

TWO WOMEN WHO WAITED

For one man's love

By Mary Synon

Illustrated by PRUETT CARTER

FROM the moment she heard the alarm bell of El Capitan booming its tocsin of terror Lucy Redding knew that Jim was in danger.

She had not been thinking of him as she worked away in her little kitchen. He had left her to go to Mollie Terriss, in defiance of law and the ostracism of the little mining town and for the two years of his desertion she had lived only by keeping thought of him below the surface of her mind. Over the gaping wound of his going she had poured the lotion of the daily work by which she made a living for herself and her child.

Now, with the old fear of women whose men labor in the shadow of death, she felt the gripping hand of disaster at her throat; and forgetful of pride and of the other woman she breathed for her husband the prayer she had been wont to say for him before Mollie Terriss had come between them.

It had been weeks since she had seen him, for he and Mollie lived on the turn of the mountain beyond the mine and came into town, she knew, only when necessity drove them. She had no way of knowing whether or not he were at work in the shaft whose danger the clanging bell proclaimed.

"God save him," she prayed again. Through the uncurtained window she could see the rising of the town's

excitement. Scarce a house within her sight but had a man at work in the mine. As a child she had suffered with her mother through these same hours of terror. As a young girl it had been for Jim she prayed, for she had loved him then as now.

She remembered Jim's first day at the mine. He had been so young, so pathetically valiant as he swung up the mountain that she, although a year younger than he, had suddenly been overcome by a mothering tenderness for him burdened with the care of his widowed mother's family. That had been the beginning of their love. With the echoes of El Capitan's doom bell ringing through the valley, she knew that a road from the past had been opened, and she trembled in fear of what might come to her upon it.

Across the street Laura Evans had flung wide her door, wringing from her hands the suds of her weekly washing. From the next house Esther Tregarthy rushed out, settling an absurd boudoir cap over her straggling hair. Ellen Connors, holding her baby tight, thrust open the gate outside her new cottage. Old Mrs. Baragwaneth came, shading her blearing eyes with trembling hand as she gazed upward toward the mountain. In common fear of the bell's portent they gathered in a tremulous group just outside Lucy's window.

On the instant her impulse sped her to join them, but swift remembrance of her position held her back. They were still the wives of the men they had married, while she, Lucy Redding, had nothing but a legal claim upon the man who had been hers.

The sound of the women's voices, raised in sharp alarm beat upon her in blows of humiliation. She moved to close the window, but one word, the fateful monosyllable of the mines, held her taut.

Fire!

The menace of it seared her brain. Her hand went to her heart as she heard beyond the voices of the women the lifting panic of the town.

Through the straggling highways men were running toward the road up the hill. Motor cars were chugging

in hot-driven haste. From every doorway women and children poured out into the ways until it seemed to Lucy she must be the one living being in the town who dared not go forth.

Only when the street lay in deserted and ominous quiet did she dare to go out. In the blazing sunlight of the western September the mountains circled in purpled splendor, but oppressing Lucy more heavily than ever with their terrible impassivity. Time and again they had loomed above the tragedies of men who had sought to wrest a livelihood from their depths. They had seen her father brought, crushed, from the slide of the Cressida; they had watched the funeral procession which had followed her brother's death in the Ajax; and they had lifted their majestic indifference above grief and woe when Jim's father had been carried, dead, from the shaft of the Kildare.

RECALLING how she and Jim had stood together in childish awe of death's finality, she remembered the stricken sorrow of his mother's face. The thought of the older woman, blind now and crippled, dwelling with strangers, pierced Lucy the deeper because it came belated. Had anyone told Jim's mother of his danger? And who would take her comforting?

As she stood hesitating the noontime clamor of the school recess broke sharply on the street. Boys and girls, rushing past her, hurried into emptied houses, only to speed out from them toward the steep path to El Capitan; she strained her eyes to find her own child. With the haste of fright little Margaret was coming toward her. As she faced her in the brilliant sunshine she noted how like Jim Redding his daughter was, and she

asked herself for the thousandth time how he could have left a child who was so amazingly like him.

"What's happened, Mummie? Is it the mine?"

"The bell's rung," Lucy told her.

"We heard it. Do you think he's there?"

"I don't know."

"Aren't we going up?" She raised the plea with nervous courage. "Everyone's going."

"We're not."

"But don't you think," the little girl persisted, her tenacity mimicking her father's, "we ought to go?"

"No," said Lucy.

"Not even if he's there?"

"No." She turned away lest she weaken before the tears in Margaret's eyes.

"Does Granny know?"

"Won't you run and tell her?"

"Oh, please, Mummie, let's go to her!"

"All right," she said, and without waiting to find her hat, let Margaret hurry her through the quieted streets to the tiny house where Jim's mother lived.

Granny had never taken Jim's part. She had refused to countenance his association with Mollie Terriss, but after all, he was her only son. Fear for her as well as for him laid its cold hand on Lucy as she went into the house.

"Who wants me?" an old voice quavered, and they saw her back in the gloom, her shawl drawn tightly about her thin, bent shoulders, her wrinkled forehead; her knotted hands gripped the arms of her chair. Her sightless eyes seemed to be striving to focus upon some far-away point of vision, but she threw her voice straight toward Lucy. "Is he dead?" she cried.

"Oh, no, no," Lucy told her. "Margaret and I wanted you to know—to know that—"

"I know," she said grimly. "He's up in El Capitan and it's burning."

"Who told you?"

"Do I need telling? Didn't I hear the bell on the mountain? Don't I know what that means? And for three nights haven't I dreamed that I saw them bringing him down the slope to me?"

BUT how could you know it, Granny?" the little girl broke in. "How do you know he's there now? Perhaps he didn't go on the day shift. Perhaps—"

"He's there," her grandmother said, "just as I told him he'd be when he came last to me. He stood where you are standing, and he said, 'I'll give all the rest of my life to make it right, Mother.' And I told him then, 'You'll have to hurry, Jimmie, for the days won't be many.'"

"What did he mean? Did he want to come back to us?" Lucy's voice strained tightly. "Was he ready to leave—her?"

"How do I know?" The gnarled hands groped. "What does it matter if he's gone now?"

"It matters everything. He can't be gone, I tell you. Oh, aren't you going to tell me what he said?"

"He was asking me for Margaret. He wanted to see her. 'She's my child,' he said. 'She's always been that.' I told him, 'And yet you left her.' 'I was a fool,' he said. 'You were,' I told him, 'but that makes nothing right.' And then he said that he'd give the rest of his life. 'Don't talk like that,' I said to him. 'Go back to them.' 'They wouldn't have me,' [Turn to page 84]



"Right? What right have you? Are you his wife or the mother of his child?"

HIDE IN THE DARK

Questions leading further into darkness

By Frances Noyes Hart

Author of "The Bellamy Trial"

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

Part V

WHEN, at midnight, in the midst of the old-time game of Hide in the Dark, Jill Leighton's piercing screams shatter the silence of the great house called "Lady Court," Lindy Marsden's guests come running from every corner. They are Kit Baird, whom Lindy loves; Trudi and her successful husband, Neill Sheridan; lovely Hanna and dignified Gavin Dart; cute Chatty and the serious Tom Ross; Ray and Joel Hardy, guests of "the March Hares"; and Larry Redmond, to whom Jill has just become engaged. Twelve in all—but the thirteenth, Douglas King, lies on the sofa, murdered. Each of the twelve seems equally implicated as Gavin Dart undertakes to unravel the mystery. Stricken by the horror of Doug's death, they seek "the means, the motive and the opportunity."

JUST a moment, Kit," Gavin Dart laid a detaining hand on the outstretched wrist, staring down at the pretty trinket as though it were something inexpressibly ugly. "You say that this is yours, Hanna? I thought that you told us that you had put your earrings in the bedroom on your way upstairs?"

"That wasn't true, Gavin; I never put them there. The other one's here, tied in the end of my handkerchief."

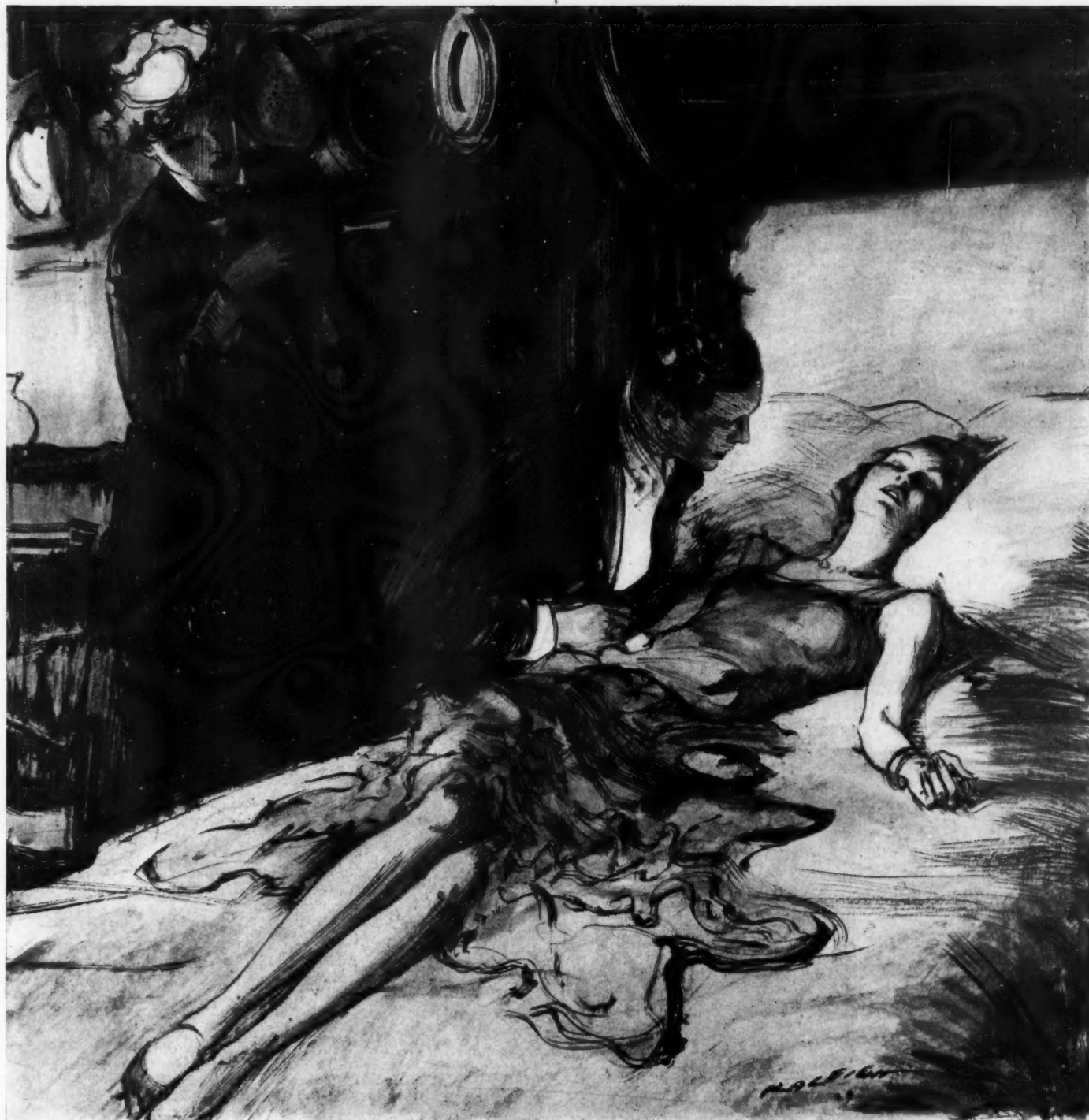
She rose, unknitting the crumpled scrap of lace and lawn, and handed him the little glittering heap with steady fingers. It was through Gavin's that something like a tremor moved as he retrieved the one from Kit's hand and dropped the pair of them on the table beside him.

"And what, exactly, was your object in lying about them?" he inquired evenly of the tall girl standing before him, motionless as a statue of ivory and gold.

"Gavin, you mustn't try to frighten me or I'll say stupid things. It's because I was frightened when I saw that the earring was gone that I made up that foolish story about leaving it on the dressing table."



"I didn't want to flirt with him—didn't want to marry him—and I told him so"



"Her hand was cold. I thought that I'd murdered her"

"I see. And when did you notice that the earring was gone, if we are now in your confidence?"

"Just after the lights went on—just after I saw—Doug. That mirror over there—it's right on a line and I could see myself standing there—and one of the earrings was gone. I put up my hands quickly as though I were covering my face and got the other one off and twisted it up in the corner of my handkerchief. No one was looking at me. No one was looking at anyone but—Doug."

Kit said quietly: "I was looking at you—in the mirror. It showed me exactly what it showed you, Hanna."

She said in her grave, lovely voice: "Did it, Kit? I didn't know that. That makes me a little duller than usual, doesn't it?"

"And will you tell us exactly why you decided to go through all this elaborate deception?" inquired Gavin.

"But, Gavin, I've told you why, haven't I? It was because I absolutely lost my head. I didn't want anyone to know that one of the earrings was missing. You see, I was afraid that I might have lost it on those stairs and I meant to get away as quickly as possible so that I could look for it. And then I couldn't get away."

"You were on those stairs, then?"

"Oh, yes, Gavin; don't you see, that's how the earring was there?"

"Apparently I am more successful as an investigator than as a judge of character. I'd have staked my life on your candor and integrity; and yet in a moment's panic, you find it easier to lie than to breathe. Well, I'm not enough of the stoic Roman to pursue this ghastly farce to a logical conclusion; I'll hand over the rôle of inquisitor to anyone that wants it. How about you, Larry?"

"I'll take a hand for a bit, if you don't mind," interposed Kit pleasantly. "There are two or three things that I'm not quite clear about even now. Why not sit down, Hanna, and help us to straighten them out?" He pulled forward a chair.

She said: "I'd rather stand, please. What is it that you want to know?"

"Suppose we begin at the beginning. How did you know about these stairs?"

"I didn't know about them. I just—I just happened to find that door at the back of the closet."

Something young and wild and imploring appeared for a moment behind the clear serenity of the tall goddess' eyes, signaling to him frantically to turn back before it was too late, to have done with questions that lead further into darkness.

Kit turned his head away so that he would not see the desperate messenger.

"How did you happen to find it, Hanna?"

"I was following someone—someone that started down the stairs just ahead of me when the gong rang the second time."

"You knew who this person was?"

"I wasn't sure—only that it was a man. I knew that because there were only men in front of me and no one passed me."

"Why are you so sure of that?"

"Because I started the second that the gong rang and I had my hands stretched out on either side of me, like this— He went straight down to the second floor and turned off into a room at the right. I stood in the doorway for a minute, listening, waiting to find out what he was going to do next and then I heard a queer little rustling sound at the other end of the room; I put my hand out and felt the paneling and knew that it was Lindy's room and that the noise must be coming from her closet. After a moment it stopped and there was a little creak and then a click as though a door were closing; then everything was perfectly still. I thought—I thought that Doug was probably hiding in the closet and that the other person must have found him there. I got across the room somehow; the closet door was open—I couldn't understand that, because of the click, but I went on in anyway. There was a lot

of tissue paper all over the floor and some boxes, too, but the closet was empty. I felt twice all around the walls to make sure, because I couldn't, I simply couldn't believe it; and the second time my hand touched the door knob. It wasn't fastened very tight; it turned under my hand and I'd have fallen if I hadn't caught at the handrail; that saved me. I knew then that I was on some kind of a staircase.

"I went on down a little way again and then suddenly I realized that there was a landing and I stopped to listen. I didn't know at all where the stairs came out, and it was terribly dark and still. I felt as though I should die of terror if I couldn't get out of that horrible, closed in place." She put out her hands as though to push back even the memory of it, her eyes dilating strangely under the delicate brows. "I got back up the stairs somehow and through the closet and across to the door—I was just outside it in the hall, when I heard—I heard Jill scream. That was what I told you, Gavin—you know that I told you that, and it was absolutely true. The only thing that I said that wasn't true was about the earrings and that was such a little thing. Are you still angry with me, Gavin?"

BUT before the man staring grimly down at the shining tokens of folly could do more than turn his tired face toward her Kit cut in swiftly, his eyes on the tip of the cigarette between his fingers.

"Just one moment, Hanna. It was the dark that frightened you, you say? You're quite, quite sure that it wasn't a light?"

She stammered desperately, "A light? What light? What light do you mean?"

"You didn't turn back because someone at the foot of the stairs lit a cigarette lighter—a cigarette lighter like this?" His hand shot out and above the quick spurt of blue flame that shot with it, her eyes stared back at him, piteous and distraught.

"I don't know what you mean—I don't—I don't—"

"Oh, Hanna, I think you do." The cap descended on the flame with a little click that was rather terrible in its finality. "It was I whom you followed through the closet and down the stairway, you see; and it was I who lit this at the foot of the stairs, because I couldn't locate the thumb latch on the door to the chapel. It flickered and went out almost at once, because you'd left the closet door ajar and there was a draught—but it stayed on long enough for you to see me, didn't it? And I think that you told us the truth when you said that you were frightened. While I stood there listening in the darkness I heard your footsteps on the stairs and you were running—you were running as though death itself were at your heels." He sat staring at the glowing tip of the cigarette for a moment in silence, ground it relentlessly against the mantel and wheeled to face her. "Who did you think that you were following down those stairs, Hanna? And why were you following him?"

"She was following me," said Gavin Dart rising from the corner of the loveseat where he was sitting. "She was following me because she thought that I was going to murder Douglas King and she wanted to stop me."

His voice cut through the appalled silence like a knife and Hanna lifted a frantic hand to her heart, as though the knife had gone home. He went toward her and the great room was suddenly empty of everything but their voices, reaching for each other across the darkness.

"I've been the damndest of all damned fools. You knew then? You knew what was actually happening on the 'Starling'?"

She said, "Oh, my darling, I know how stupid and dull I must seem to you, but how could even I seem stupid and dull enough not to know that?"

He took her hands and laid them against his cheek, saying quietly, "Poor child, poor, poor child! And all these hours you've thought that it was I? You lied

because you thought that it was I? And I was angry with you. I was angry because I thought that you'd gone to meet him—" He released her hands, but his voice lingered, "You'll forgive me, but I'll not soon forgive myself. Sit here."

Sherry said wildly from his corner by the fire: "Oh, I swear I think we're all headed for a madhouse! Why should you have wanted to murder poor old Doug?"

"Only on the ancient theory of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," replied Gavin Dart in the pleasant, courteous voice that he had somehow managed to retrieve from chaos. "You see, Sheridan, he made a rather unsuccessful attempt to murder me last winter. I didn't know until a minute or so ago that Hanna realized what had been going on, but that was evidently a case of my stupidity discounting her intelligence. Let me have a light from that famous lighter of yours, will you, Kit? I didn't realize that I had a nerve in my body and look at that hand of mine now!"

"What do you mean, Doug King tried to kill you?" demanded Sherry, violently incredulous. "You took precious good care not to bring up any wild-eyed ballyhoo like that while he was here to tell you where to get off." His voice thickened suddenly and his pleasant, dapper face twisted. "You try slandering a dead man to that precious jury of yours and see where you—"

"Oh, shut up, Sherry!" said Trudi listlessly. "Give your voice a rest and pour Hanna a cup of that coffee. Jill has hers, hasn't she? This is yours, Lindy—one lump or two?"



He asked, with just enough concern, "Is anything wrong?"

"None, thanks—not just now, anyway. Gavin, are you going to tell us what you meant about Doug and you last winter? Was it something that happened on the 'Starling'? Something while I was there?"

Gavin, one arm flung across the back of the loveseat behind Hanna's golden head leaned his own head back, watching the smoke-gray rings hover and break with steel-gray eyes.

"On the 'Starling', yes—and when you were there. You're quite right, Sherry; it would make a very poor story to tell to a jury—any good lawyer could riddle it full of holes in less time than I'd take to tell it. It's true, nevertheless, and I think that perhaps as we've gone this far, we'd better go a bit farther and try it out now before a jury of my peers."

"Oh, rather!" concurred Kit Baird gently. "It looks as though we'd never have a better chance to try out that excellent policy of yours of open covenants openly arrived at. All the cards on the table—that's been our slogan from the first, hasn't it? Let's have a look at yours, Your Honor!"

DART turned his eyes for a moment from his contemplation of the smoke rings to the blandly enigmatic countenance of the red-headed young man.

"Hoist by my own petard, eh? You're quite right; I'm a fairly reticent individual and the prospect of retailing my most intimate affairs even to Hanna's most intimate friends leaves me somewhat chilled, especially as my own rôle from the beginning to the end is not precisely a heroic one. Still, I'll endeavor to console myself by setting the lot of you a shining example in candor. I'll start with the least palatable portion. Here goes—I'm twenty-two years older than Hanna. I suppose that you all know that. But I doubt whether you know that I have been acutely and detestably and despicably jealous of her since the hour that I married her." Against the coral of the loveseat the fine aquiline face looked suddenly haggard and worn to the bone. "Let me say that no jealousy was ever less warranted. I have never had the remotest cause to doubt either her absolute loyalty to me or her affection. Incredible as it still seems to me, I believe that she loves me."

Hanna the beautiful, Hanna the proud and still, said without turning her bright head: "Gavin, you know—you know that I love you."

He said, "Yes, I have not even such an excuse to comfort me. I know that you love me. It is the lover whom you should have had that I am jealous of—the young lover that I see looking out at you from all those young eyes. I make no apologies for myself. I consider such jealousy a shameful and degrading thing; I am doing some slight penance now in even owning to it. But I've paid for it, I assure you, a thousand times by eating my heart out day and night in these last ten years and I have quite honestly done my level, human best not to soil Hanna's love for me with it. That I haven't entirely kept it from her is unspeakable shame to me—and the fact that I haven't is the sole cause of her having put herself in this wretchedly ambiguous position tonight, with her poor little lies about earrings and hidden stairways. You aren't a very good liar, you know, Hanna!"

"Oh," she said, humbly and sadly, "it didn't sound true to me even when I was saying it! It's all my fault. If it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have to be saying all these terrible things. Don't, don't say any more, please—not a word more about being ashamed. Gavin, I know that it's dreadful of me, but I'm so proud that you're

jealous of me."

"Are you, my beautiful girl? Then I'll try to be proud, too. All right, that's done with and we can get down to Doug King and the 'Starling'. It wasn't until after we'd dropped the Hammonds off at Kingston and were on our way to Costa Rica that it began to dawn on me that for once the lunatic suspicions that were as common to me as my daily bread had some foundation this time. I'd asked King to come with us because I had [Turn to page 64]

Photo by
Edwin Levick

*Eminent
American
sportswom-
an of her
generation*

In Miniature — Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Sr.

At home on horseback and Broad Valley Farm

By Helen Hulett Searl

IF YOU had happened to be in the sleepy New England hamlet of Turk's Head one day back in the "gay" Nineties, you might have seen a four-in-hand coach with two persons on the box, draw up in front of the ancient inn with a great arching of equine necks and a jingle of trappings.

Drawing the horses to a stop the smaller of the two figures jumps lightly to the ground and you see that it is a girl. The native at your elbow says, "That is Lulie Eustis that was married to Tommy Hitchcock over in Beverly a while back. The other will be her brother, Mr. George Eustis, or her husband. Only those three drive the Independence."

You can see Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock better now she has taken off her hat—a slight, girlish figure of medium height, light hair drawn back from candid forehead and braided in a pig-tail to be neat under her hat while she was driving, eyes humorous and direct in their gaze. Nor is Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock of Westbury, Long Island, and Aiken, South Carolina, much different in appearance today. The blonde hair is gray and the face softened by those lines of thought and laughter with which Nature rewards a full life, but the eyes are still humorous and the figure still lithe and erect. Sixty years of outdoor life and almost daily exercise on horseback has been kind to this eminent American sportswoman of her generation.

ANY smart young sports cartoonist, drawing an alphabet and coming to H, would think—*Hitchcock*. Then he would jump to its immediate corollary—*horses*. Thomas Hitchcock, the father, well-known turfman and polo player; Tommy Hitchcock, junior—number one American polo player, internationally famous; Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, wife of the former and mother of the latter, horsewoman extraordinary and first woman polo player in the United States. When he gets to Mrs. Hitchcock, however, another word suggests itself. That word is *home* and is closely related to another—*hospitality*. For Mrs. Hitchcock is a Southerner by birth with all the ancient traditions of the South in her blood.

The love of horses was in the blood of the Eustis children. In the fine winter air of South Carolina, the girl following close on the heels of her brother, the pair became the most accomplished riders, followers of hounds, crack rifle shots and billiard players of the neighborhood. In 1890, the then young Tommy Hitchcock coming to South Carolina to shoot quail, fell in love with the Southern girl. They were married at Cross Roads Cottage, Beverly Farms, on the old North Shore of Massachusetts, August 27, 1891.

The young Hitchcocks established themselves eventually at Westbury, Long Island, in a day when the Island was a colony of farms; and in time their home became the center of the Meadow Brook Hunt crowd. Aiken was their natural choice for a winter home and although they tried to keep their place there, Monrepos, all that its name signifies—a haven for the quiet life of home and sports that they love, and comparatively free from social demands—their presence proved a magnet for the hunting set of New York and Long Island.

The happy little Southern village where darkies sunned in doorways and cows pastured on roadside grass, became accustomed to smart turnouts with high-stepping horses, to a gay throng of fox hunters in red coats streaming across their fields, to sound of revelry in the big country houses where the women wore low gowns and the men tail coats in the evening.

But behind all this, deep in the heart of the little Southern community was enshrined their Miss Lulie Eustis, part of this imported gaiety, as was fitting, but in some subtle way more a part of their own life—Miss Lulie who had grown up among them, and was vitally interested in the every-day concerns of their life and whose tongue in fifty years of cosmopolitan life had never lost its Southern drawl.

No husband and wife could be more in accord on every subject than Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock. Both love

a comfortable, unostentatious home life with their children and grandchildren; they have four of each around them and plenty of room for dogs and horses!

When you drive along the Jericho Turnpike, prosaic in all but its name, on your way to Broad Valley Farm, the Westbury home of Mrs. Hitchcock, you turn off down a long lane. Just as you are wondering whether you have lost your turning and whether the pointers who are thrusting their soft noses through the fence will bite, you find yourself in front of a long, rambling white house, flanked in the near distance by negro quarters.

WITHIN the house the atmosphere of the South continues. Open fires and hot bread on spring and fall days and cool drinks and fans on summer ones await you. The dining-room is the center of this cheer and there your cordial hostess is quite likely, as she talks with you, to stand in front of the buffet and cut choice slices from a huge roast for the waiting dogs. The next moment you are surprised to see this brisk person throw her arms effusively around some arriving woman friend and greet her with a warm kiss.

One day when Mrs. Hitchcock was entertaining a group of friends a messenger came post haste to say that Tommy had been thrown from his pony and stunned. "What did his mother say?" asked someone who was being told about it. "Say!" repeated the narrator. "She didn't say anything. She just gathered up some blankets and started out to help bring him in!"

An English sportsman recently remarked that there was no chance for anyone else in polo as long as the Hitchcocks kept on training polo players at Westbury. It is quite true that the Hitchcock children were never taught to walk. Put on ponies as soon as they were big enough to sit the saddle they have all become sports-minded. But Tommy, junior, seemed to be an answer to a mother's prayer. Whatever this dare-devil son did, whether it was to be shot down in an airplane during the war, or to ride in the midst of a polo match where the hooves and mallets were the thickest, I think his mother's spirit has been equal to his.



She heard a thump, then heavy footfalls clumping behind her

The Wishing Window

A modern Alice in Wonderland
finds romance on the other
side of the looking glass

By Gerald Mygatt

FROM the corners of her very blue eyes Frederika privately appraised the nice-looking boy who sat at the far side of the crowded observation platform. She had to do it carefully, of course, but that was part of the game. Aware of a tiny thrill she found herself thinking, hopefully, that maybe this tenth trip of hers across the American continent was going to be—well, better.

The other trips had been so terrible. So full of hope in prospect, such duds in actuality. Five years of them: Long Island to Pasadena each November, Pasadena to Long Island each spring. A devoted aunt in Pasadena, a devoted aunt on Long Island; and up to this year a devoted governess, practically a brevet aunt, who had accompanied her back and forth. Frederika's mother and father were myths to her. It seemed they had been on a ship called the "Titanic," which struck an iceberg back in the dark ages and sank into the sea, with its band in full uniform playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." But of course that was just a fable. She never had had any mother and father, not actually. Anyway, her aunts were very sweet and dear, though inclined to be punctilious, as is the habit of aunts.

She shot a quick look at the boy on the platform again. He was smoking a pipe in the sober manner in which pipes are smoked; and the smoke from that soberly smoked pipe drifted up about his profile, which was intriguing, and about his hair, which was dark and crisp and just wavy enough.

His suit was the kind Frederika liked, sort of rough and tweedish, and his shoes were perfect—tan oxfords with squarish toes and not too highly polished.

He must be twenty-one, she decided; all of that. That would be nice, because she was nearly eighteen.

Instinctively now she flipped open her vanity bag and proceeded to consider the other side of the picture. A diminutive mirror gave it to her piecemeal. Nose—well, not shiny exactly, but no harm in giving it a couple of dabs. Chin—ditto. As for cheeks, Frederika had a scorn of rouge—except, of course, maybe in the evening sometimes. Now she examined her lips. The powder had dusted them a little, so it seemed rather necessary to neutralize the powder by touching them with a small red stick. Ah, better! In fact quite passable, as lips went. The only thing that bothered her—no, it really didn't bother her because it was kind of cute sometimes—was the funny cowlick that stuck up and got tired and lay over in that crazy way on top of her head. She had given it a permanent, but that didn't matter because it still stuck up. Well, maybe it wasn't so bad. At least the rest of her hair was all right—about the color of Golden Bantam corn and about as edible. The vanity bag snapped shut.

Now a soft voice sounded behind her ear, and as one person the population of the platform rose to its feet and crowded through the screened door in the wake of the dining-car steward who had just announced luncheon. Thin men and fat men, thin women and fat women, thin children and fat children, all miraculously alert at the tantalizing first call. Frederika smiled to herself. She was an old traveler now. She knew that first call meant standing in the dining-car aisle—standing and waiting, more and more impatiently, for the beckoning forefinger of the chief steward. "Single? Single alone? Sorry, madam, but you'll have to wait a few minutes more, I'm afraid."

Apparently the boy in the corner was an experienced traveler, too. He sat where he was, still smoking his pipe, though he seemed to use more matches than tobacco.

The receding track rolled out endlessly from beneath Frederika's feet. The droning wheels made a pleasant sing-song, punctuated and jazzed to life by the rhythmic triple tattoo of rail joints, the whole melody being sustained by the steady thumping bass that a steam locomotive contributes when the grade is stiff and the drivers are sledging on steel. They were still climbing the slope of the Sierras, winding upward slowly around spurs of ruddy rock, with the track patiently laying itself downhill in curve after meaningless curve.

The boy looked sideways casually and said in a perfectly conversational tone: "You'd think they'd never eaten before in their lives."



Frederika laughed. She had been wondering how he was going to speak to her, or if he was at all, and his manner of doing it pleased her. She liked his answering smile, too. What she remarked, however, was that somebody ought to invent an observation platform big enough to accommodate everybody.

"That would take away the fun," he said.

"What fun?"

"Fun of outstitching them." The boy was facing her now across the platform. "I've seen a few, though," he added, "that would sit all day. Women mostly."

"Maybe they're playing the game, too," suggested Frederika. "I mean your game—outstitching other people."

He said defensively: "Oh, I'm just waiting till the diner clears. The people I mean are regular platform sitters. I've often wondered about them. They never seem to eat or anything; and they just sit and sit, and they keep their eyes on the track as if they'd lost something or else expected to find something. Darned if I know. Ever try to speak to one of 'em?"

Frederika said no.

"Well, you can't do it," he informed her, pursuing his subject. "I mean you say something and they answer you, but it's as if they were in a dream. They really don't hear you, I guess."

"Do you always speak to people on trains?"

"Sure, don't you?" Then: "Gee, how do you expect to get to know people if you don't speak to them?"

"You're not a girl," she said.

HE LAUGHED and admitted there was something in that. "Just the same," he added, "I don't see that it makes much difference. Talk doesn't seem to be a hurdle that troubles most girls—women either."

Frederika found herself annoyed. A few minutes before the thought had hovered pleasingly in her mind that perhaps this personable young man had remained where he was so that he might find an opportunity to

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

speak to her, precisely as he had spoken. But now the realization was crowding home that she was but an incident. He was sitting here to wait for the diner to clear. He was talking to her because he always talked to strangers on trains. On top of all this he was being insulting to her sex.

"Please remember that I didn't begin this conversation," she said icily.

"You mean you'd rather be quiet?" he queried.

Frederika, though she could have bitten her tongue directly afterward, said yes.

The wheels droned on beneath them with their steady unvarying triple beat. A Mexican section gang slid by them, first waving their hats and showing white teeth, then climbing back upon the track and bending to picks and shovels, finally vanishing, pygmy small, around a jutting sun-bathed precipice. The track itself kept ribboning out patiently.

Abruptly Frederika said: "I didn't mean to be a crab, honest. I guess—I mean things are different out here. You see, I was brought up in the East."

"I could tell that, all right," the young man announced without rancor.

"How could you?"

His smile was all friendliness. "Oh, I don't know. You've got something, that's all. Class is a cheap word for it, but I can't think of a better one this minute. I suppose a lot of our girls are just as pretty as you are and just as well-dressed and everything, but just the same—well, I could tell." He continued to smile, nor did he seem aware that he had become both compli-

mentary and personal. In fact, as he made it, his statement was as impersonal as might have been a recital of the day's weather.

Frederika, who could think of many things to say, merely said, "I gather you're from the West."

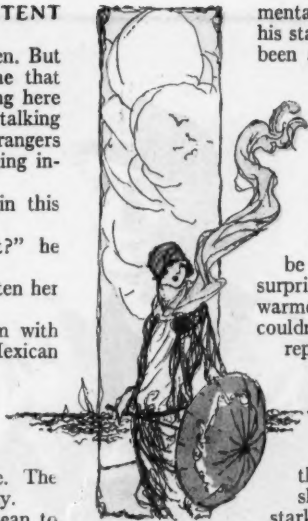
"You gather right. Arizona. But I went East to college—Nebraska."

NOW Frederika had made nine trips across the continent, this was her tenth. So the fact that Nebraska might be considered of the East was no longer a surprise to her. Instead she felt strangely warmed toward this boy, though he really couldn't be a boy if he was out of college. He represented something she couldn't precisely put her finger upon, but he represented it.

Impulsively she said: "I'm crazy about the West. I don't mean the coast. That's Eastern, almost. I mean the real West, this sort of country." And she waved a slim hand vaguely at the raw stark mountains through which the heavy train was lifting its way. "My grandfather used to read to me about it—Mark Twain and Bret Harte and Owen Wister. So I grew up with it as a sort of fairyland in my mind. I think I liked Owen Wister best," she added.

The young man said gravely: "He wrote about Wyoming cattle country. All gone now."

"Yes," maintained Frederika, "but the country is still here. The mountains and the stars and the plains and the deserts and everything. I suppose I'm romantic about it, but I can't help it. The dickens of it is, the trains just give you a plate-glass view of it. Maybe that's why your funny women sit [Turn to page 78]



"It was a fool trick on my part—this desert's no joke"



Men Buy Their

Otherwise the
woman buys
and buys-
and buys

By
Helen Christine Bennett

Decorations by
George Howe

WHERE is a woman who still bakes all her own bread, who cans all the food her family eats, who does not enjoy a radio, has never ridden in an automobile, and never reads a magazine? Such a woman; in these modern days, is hard to find.

Today women *buy* many of the things they used to *make*. As Miss Bennett noted in the first article of this series, they buy over 85 per cent of all goods sold in this country. Unknowingly they control almost all industry! It is to every woman's advantage to know these facts, for every intelligent step they take to help the storekeeper and manufacturer reduces the cost of the things they buy from day to day.

I PROMISED in last month's article to take you from what might be considered women's natural domain as housewives, across the no man's land of the telephone to the camp of the enemy. We have already entered upon a terrain that ten years ago was

man's alone. Today we not only share it, but we are constantly enlarging our part of the joint possession. Ten years ago over 90 per cent of all automobiles sold were bought by men. According to the statisticians women today buy 51 per cent of all cars sold and more than 51 per cent of gas and service. In Detroit, at the great automobile plants there, I found that the manufacturers would put that figure even higher. One leader in the industry said that over 65 per cent of the cars he manufactured were bought by women, or that in closing the sale the wish of the woman predominated over that of the man. Statisticians necessarily deal in pasts; manufacturers in futures. Theirs are the figures for the year next to come.

Said Mr. Edsel Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company:

"Women have had a pronounced influence not only upon the design and appearance of the present day motor car, but also upon many of its mechanical fea-

tures. Alterations brought about in construction have served men and women equally and the motor car manufacturer fortunately has not had to face any real discrimination between the sexes; but it is probable that many improvements would not have been thought of if women had not become regular users of automobiles.

"We have always felt that simplicity of operation was an essential quality for an automobile; and while simplicity is desirable for both sexes, our attention has been kept upon it by the ever increasing number of women drivers. The short wheel base retained for our car permits easier parking, a consideration of importance to women. Steering ease, a good road vision, riding comfort and brakes that respond efficiently with slight pressure are other motor car developments along the lines of women's requirements.

"An obvious example of women's influence may be seen in the interior finish of the car. The upholstery of today is much superior in quality and appearance to that used a decade or a dozen years ago. We attribute the wide selectivity in color now offered in the automobile to the influence of women; and much of the artistry that has been put into the design of the automobile body has been in response to women's taste. Women have made the automobile a much better looking vehicle.

"If the automobile had remained exclusively in the hands of men, refinements might not have attained so high a development. Men have been interested in the appearance of a motor car, to be sure; but their primary concern has been with its mechanical features."

I spent almost a day at the proving ground of the General Motors, where they test the cars we may drive. Over bumpy roads, up steep hills and down steeper ones, through water two or three feet deep where one might drown out, but did not; around a speed loop

Own Collars

which is safe up to one hundred and twenty miles an hour, we ran on and on. And here I asked about the feminine influence on cars.

"You cannot put your finger on the exact improvements that have been brought about by the influence of women," I was told. "But indirectly, through their part in the purchase of the family car they have undoubtedly shared in the responsibility for ease of operation of clutch and brake pedals, ease of handling the steering wheel, clean operation with no grease or dirt to soil the driver; improvements in body lines, in paint and interior decorations, increasing fineness in appointments—these followed the self-starter. And before the self-starter few women drove cars. Ask Boss Kettering about that."

I DID ask Mr. Charles Franklin Kettering, Vice President of General Motors Corporation and Director General of General Motors Research Laboratories—the man who invented the self-starter and the basis of car lighting and ignition systems.

"I don't know where I got the idea of the self-starter," Mr. Kettering said frankly. "Mrs. Kettering drove a car in those days, and I may have been influenced by her dependence upon someone to crank up. But it is hard to tell from just what definite relationship an idea comes. Research engineers are supposed to sense the popular desire and to divine the thing that must next be done, but they rarely know just how that thing comes to be the next. An idea comes; one talks about it to people and if they are argumentative and eager, it grows fast; it becomes the next thing. If no one is interested, it dies.

"The average driver did not know how to crank a car. It was a difficult, tricky job. The self-starter made it possible not only for women to drive, but older people who were not able to crank and a great many people who would not crank.

"Women and the youth of the family have the ultimate decision in the buying of cars today. The car is now bought because of ease of handling, appearance, beauty and decoration. The part that concerned men, as investors in cars—that is, the technical ability of a car to perform its office—is no longer a factor. That part is now so well understood that it is practically underwritten by the manufacturer. Your car can be technically improved—and the models will be improved during the years to come; your engine may run more smoothly and with less noise, but the great part of the object of a motor car has been accomplished. It is the swiftest safe conveyance in the world today. It is underwritten to give you satisfaction. The most successful engineering we can do in car improvement will be that which you, as consumers and users, are least conscious of. We give you a new button to press and something responds at once to your bidding. You do not know, nor do you care to know why or how it responds.

"Probably the father of a family is economically correct in letting his wife and children guide his purchase. In a sense, he is the producer of that car, through his check-book, but though he may drive it, his wife and his children are the real consumers. They will probably do a better job of selection than he would. They know cars from the social side; from the standpoint of ease of handling and from that of appearance, in all which they are more vitally interested than he is. They are pretty sure, too, to select a car that will have a higher resale value a year or two from now because it will be more in style. The youth of the present generation is car conscious. It is distinctly aware of anything that is

not exactly right, and personally proud of the right car in style or motor. To youth the choice of a car matters, as it does likewise to the mother; but to many fathers the possession of some good car, or any good car, is all that counts. So they yield to the greater selective will of their wives and families."

CAN you shut your eyes and envision the first radio sets? I see only wires to fall over, batteries to spill, and my ears tingle with the memory of ear-splitting sounds. Over all this bent our engrossed husbands, twisting, turning and devising, happy in a new plaything. Just eight years ago I visited the immense factories of Atwater Kent. There were a few cabinets among the sets there, and as I passed one I said to Mr. Kent:

"You will make many of those in the next few years."
"Do you think so?" asked Mr. Kent. "Men and boys have been the main radio customers; I cannot imagine that women are going to be interested in it."

Just eight years, and women buy 80 per cent of all radios sold and cabinet models are the best sellers! But their control of radio, for surely 80 per cent amounts to control, goes farther than the cabinets.

"The first profound effect of the interest of women, was to secure simplicity," said Mr. J. L. Ray, Vice President and General Sales Manager of the Radio Corporation of America. "Five or six years ago when the interest of men was paramount, the radio set was a multiple controlled device much like the board on a power station. It carried numerous wires and batteries of various sizes and shapes. You had to make a number of manipulations to get a desired station.

"When women want something they want it at once. So multiple control was reduced and reduced until now you turn a single dial or move a single arrow and you have what you want.

"Women objected to batteries. Some batteries were unsightly, so we enclosed them. [Turn to page 60]



A man who brought understanding to others by living UPSIDE DOWN

By Elizabeth Alexander

Illustrated by DELEVANTE

THERE was a great commotion in the Mabreyton post office, for the Mabrey house party had come for mail. They pervaded the small room with their laughter, their tennis racquets and bright sweaters; running about, shouting to one another, jostling other people. "Actin' like they owned the town—as usual," a tired villager commented. "Well, they do just about," her companion answered.

The Mabrey's big, old-fashioned country house had been built before the town. And the daughter and son of the house, Grace and Don, possessed the careless good humor of young princelings—cordial and gay. Grace was dark and vivacious. She loved to entertain and to be seen entertaining. Six carefully chosen girls from the boarding school she attended were her guests during this first week of their summer vacation; and Don had invited as many of his college friends. Love was in the air.

The old postmistress slowly thumbed each letter, carefully reading and rereading addresses and calling them aloud before she cautiously handed the mail through the little window. Letters were tossed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd; cries of banter and of feigned jealousy came from the boys and girls. They moved and chattered incessantly like a flock of bright-colored birds.

Only one girl, slender and fair, stood apart from the rest. She wore a white linen frock with a green handkerchief knotted at her throat. Her face had a delicate beauty. Her eyes were shallow and brown. Their expression now was grave and anxious; above them the caramel-colored brows—arched and fine—seemed to have been painted in with two deft strokes.

"What's the matter, Rose?" one of the boys called to her. "Fraid your sweetheart won't write?"

Chorus of giggles.

"I haven't any sweetheart," Rose answered unsmilingly.

The tall sunburned boy who stood beside her flushed deeply under his tan. "Is that true, Rose?" he asked, in an undertone. "I thought all the girls at school had—someone."

She looked at him. "I haven't any one, Don," she said earnestly, and very low.

THEN her name was called by the postmistress. She started forward and snatched at the envelope that was handed to her over the heads of the crowd. Her eyes darted at the script in a kind of terror; and she hastily thrust it, unopened, deep into her purse. "A—ha! A love letter!" somebody cried.

"No, no, it isn't!" Rose protested.

"Oh, cut it," the tall boy called pleasantly. He had been watching Rose intently and as he took her arm he whispered: "Don't let them kid you, little girl. It's nobody's business who your letter's from. Let's go."

"Oh!" she sighed with relief. "I'd like to. It's so hot in here."

They went outside and climbed into his low car.



"It's only a letter from my father," Rose said, turning to the boy with her earnest look, her voice shy and gentle.

"I didn't ask you who it was from," he said.

"I know—but I didn't want you to think . . . I'm not like some of the girls at school, Don—just flirting—with everybody."

"Of course I knew you weren't that sort."

"You've only known me two months."

"That's plenty of time to know a darned lot."

"Oh, Don—I'm afraid—you don't know anything about me at all. You haven't asked anything about me, either. You can't always tell about people by their looks."

"I can when it comes to you."

How different she was from all the girls he had ever known, the boy thought . . . How vulgar she made them seem with her quaint dignity—gentle and grave and sweet—an old-fashioned girl.

He flashed a look at the girl beside him. Suddenly he slowed the car.

"Do you like my mother, Rose?" he asked abruptly.

Rose was startled. "Why—I—yes. Yes, of course," she said, confused. "But I'm afraid of her, Don."

He shouted with laughter.

"I mean—I'm afraid she doesn't like me," Rose murmured.

"Why? Hasn't she been nice to you?" he asked, instantly resentful.

"Oh, she has been wonderful—truly, Don. It's because I want her to like me—want it so much, that I fear her."

Don stopped the car. The road and the fields were deserted. All about them was the deep stillness of noon-time; like a glittering veil around them, its golden, quivering heat. In the strong, hot light her eyelashes were like golden pollen, and her hair had the color and odor of honey. He laid his cheek against it. "Tell me what's the matter, Rose," he said.

Her lips quivered; her eyes filled with tears. "It's your mother—being in your house," she whispered. "I can't explain. But I—it's because I've never had a home, Don! I can't tell you how it makes me feel to be in a real home."

"Don't cry, Rose," he said, his voice faltering with tenderness. "I'll give you a home. Marry me, Rose."

"Oh! I can't; we can't. They wouldn't let you."

HE FROWNED—hurt in his newly-found manhood and dignity. "Who wouldn't let me?" he said.

"I mean—we are too young and you are only sorry for me!"

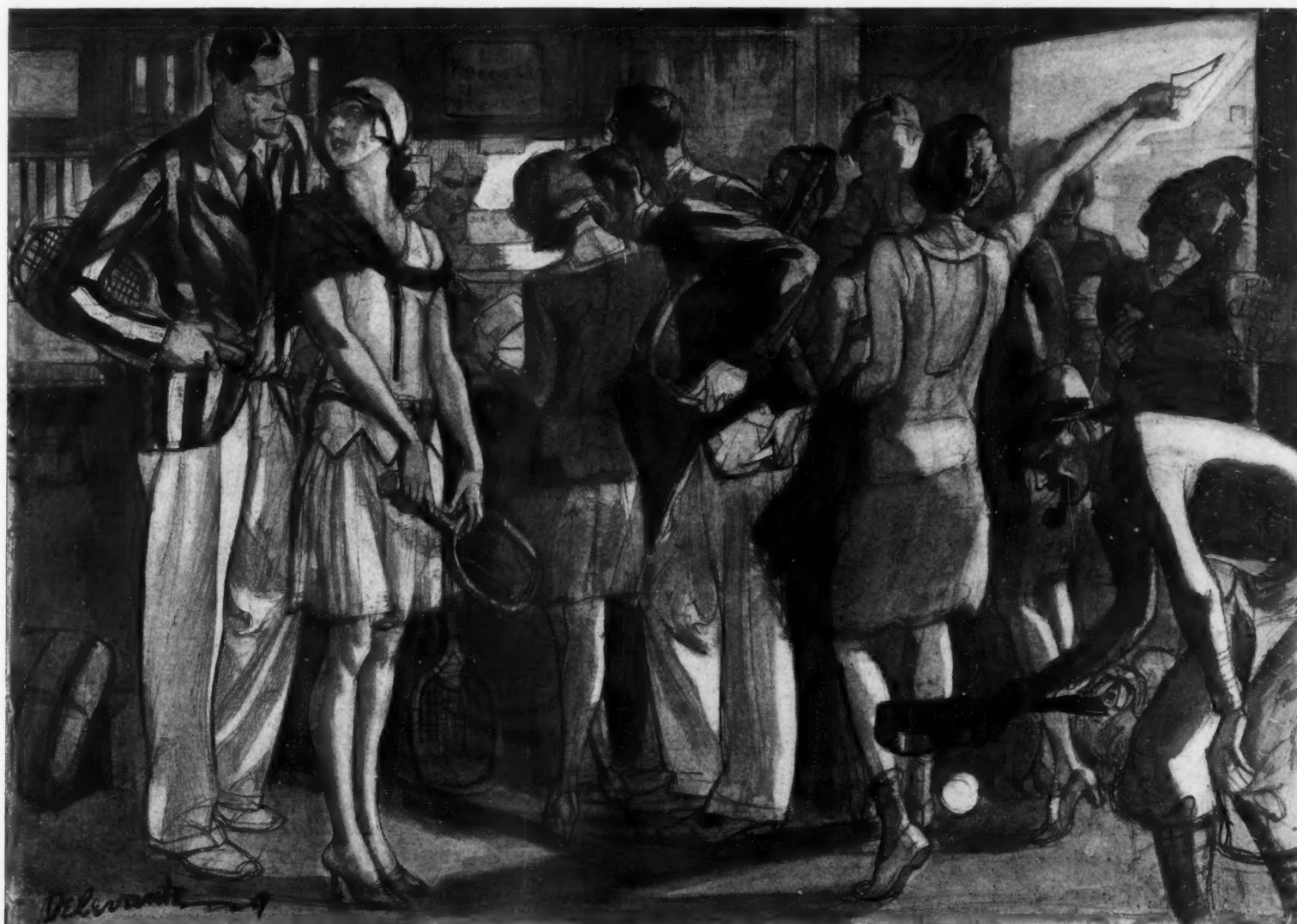
"How can you think that—how dare you think that?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to say that about a home."

"Why not? Besides, it was only telling me. I—" Don broke off suddenly.



"You are like your mother, who was so beautiful and fine"



"I haven't any sweetheart," Rose answered unsmilingly

"Listen! I'm ashamed, that's why; ashamed of not having a home; not being like—not having things like the other girls. Oh, if you knew—my life—the way I've pretended at school—all the lies I've told! Oh! You couldn't—trust me, Don."

He took both her small, white, fluttering hands into his and looked solemnly straight into her eyes. "I love you, Rose," he said, alight with a new, exultant mood. "It doesn't matter what you've done, or are, or—anything. I love you."

"I love you, too," she whispered.

THEY were half an hour late for luncheon.

"I'll wait for you in the hall," Don said. Rose ran up the stairs to her room and tossed her purse on the bed. A stranger and a guest, she dared not be late—the letter must wait.

They entered the dining-room together. The usual excuse of a flat tire was met by the usual laughter. But Don and Rose were soon forgotten in a lively argument over plans for the evening. There was to be a dance at the Country Club, and that seemed entertainment enough to some of the guests; but their hostess, with her customary restless vivacity, insisted: "There ought to be something stirring between dinner and the dance, if we don't want to simply die on our feet!"

Mrs. Mabrey, who, from the head of the table, had listened, smilingly silent throughout the meal, now caught Rose's glance as it rested on Don. As they left the table she laid her hand on Rose's arm.

"Do come into my sitting-room for a little while, dear," she said. "I've seen almost nothing of you and I want to know you, too. Grace and Don are both so fond of you. And as for my husband—" She turned and smiled at Mr. Mabrey. "Well, my husband never looks at any of the other girls!"

"One can't see them under all the paint and powder!" he exclaimed. "You are a most delightful relief and surprise, Miss Montgomery." And he bowed very low.

"Mother!" Grace called after her mother and Rose. "Don't keep Rose more than five minutes. We are going out to the Country Club pool."

"But you can't swim right after eating, Grace."

"Well, we can undress, can't we?"

"My poor daughter," remarked Mrs. Mabrey calmly, as she shut the door of her sitting room, "is in the shocking age. Sink down on something, Rose, and have a cigarette."

"No, thank you," said Rose. "I don't smoke."

"I don't either," her hostess said, lying down on a chaise longue. "Why are you afraid of me, child?" she asked gently. "You and Grace are friends; and you're awfully fond of Don, aren't you?"

Rose's cheeks burned.

"Why, my dear! It's nothing to be ashamed of! Don't take it so seriously. Look at all the other boys and girls—how frank they are with their flirtations. This sort of thing happens every summer, especially at a house-party."

Then Rose looked at her bravely. "I didn't know," she said. "This is my first house-party."

"Really? You nice child! How sweet of you to come to us first. But where were you last summer? You just went home to your father like a good child?"

"No—I stayed at school."

"At the school? But, my dear—"

"There's a summer session, you know, for people who want extra credit."

"But who on earth wants extra credit—especially in hot weather!"

"It was because I thought—because I think I ought to get through as quickly as I can. My father—well, he is not rich. And I have thought that I might be a teacher, after I graduate. There doesn't seem to be anything else for me to do."

"And after the house-party is over?"

"I guess I'll just go back to school. It isn't so bad. I've been there a long time; ever since I was a little girl. All the teachers are nice to me. Beside—I haven't anywhere else to go!"

"But your father—how he must miss you."

"Yes, but we haven't—any home. My mother died when I was a baby."

"Couldn't you make a home for your father, dear? Wouldn't you like that better than teaching?"

"I should," Rose said, with a little frown, "but I can't—because he doesn't—he can't stay in one place long enough at a time."

"His business takes him away?"

"Yes."

"What is his work, dear?"

"Why, he—that is, just now—he has to travel for his health."

"Oh! I'm sorry. I remember—Grace told me that your father is not well . . ."

"No, no, he isn't well."

"But you poor child! Do you never see him, then?"

OH, YES; sometimes, during vacation, I go to visit him."

"And have you no one else—aunts, or a grandmother?"

"None that I know. My mother's people had a great deal of family pride and they cast her off when she married father. She came of a very old Southern family." Ah, thought Rose—if she could but end this and get away!

"What was her name?" went on the calm voice; and Mrs. Mabrey leant against the cushions, with half-shut eyes.

"Montgomery. Coralie Montgomery."

"No, I meant her maiden name, dear."

"But that's it—Montgomery. I took my mother's name. My father consented. It is a link—and I thought if my mother's family did relent—"

"I see," said Mrs. Mabrey. Her head lifted alertly.

"Oh, mother!" came an excited shriek from the lower hall. There was the quick rush [Turn to page 94]





Nicolette contrived to absent herself from the family circle, always with some cast-iron excuse

THE GUARDED HALO

Shielding the way to happiness

By Margaret Pedler

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

THOUGH Shirley loved him dearly, Neil Kenwyn's warnings that they could be friends for only a short time puzzled her. Once her jealousy flamed when Nicolette, the lovely dancer of the "Pavillon Fleuri" at Port St. Luc, summoned Neil to her side. Her friends, Kit and Simon, dismissed the incident, but Shirley brooded over it. What was Nicolette to Neil? Then came the enthusiastic letter from her brother Bob in London. Lord and Lady Somerville, a bereaved couple, wanted Bob and Shirley to make their home with them—partly for secretarial assistance and partly for the sake of companionship. On her last day at Port St. Luc Shirley met Neil on the rocks overlooking the sea. He broke through his reticence and told her what her friendship had meant to him. He begged her to keep from the Somervilles any reference to him; he, himself, was to return to Africa.

Part III

THE long journey from the south of France to the north of England was over at last; and an excitable rough-haired terrier and a tall young man in tweeds were the first things that greeted Shirley's eager glance when the train drew up at the small wayside station.

"Oh, Bob, Bob! How perfectly grand it is to see you again!" she exclaimed. "And Mugs—how he's grown!" And she lifted the latter's small white wriggling body into her arms.

Bob, equally elated but less demonstrative, gave the porter instructions concerning the luggage, tucked his arm into his sister's and led her to where a big limousine awaited them outside the station. Presently, when the

car was slipping smoothly along the broad country road, he twisted her round as she sat beside him and surveyed her appraisingly.

"You look remarkably well," he commented. "Apparently earning your bread by the sweat of your brow agrees with you. You look as if you've had a thoroughly happy time."

Her hesitation was almost imperceptible.

Bob flashed her a quick glance.

Shirley was not prepared, just yet, to tell him what it was that had cast a shadow over her visit to St. Luc and she was glad that the car was turning in at the gates of Somerville Towers. As it swept up an avenue of old trees to a long stone-built house, she realized suddenly that she was going amongst strangers once more and a sudden shyness overtook her.

"Oh, Bob, I do hope I shan't let you down!" she whispered as an impeccable manservant opened the door and led them into a lofty, raftered hall.

"I'll inform her ladyship that Miss Wilson's arrived, sir," he said to Bob, and disappeared.

And then, while Shirley was still fighting down her shyness, someone stepped forward out of the shadows of the hall and a voice said:

"So this is Bob's sister! My dear, welcome to Somerville Towers."

Always, afterward, it seemed to Shirley that in that first moment she received a curiously complete impression of Lady Beth from her voice alone. It was one of those lovable voices that find their way to your heart at once, wistful and appealing. It made you want to take care of her.

Her appearance matched her voice—dainty and fragile, with a skin still soft pink and white notwithstanding her fifty-four years. White hair framed the delicate face, and her eyes were deep hazel.

"One would know at a glance that you were brother and sister," she said, looking smilingly from the young





people. Then she gave Shirley a warm kiss. "I hope you'll be very happy here," she said. "And now, I'm sure you must be tired after the long journey you've had. Come along and I'll show you your rooms, then we'll have tea."

Lady Beth, as though sensing the girl's shyness, chatted away so that she was soon feeling completely at ease and feeling sure it would be an easy matter to become extremely fond of the wistful-eyed little lady to whom she was to act as companion.

She was not quite so sure, however, about her brother's chief, who came in later on. He was a tall, angular old man and looked considerably more than his age. Actually he was only five years his wife's senior, but he looked ten or fifteen years the elder of the two. There were kindly wrinkles round his eyes, but the eyes themselves were of a fightable steel-gray, and the same fightable quality characterized his beaky nose. His long, thin mouth looked as though its owner might be of a relentless and unforgiving nature if once provoked to anger.

When tea was over, Lady Beth carried Bob off into the garden and left Shirley with Sir John.

"I'm glad you felt able to accept the post we offered you," he began formally. "You and your brother should be able to work in together here quite satisfactorily, I think."

"I'll do everything I can," she promised shyly, and her thoughts flashed back ruefully to the easy informality of her first interview with Simon Drake.

SIR JOHN'S fierce old eyes scanned her face.

"Your brother has certainly made a good start, but most people make a good start. What we want, Lady Beth and myself, are people about us who will begin well and go on well." He hesitated a moment. "Perhaps you think I sound unduly mistrustful, but we have been disappointed in the past by someone we both trusted implicitly."

"I'm quite sure Bob will never let you down," said Shirley, a slightly indignant note in her voice.

"I certainly hope not. As regards yourself—I want you to help my wife in every way you can. She has never really got over the death of our son two years ago—that, and other things. He was our—our only child." The measured tones shook a little, and Shirley began to feel her indignation replaced by a wave of sympathy.

"I'll do my very utmost," she said. "I shall love doing everything I can for Lady Beth."

"Thank you," he said gravely. Rising as if to indicate that the brief interview was at an end, he moved across to the open French window, whence his wife and Bob could be seen strolling slowly up and down the terrace outside, and beckoned to them.

"Miss Wilson and I have finished our business talk, Beth," he said, as they approached in response to his gesture. "I daresay she would like to go to her own rooms now."

"You mustn't be frightened of my husband, my dear," said Lady Beth as they went along a soft-carpeted corridor. "He's inclined to be distrustful of strangers. It's the result of circumstances—of something that happened in the past. But once he's given you his confidence, you'll find there's no stauncher friend in the world."

She led the way into a pretty sitting-room—one of a small suite which comprised an additional two bedrooms and a bathroom.

"These are called the Tower rooms," she said, "and they are to be your home—yours and Bob's. I already call him that, you know," she explained, "and I hope you'll let me call you Shirley."

Shirley gave a cry of delight. Turning impulsively, she threw her arms round Lady Beth's neck.

"How good of you!" she exclaimed.

Lady Beth returned the embrace of those affectionate young arms with equal warmth.

"It's rather like a new beginning for us, having you and your brother here," she said. "For years we were such wonderfully happy people—my husband and I and our son, Ronny. And then trouble came."

"Sir John told me that you—you lost him?" Shirley spoke with natural hesitance.

"Yes. He died—suddenly. He was knocked down by a motor-car one foggy evening in London and killed almost on the spot. He died within an hour."

Shirley gave a stifled murmur of sympathy.

"At the time"—Lady Beth continued quietly—"at the time I think I wanted to die, too. I worshipped him."

Later in the evening she crossed the room to a writing desk, took down a framed photograph which was standing on top of it, and turned to Shirley. "This is my son Ronny," she said wistfully.

A young, gay face looked out from the frame, with twinkling eyes and a humorous mouth that seemed just on the verge of smiling.

"He was such a dear," pursued Lady Beth. "And there was hardly anything he couldn't do. Of course, he was a bit wild at times, and his wife didn't help him to steady down—"

"His wife?" broke in Shirley. "Was he married?"

LADY BETH nodded. "Oh, yes, he was married, but not exactly to the kind of girl we could have wished. She was very lovely, a professional dancer, and when she married him, of course, Sir John insisted that she should give up dancing in public. Poor Nicolette! I'm afraid it irked her."

"Nicolette!" Again Shirley broke in, almost breathlessly. "Was her name Nicolette? Then I believe I've seen her, dancing at Port St. Luc. Had she red hair? Did she call herself Nicolette Arden?"

Lady Beth showed no surprise. "Yes, that's the same girl. She went back to the stage at once after his death."

Shirley's thoughts were in a whirl. So Ronny Somerville had been Nicolette's husband! Never Neil!

"Nicolette stays with us occasionally. After all, she was Ronny's wife. He's not here to look after her now,



"Neil, why won't you tell what you did—what happened?"

so we do our best." She paused, hesitated, then plunged suddenly. "And you mustn't take John too seriously," she said. "His bark is far worse than his bite. He is suspicious of people—now. He wasn't always like that," she went on wistfully. "You see, my dear, about two years ago we had blow upon blow. A man in whom we had complete confidence, whom we had known and loved since his boyhood, betrayed our trust. And then, immediately following that discovery came the awful shock of Ronny's death. It seemed as if our whole world was falling to pieces." She paused, then added sadly: "So now we have only memories, John and I."

"OH, BOB!" Shirley exclaimed later on in their own sitting-room. "All we could do wouldn't be too much to make up to those two dears for what they've suffered!" He smiled understandingly. "It's rather up to us, isn't it, old thing? I knew you'd feel like that as soon as you had met them. But now let's talk about ourselves."

So they talked, re-knitting the threads which had been sundered by Shirley's absence in France and bringing one another up to date in regard to their mutual affairs. It was only when the grandfather's clock in the corridor outside struck two that they realized how long they had been talking.

Shirley sprang to her feet in dismay.

"Two o'clock! I'm off to bed."

But Bob laid a detaining hand on her arm. "Wait a minute—there's something you haven't told me yet, isn't there?"

She flushed painfully at the direct question.

"May I guess?" he said very gently.

His gentleness broke down her reserve. "No," she said, "you needn't guess. I'll tell you. While I was away I met someone I cared for."

"Well? What happened?"

The ghost of a smile crossed her face.

"Nothing happened, old dear. That's just it."

"Oh, I see," Bob spoke very soberly and slid an awkward, affectionate arm round her shoulders. "I'm no end sorry, but don't let it down you, will you?"

"I won't," she said firmly. "But don't let's talk of it any more, Bob. Only—only I'm just glad you know."

Two days later came a letter for her. It bore no address and the postmark on the envelope was Paris. She bent eagerly over the closely written sheet.

Beloved:—

I'm going to call you that just this once, because that's what you are and always will be to me. I've no right to use the word, I know, yet I think, if circumstances had been other than they are I should some day have been able to teach you to let me use it. But as fate or my own madness have built up a wall between us, I shall never ask you if I may.

We're not very likely to meet again in this world, and that being so, I'd like to thank you for my one brief glimpse of paradise. You gave it to me at Port St. Luc of blessed memory. It will have to last me a lifetime.

Neil.

For a long while after she had finished reading it, Shirley sat very quietly with the letter in her hands. It both gave and took away. Gave her the knowledge that as she loved, so was she loved in return. Took away whatever secret hope of happiness there might still be lingering in her heart.

Suddenly she bent her head and crushed the letter against her lips. "Oh, Neil—Neil!" she whispered broken heartedly, realizing the futility of her love.

THE year had flown. The summer at Port St. Luc with its tangled memories of happiness and pain; and gray, quiet, autumn with the Somervilles; the bleak, northern winter, broken by a couple of flying visits from Nicolette—one alone, one accompanied by Romana; and finally, the chill months of an uncertain spring during which Lady Beth had been dangerously ill, and the medical verdict had gone forth that she must seek a more southerly climate before winter came round again.

The year had made clearer to Shirley many things which had puzzled her in the past. One of these was the relation which had once existed between Neil and the Somervilles. Someone in the neighborhood had mentioned to Sir John's new secretary that his predecessor in the post had been a man named Kenwyn, and Bob had very naturally told this to his sister.

"Was he called Neil Kenwyn?" asked Shirley. And when he nodded she said as non-committally as possible: "Then I've met him. He was the man I told you about who came to my rescue at Port St. Luc."

"Oh," Bob regarded her gravely. Ever since she had told him of this episode he had privately guessed that it was the same man with whom "things would never come straight." So now he spoke very deliberately.

"Then, in that case, Shirley, I think it's a very good thing you and he never got as far as an engagement. I find that the general impression in the neighborhood is that he wasn't straight over money matters."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Shirley indignantly. "It's just backstairs gossip, and nothing more."

Bob looked unconvinced. "Some of it, possibly," he conceded. "But the actual facts look a bit ugly."

Shirley was silent. "We were disappointed in the past by someone whom we trusted implicitly," Sir John had told her. And there was Lady Beth's sorrowful admission: "A man whom we had known and loved from boyhood betrayed our trust." Yet it couldn't be! Shirley's faith in the man she loved asserted itself in fierce denial.

"I shall ask Lady Beth," she began impulsively. Then checked herself. "No, I can't do that. I promised Neil I wouldn't mention him to either of them. You must ask Sir John, Bob, some day when you have a chance."



"Do you mean that Kenwyn made a special point of your not mentioning his name to them?" he inquired. "Yes. But only because it was connected with some sad event in their lives and he didn't want them to be reminded of it."

"That was rather a good excuse on his part," Bob commented. "And you mean to say you swallowed it, Shirley?"

"If you mean, did I believe it—yes, I did. And I do still," she replied valiantly.

Sometimes she wondered if the trouble could have had anything to do with Nicolette. Shirley realized that if Neil's presence at the Towers had ever militated in any way against Ronny's happiness, this could be the one and only instance in which the Somervilles' sense of justice might possibly be overruled by their blind devotion to their son.

But, later on, when Mrs. Ronny herself paid one of her flying visits to the Towers, Shirley's ideas were once more tossed into confusion. At first Nicolette regarded her with some suspicion, but before long the two girls were more or less friendly with each other. Nicolette, like everyone else at the Towers, never mentioned Neil's name before Sir John or Lady Beth, but she showed no reluctance in discussing him with Shirley.

"You know Neil lived here at one time? He had your brother's job assisting Sir John and Lady Beth."

"Yes, I've heard that," replied Shirley matter-of-factly.

"I never knew what was the cause of the bust-up," continued Nicolette conversationally. "I was too crushed by Ronny's death and various other things to bother much about it at the time. Neil disappeared and Sir John and Lady Beth were absolutely mum on the subject. I got into hot water once by asking point-blank where Neil had vanished to. All Sir John said was: 'We neither know nor wish to know where he is. Please remember in the future, Nicolette, that I will not have his name mentioned in this house.' And it never is. Even I daren't break the hush-hush policy though I have tried ever so many times."

"Even you?" said Shirley interrogatively.

"Well, you see, I used to know Neil rather well," returned the dancer, explanatorily. "He and Ronny shared a flat together in town at one time. And when I married Ronny, he and I took over the flat, while Neil rented a smaller one next to ours, in the same building. We had lots of fun—we three together," she finished reminiscently.

"But how did Ne—Mr. Kenwyn manage to be in London so often? Hadn't he much work to do here?"

"Oh, yes, but he used to run up to town for week-ends. Old Sir John gave him a very free hand and a pretty big allowance. He treated him more like a son than anything else. Still, we were always short of money, we three." Nicolette laughed as though this were only to be expected. "You see, we all gambled like blazes; and night clubs and cards and races do run away with money."

SHIRLEY found her amusing as a companion, but neither she nor Bob felt any real stirrings of friendship for her. Sir John obviously merely endured her, and it was equally evident that even Lady Beth, kind-hearted as she was, could find no real place in her affections for this difficult daughter-in-law so different from the rest of them.

And then, a few weeks after Miguel and Nicolette's return to London came Lady Beth's serious illness. The tension of those dreadful days when Lady Beth's frail life seemed to hang upon the merest thread, bore heavily upon everyone concerned. But since mutual suffering almost inevitably draws people together, so out of these weeks of anxiety there emerged a new depth of understanding and affection between them all.

Lady Beth put it very simply one day when she said: "God took Ronny, but I think He's given us a son and daughter instead." Sir John had astonished everyone by a brusque endorsement of his wife's attitude.

So that it seemed like a family party which gathered together in the big hall one sunny April day to discuss how the warmer climate, which the doctors had declared a necessity for Lady Beth, could best be assured her.

"It's nonsense, John," she had protested. "And after all, we can't leave the Towers."

"Why can't we leave the Towers?" demanded Sir John.

If he had dropped a bombshell into their midst he could hardly have created a greater sensation. "Leave here? . . . Our home?" stammered Lady Beth in amazement. "Why, John, you couldn't do that. You'd be miserable."

"I might be more miserable if I stayed," he returned fiercely. "We can let this place until you're stronger, my dear. And meanwhile we'll find one in the south. Devonshire or Cornwall would suit us."

"I don't know anything about the one or the other," said Lady Beth. "Do you, Shirley?"

"I know something about Devonshire," asserted Shirley. "Kit Harford and her brother live there. She was always talking about how warm and sunny it was."

"What part do they live in?" demanded Sir John. "In south Devon," she answered. "At a little place called Beriscombe, near the sea."

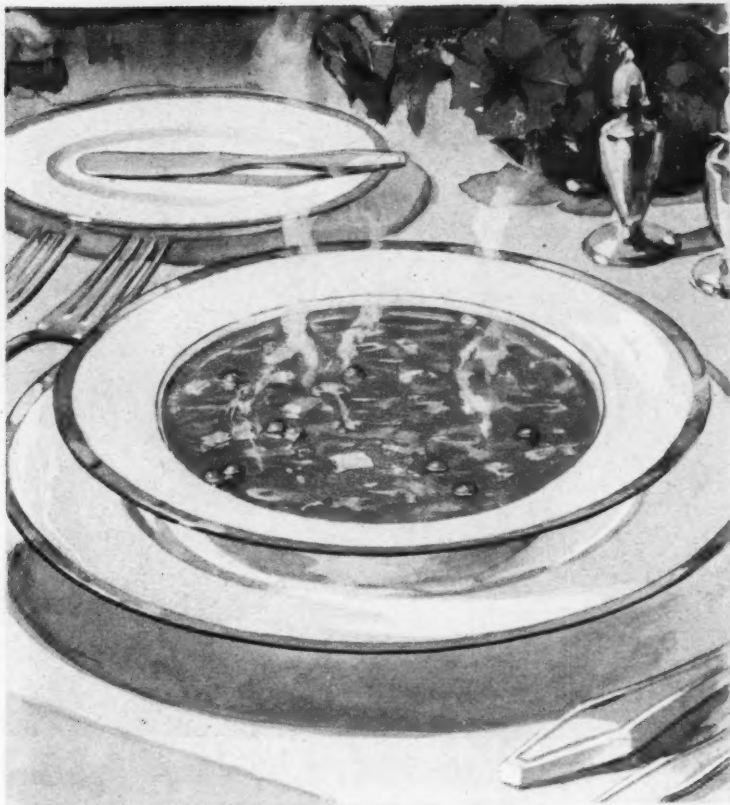
"Beriscombe," repeated Lady Beth. "What a pretty name! It sounds so simple and countrified. I like it."

"You do?" Sir John's piercing old eyes rested eagerly, almost hungrily, on his wife's thin, delicate face. "You do? Then Beriscombe goes down first on the list of possibilities."

Shirley was conscious of an inward thrill. She had mentioned the place merely in response to Sir John's inquiry, but now it rushed over her what an immense difference it would make to her if they went there. She would be back again within reach of her two beloved friends.

When the month of June came around and found Shirley reviewing the happenings of the past year, the Towers household was upon the eve of departure for Devonshire. Bob and Shirley, accompanied by some of the servants, were to go down to Beriscombe and get everything in order at the Friary, [Turn to page 88]

The modern one-hot-dish for summer meals!



Your grocer
will supply
you

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
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Chicken
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(Okra)
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Tomato
Tomato-Okra
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In summer, even more than ever, you want to take advantage of every modern help to better your meals and lessen the work in the hot kitchen. Let Campbell's Soups be your constant aid. They're already cooked!

A hot dish in the cold meal invigorates and revives. It benefits digestion. Campbell's Vegetable Soup is ideal for this purpose, with its 15 wholesome, tempting vegetables. Often you'll make it your luncheon or supper—it's so substantial. 12 cents a can.



I feel like a hero,
All set for the fight,
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My big appetite!



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



Spotless now . . . but you should see their play-suits!

ANOTHER
ACTUAL LETTER
FROM A
P AND G HOME

(Father asks, "How do you keep them clean?")

Procter & Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Bloomington, Ind.

GENTLEMEN: I live in a "house by the side of the road," a snug, small house that you might overlook in your "Actual Visits to P and G Homes." But in that tiny house, set back from the street, lives the happiest family imaginable. Two little girls are forever running in and out, around and about, getting into mischief, and getting out again by the magic of their winsome smiles. Never still for a moment, until they're tucked away in bed!

And you should see their clothes! Their father says it would wear him out trying to keep them clean.

"But I use P and G," I tell him proudly. Being a man, he can't understand that P and G saves me from breaking my back at rubbing and boiling. P and G helps me in all my housekeeping and leaves me free to enjoy my family.

It has given me great pleasure to write this to you, for I have wanted you to know what an important place your soap holds in our home.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. W. P. Sarber

Yes, as Mrs. Sarber says, P and G Naphtha is wonderfully good soap—so white, so firm it doesn't waste away in the water—so

quick to loosen the dirt whether you use warm water or cold! And if, like Mrs. Sarber, you have colored frocks and rompers and shirts on your washline, you will prefer P and G, which keeps even delicate tints as fresh as new!

How does it happen, then, that this superior soap actually costs *less* than ordinary soaps? This is the reason: P and G is used by more women *than any other soap in the world*.

This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs proportionately less than small-scale manufacturing, P and G can be sold at a lower price, actually ounce for ounce.

So P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! Rescuing Precious Hours—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NM-79, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

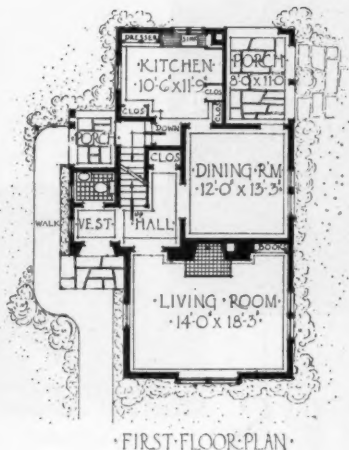
Hold a smooth white cake of P and G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P and G is! And so white. Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P and G.



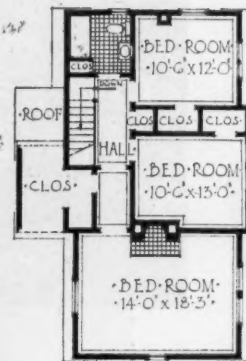
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The largest-selling soap in the world

Photos by
T. L. Youman & Sons



Placing and style of the door are particularly attractive



A SMALL HOUSE IN OHIO

THE English cottage of song and story has come down through long centuries of use practically unmarked by passing fads or changing fashions.

There have, naturally, been some variations in outward form, structural material and architectural detail, yet the English cottage as a type has held fast to its original conception as an unpretentious little house, livable within and homey without, having the dignity that so often goes with simplicity. Small wonder, then, that architects and prospective home-builders find in the cottages of old England a wealth of inspiration for the designing of small houses in our own comparatively new land.

The pictured house is a very happy example of the English cottage, as modified to meet American conditions. Restfulness is stressed by the combination of quiet colors entering into the exterior development of the house. Sometimes, of course, what is intended to be pleasantly restful turns out to be unpleasantly monotonous instead. In this house, however, there is enough variety in the texture of the materials used for the walls, and enough detail to offset any suggestion of monotony in the color-scheme.

By PAUL GREY

Benham & Richards, Architects

The walls, for instance, show two materials of widely differing texture; gray-stained wood-shingles and cool gray-white stucco of smooth surface. The stucco is

used for the main body of the house, as well as for the tall, brick-capped chimneys, while the shingles are applied to the wing which projects at the front of the house. A subdued note of contrast is injected by the exterior wood-trim, which has a finish of soft gray-brown.

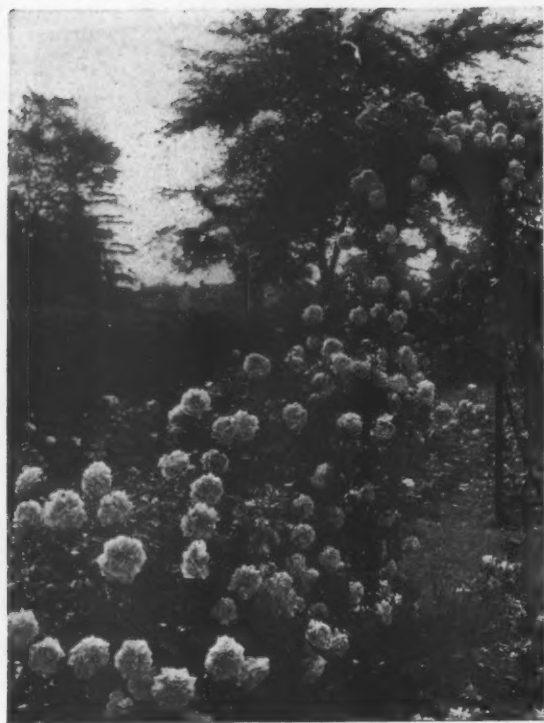
The picturesquely gabled roof is covered with stained wood-shingles, made interesting by a unique new method, that involves a gradual deepening of the hue from a light brown at the ridges to a dark brown at the eaves. This gives a realistic appearance of weathering, just as though the rains and snows of many years had coursed down the roof and gradually darkened it along the lower edges.

In any narrow house, such as this, it is often advantageous to locate the main entrance at one side, rather than in its customary place at the front. Indoors, this usually means an appreciable increase in the width of the living-room. And, when the entrance is far enough back to leave three of the living-room [Turn to page 50]



Roof lines and casement windows are noteworthy details of this home

Photos by
J. Horace McFarland Co.



PLANT MORE ROSES

By MRS. FRANCIS KING

THE subject of the rose is to be approached with a degree of reverence; partly for the exceeding beauty and renown of this flower of flowers, partly because of the acknowledged difficulties in growing it to perfection. That these are soon to be lessened is fairly certain. For a special fund is now being raised for research into the control of rose diseases to be undertaken by Cornell University in behalf of The American Rose Society.

Directions for rose-growing in the varying latitudes of this country are to be had in the good rose lists, and in many books, but notably in the book I shall mention below. Whoever has that has a safe and simple guide. And one thinks too with pleasure of the sure ameliorating of the rose-grower's lot that seems really to have come, especially for those in dry climates, through the wonderful results of the use of peat moss.

The American Rose Society has lately sent out a Newsletter concerning its Annual Meeting for 1928 in which the writer of that most excellent little book on roses "Roses for the Little Garden" Mr. George A. Stevens, mentions the vote of the Society on newer roses. Out of a list of two dozen chosen, he names only four as being really good garden roses; Betty Uprichard, Etoile de Hollande, Mrs. Henry Bowles and Mrs. Henry Morse. Let us consider these four, commended since they are by an authority and therefore good to watch for in June, and to order for fall planting, for this planting is generally accepted now as the best planting time.

Among the Novelties

ETOILE DE HOLLANDE is one of the very finest of all red roses; it is not a very double flower but has a most delicious scent. Mrs. Henry Morse is called the perfect two-tone pink rose; Betty Uprichard I have heard praised not only in America, but lately by a Scottish woman in Belgium; it is in the main a salmon-colored rose. The Mrs. Henry Bowles rose has crinkled petals which are rose pink inside and of a clear carmine on the outside.

Mr. Stevens' idea of the best roses among novelties of the past five years is also given in the Rose Society Newsletter. The same authority has given these as indispensable roses among the novelties of the past five years: Dwarf polyanthus rose, Chatillon; a climbing rose, Chastity; and LeReve, a hybrid perpetual, Henry Nevard; Mrs. A. R. Barraclough; Mrs. E. P. Thom and Breeze Hill. Certainly it would be a fine introduction to rose-growing if the beginner in the practice who reads these names should secure these "beauties of the day" and when planting start with the very finest and newest. Leave some of the more familiar varieties in the back-

ground and try some of the roses mentioned here. A dash into the unknown is always interesting especially if in the garden.

But now a word as to one of the most charming of rose gardens anywhere and of some of the roses in it. This is a heart-shaped garden, not from choice, but from the topography of the land. It is made in as many as five levels, on a hillside and covers a space of perhaps 75 by 60 feet. A tall hedge of arborvitae surrounds it. Use is made of *Juniper horizontalis* to fringe the top of the stone retaining walls; the whole ends in a flagged space at the bottom with a small sculptured figure on a pedestal against the evergreen background. Roses used in this garden are, for hedges, Yvonne Rabier, the white dwarf polyanthus, and Mme. Jules Gouchault of the same type but pink and sweetly fragrant. In the different squares of this garden an interesting experiment has been tried in the way of a ground cover. Here among the lines of hybrid perpetuals, to relieve the eye near each tree (a birch and a cedar were there and allowed to stay) where its roots receive the sun, is planted Wichuriana and near the yellow roses, Aviateur Bleriot. These to sprawl at will, to help the eye tired of lines and lines.

The white and white-flushed bush roses, used in this delightful garden are W. R. Smith, Mme. Jules Bouche, Madame Cochet (white), Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Pharaissaer, White Killarney, Ellen Willmott, Souvenir du President Carnot and Antoine Rivoire. The roses of a cooler or bluer tone of pink are grouped together: Jonkheer J. L. Mock, La France, Pink Killarney, George Arends, Caroline Testout. The yellows are Sunburst, Harry Kirk, Mme. Chas. Lutaud, Mrs. Sam Ross, Mrs. Ambrose Ricardo, Mrs. Aaron Ward, Mme. Jenny Guillemot, Old Gold, Betty, Mme. Ravary, Lady Hillingdon, Duchess of Wellington. And the group of pink touched with yellow is this: Mme. Edouard Herriot, Lady Pirrie, Mme. Second Weber, Mme. Leon Pain, Mme. Melanie Soupert, Ophelia, Joseph Hill, My Maryland, Mrs. A. R. Waddell, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Mme. Edward Rostand. The space next below that where most of the pink-white and yellow roses are is glorified by two beds of clipped box in charming patterns. The box, arborvitae hedge and low-lying junipers give a richness of background which is precisely what the rose needs.

But above all the rose needs remoteness from other flowers if possible; it should have a place to itself no matter how small. If I could have but ten roses I should certainly segregate them, giving them a tiny spot hedged

about, a little throne-room of their own. And never should they be planted as in some Western cities I have seen them, on the streets. The whole little heart-shaped rose-garden just now under discussion lies at the foot of a sloping bank (topped by a tennis court) which is completely covered with climbing roses allowed to lie and heap themselves as they will. But the garden's owner has invented a delightful way of keeping bloom among these climbers throughout the summer. She has set plants of the dwarf polyanthus, Mme. Jules Gouchault everywhere between the long canes of Dr. Van Fleet and the others, so that there will be an effect of continuing bloom on that bank long after June has passed. This is an expedient to be copied, and particularly with this lovely little rose, than which there is none in its class with greater elegance and a sweeter smell. If one wished for white dwarf ramblers, not pink, to use in such a place, Yvonne Rabier might be used, or Catherine Zeimet, the last a faithfully flowering and exceedingly pretty little flower.

And Then for Fragrance!

I CANNOT pass by that old rose, Zepherine Drouhin, that rose often named in Miss Jekyll's books, and always with affectionate mention of its fragrance. For this has surely the sweetest scent of any rose. It is not particularly pretty—an early pink rose—it is a climbing Bourbon—but anyone who values sweet scent in roses must and should have this flower. And with the scent of roses one connects three other scents of the garden, three other plants, without which the garden, either large or small, is really not complete: in a bed or along a path, a good plant of lemon verbena, one of rose geranium and one of heliotrope.

I must name too, Mme. Gregoire Staechelin, a beautiful pink and fragrant climbing rose from Barcelona, Spain; and Jacotte which I first saw last June in the rain in the fine rose garden of Mrs. Henry Ford—a glorious rose of coppery pink with heavy dark green foliage. There is much yellow in this climbing rose, and the fragrance here is delicious. Albertine is another of these glories among climbers "coppery chamois inside with the reverse bright salmon turning to coppery pink." It takes two years of growth before this rose shows what it can be, one of the very finest.

Like dipping into a jewel box, it is, to read the pages of a good rose catalogue today, and as novelties in plants have been the pride of many of us who garden, so novelties in this flower of all flowers raise our enthusiasm to its peak. The thing for all rose lovers to do is to keep a note book, get the names of roses they admire and send in an early order.

John Barrymore · F. Scott Fitzgerald · Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. · vote her the

Most Beautiful Young Mother



John Barrymore



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.



Mrs. Richard O'Connor

of Dover, New Jersey... chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful young mother



F. Scott Fitzgerald

MORE THAN ANYTHING—I would teach a child to tell the truth!

She looks at you with beautiful, cloudless blue eyes—eyes that seem no older than those of her little boy. She is only twenty-two. Her beauty is of a delicate, reticent sort; golden hair, as bright as silk; a skin of that wonderful morning-glory purity that is hardly ever seen in people after early childhood. Her manner has the candour and simplicity of a child's.

But her mind is that of a woman; resolute, courageous, sincere, truthful.

She made a romantic marriage at sixteen. Her baby was born when she

was seventeen. She has had to face realities early. It has given her an unusual maturity of thought and outlook.

She loves babies; loves to dress them, bathe them, feed them. "That's the fun of having children. I wouldn't have a nurse for Jimmy Dick, no matter how much money I had."

Her fresh beauty made such an instant appeal to her judges that all three unanimously voted her first among lovely young mothers.

She has been a Woodbury user for years, and attributes her extraordinarily beautiful skin to the fact that she never uses any soap but Woodbury's on her face.

"I always wash my face with warm water and Woodbury's soap at night. It does something for my skin that no other soap seems to do. It gives it a fresh, live, stimulated feeling—and at the same time keeps it perfectly soft and smooth."

THE SERIES of beautiful Woodbury users now running shows us that charm of feature, of coloring, may vary in their appeal for every different individual. But the charm of a beautiful skin is universal. It touches every heart, appeals to every one alike.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped thousands of beautiful women through-

out America to gain and keep a clear, fresh, flawless complexion. Commence, now, to take care of your skin with this wonderful soap. No matter what faults your complexion may have—Woodbury's will help you to overcome them. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet that is around each cake, find the treatment your skin needs. Start using it regularly tonight! You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1511 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1513 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.



IS YOUR AUTOMOBILE INSURED?

Two important kinds of motor car insurance explained by

DOROTHY C. REID

CARRYING liability insurance on your automobile is important, but it is equally important to the assured that you carry enough of it, and there is only one safe method of determining that amount. Make an inventory of your personal holdings and income, and take out insurance accordingly, because you are liable for any damage *above* the amount specified in the policy, and if necessary, salary and everything you own may be attached in order to affect a settlement.

Too many automobile owners base the limit of their insurance on the price of their car, when there is no relationship whatever between its value and the amount of liability insurance to be carried. This is without question the most important insurance for a motorist to carry. There is no way of determining the monetary loss to be sustained by a driver in event he injures or kills a person or persons while driving his car.

The law holds each man responsible for his own acts, and, with human life at stake, juries have been found to be exceedingly lenient in their interpretation of the law, often erring on the side of the injured. When one considers a permanent disability, this seems reasonable and just, although a bit hard on the driver.

Too often people are injured by drivers who carry no insurance and have little or nothing which may be claimed by way of compensation. For this reason there has been a nation-wide campaign to compel motorists to carry public liability.

Massachusetts, so far, is the only state that has succeeded in passing such a law. While it is the most expensive kind of insurance, considering the uncertainty of accidents and the large awards granted by the courts, the protection is well worth the price.

Adequate protection is paramount in any insurance policy. In order that you may be sure you get such protection, there are several important things to consider.

Is the company financially stable?
Is it a national plant with agents all over the country, or is it a local organization?

Are you likely to be inconvenienced if you injure a person in some town hundreds of miles from home and the local sheriff holds your car pending

settlement? Or would you prefer to find an agent in the immediate vicinity who, after satisfying himself as to your credentials, has the authority to release your automobile, and allow you to go on your way, leaving him to take care of the details of your accident?

Has the company a reputation for prompt action, or is it inclined to delay?

All of these points should be ascertained *before* you insure. Selection of a company is entirely a matter of individual choice, but it is wise to be informed to what extent there may be a choice.

Do not be blinded by bargain insurance, since rates are based on facts after a compilation of territorial hazards and are pretty much the same in all standard companies. There are two large national organizations from which member companies obtain their data. These are the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, made up of stock companies, and the American Mutual Alliance, whose participants are mutual companies. There are unquestionably good companies not allied with either of these bodies, but any of them offering bargain rates might well be investigated. It is entirely possible that their ability to offer reduced rates is founded on their inability to give you the very thing you most need in an insurance policy.

It is easy to comprehend that New York City, with its millions of cars and pedestrians, is infinitely more hazardous than a town of twelve hundred inhabitants and fewer cars, and that rates must be commensurately higher in the larger city. In fact they are higher than anywhere else in the United States. [Turn to page 60]

TRAVEL HELPS

Are you going abroad this summer? If you are you will find most helpful information on passports, hotels, transportation, etc., in our leaflet *When You Travel To Europe*.

If it is a vacation on this continent that you are planning, *Following The Vacation Trail* will give you a list of hotels in the popular summer resorts. Send two cents in stamps for each of these leaflets to,

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 West 37th Street
New York City

Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by JANE KENDALL MASON

JANE KENDALL MASON (Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.) is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.

IT'S SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad has swept the chic resorts of Europe and America. First the Lido, then Cannes, Le Touquet, Palm Beach, Newport, Southampton. Now everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to a delightful brown.

The fad began literally out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was ailing. She was advised to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

Indeed the coppery tones of sun-tan are to most women fascinatingly becoming. The burning question is: how deep a tan? Some women are gorgeous with skin as dark as walnut. Some are best in shades of *café au lait*. Pale blonde hair with deep tanned skin is most alluring.

Even more important than the hue of your skin is its quality. To be smart it must be kept smooth and evenly browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, inclined to be dry and sensitive, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the southern sun is strong. I adore to swim in the sapphire waters and bathe in the golden sun. What with tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, takes care!

But I have a most simple method and

so efficacious that my skin is smooth all summer long. My "sun-tan" secret is the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. In my beach bag I carry a tube of it and renew this delicate film often.

It's enchanting! The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind, salt water, and keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

When I dress after my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, using all four delicious preparations just as I do all the year round, for cleansing and protection:

If you wish to avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives you such a lovely finish for evening.

Are you bothered with shiny nose? I always am in hot weather. So I renew this delicate touch of Vanishing Cream every now and then. It's a magic corrective!

Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than these four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First, Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing... Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream... Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness... Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!

Four exquisite preparations

1. You know Pond's Cold Cream, for use all year round for immaculate cleansing. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burning and hurting.

2. Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are an indispensable part of your cold cream cleansing to remove dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.

3. Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it closes and refines the pores, tones your skin.

4. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And all year round for protection and powder base!

MAIL COUPON AND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY • Dept. U • 111 Hudson St. • New York, N. Y.

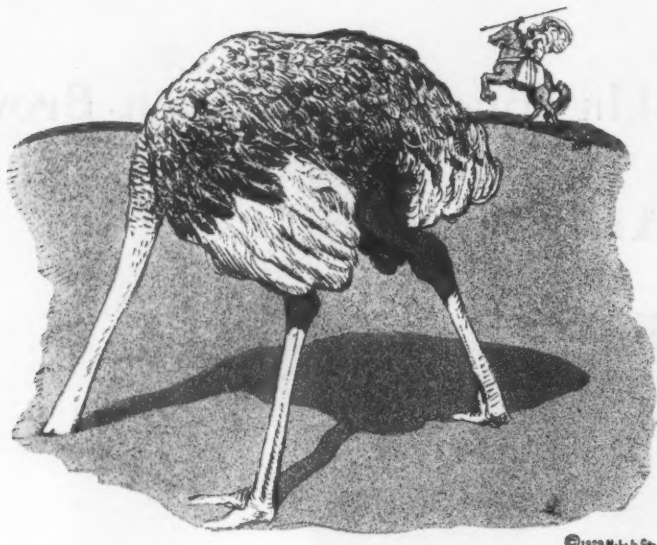
Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company



Cancer—Ostriches



THE old notion that ostriches have the habit of hiding their heads in the sand in time of danger has been disproved again and again. Nevertheless the expression "hiding his head in the sand like an ostrich" aptly describes the man who seeks to avoid danger by refusing to recognize it when it comes.

EACH year thousands of people die of cancer—needlessly—because they accept as true some of the mistaken beliefs about this disease.

No. 1—That every case of cancer is hopeless. It is not.

No. 2—That cancer should be concealed because it results from a blood taint and is disgraceful. It is not.

No. 3—That nature can conquer a malignant cancer unaided. It can not.

No. 4—That cancer can be cured with medicine, with a serum or with some secret procedure. It can not.

Many cancer patients are neglected or avoided because of the mistaken belief that cancer is contagious. It is not.

Be on Watch for First Signs of Cancer

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or swellings or sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from the body. Do not neglect any strange growth. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size.

If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

In its early stages, various kinds of cancer yield to skilful use of surgery, radium or x-rays.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the world, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Frequently a combination of surgery and x-rays or radium saves lives that would otherwise be lost. But with all their skill and with their splendid records of success, the best doctors in the world are powerless unless their aid is sought in time.

Beware of Plausible Quacks

Because cancer is usually spoken of furtively or in confidence, and its nature and origin are largely shrouded in mystery, quacks and crooked institutions reap a cruel harvest. They prey upon the fear and ignorance of those who do not know the facts concerning cancer. They are often successful in making people believe that they have cancer when they have not. Later, with a great flourish, they boast of their "cures".

Gratefully the patients of the fakers, first thoroughly alarmed, later entirely reassured, are glad to sign testimonials with which new victims are trapped. Beware of those who advertise cancer cures.

An annual physical examination by your family physician, or the expert to whom he sends you, may be the means of detecting cancer in its early stages. Do not neglect it.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Address Booklet Department, 79-M, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.



Another Way To Travel —By Bus

By ANNE GRANBECK

IF IT is true that history repeats itself, there is no more lively evidence of it than this new day of touring by bus! "Come, my coach," commanded Hamlet. "Hail, bus!" says the modern man. Nor does he need, like Washington Irving, to complain of stage coach travel that "it is often a comfort to shift one's position and be bruised in a new place!" The modern touring bus travels on smooth, concrete highways, is shod with over-size balloon tires, is colorful and impressive in its bulk and design, and offers travelers a soft leathern seat like a library chair.

And the ambitious performance of these modern busses! There are now several separate bus lines which leave New York daily—morning, noon or night, for travel across the entire country from Atlantic to Pacific; and of course many other lines that go to all parts of the country—to Texas or to Maine; to Canada or to Mexico; to California or to Florida. The stage-coach gradually pushed its way from Atlantic to Pacific, as did also the railways. With poetic justice, the trans-continental bus has turned the tables on history and worked its way east from California.

There are now great double-decked sleeper busses with facilities for heat, hot water and dining service from coast to coast. Or in its most adaptable use, an extension of a railroad trip into areas where the railroad does not go.

Leisurely Travel

Surely the day of the traveler is at hand when at moderate cost he can truly "go anywhere," stop off anywhere and see anything. For the remarkable development of the touring

bus is not at all confined only to America, but is available all over Europe as well.

Back now come the old days of somewhat more leisurely travel, with wayside inns and delightful out-of-the-way stopping places, and a return to the more personal enjoyment of the passing travel scene. But do not get an idea that these new touring busses are slow. The coast to coast trip is made in one hundred and fourteen hours—less than five days; which compared excellently with the best rail travel time. And at any point you may readily stop off, whether it is a large city or not, and wait for another bus. Thirty-day tickets on these continental lines are sold, with stopover privileges. You can sleep any night you wish in a hotel, using only day time for travel, and hotel reservations may be made for you in advance. The busses stop for rest and for meals at frequent intervals to give relief from motion and obtain maximum travel comfort.

Just Beginning

The touring bus situation is today quite like the railway situation half a century ago, when small lines were being joined up to make complete trans-continental lines, and working arrangements were being made between the larger groups for mutual benefit. Half a dozen large bus lines have now worked out cooperating plans and comfortable facilities. At one time, in order to travel from New York to Buffalo by train, one had to use nine separate railways and transfer nine times to other depots en route. Commodore Vanderbilt changed all that, and the new "Commodores" of the new fleets

[Continued on page 48]

Will you pay half the usual price for *white,* *lovely* teeth ?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Your tooth paste will buy you a "wave"

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.



25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Photo by
William Shewell Ellis



FASHIONS IN HANDS

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

THERE are fashions in hands just as there are fashions in figures and fashions in clothes. Not so very long ago hands, to be really beautiful, had to be small, pink and white, and very feminine and ineffectual-looking. Now the tiny, kittenish hand is the exception rather than the rule. Women everywhere do things with their hands—they paint on canvas or on the nursery walls. They type—either in an office or in their own homes. They work in clay—in the studio or in the back-garden. Hands, to be truly lovely must be useful. And the work they do, curiously enough, has made them, from the artist's point of view, much more interesting than they were when famous beauties of history did little more than sit and toy with a fan.

Once the lovely, tawny, browned hands of the summer girl would have been the abomination of a truly smart lady. Now, when faces and necks are beautifully tanned, it would be ridiculous for hands to be too snowy-white—they would look as out of place as a feather fan on the sands of the beach. But even tanned hands must be exquisitely cared for, lest they become grubby-looking and defeat the purposes of beauty. Natural shades of nail polish are better on the summer-tanned hand than too deep rosy shades. There are several shades in liquid polish nowadays that merely add the roseate glow of health to fingertips.

In business, hands play an important rôle. There is scarcely a business woman, from the novice just out of school or college to the woman who rates a yearly salary in five figures, who can keep her hands out of sight. They simply have to be on display. Which means that they express her to the world just as definitely as the clothes she wears or the books she reads or her taste in furniture. Hand preparations, the miniature manicuring sets made for the purpose, small jars and bottles of special creams, lotions and oils—all these are obtainable in such compact and businesslike assortments that the desk without such equipment is rare indeed. In fact, even purses may be well-supplied with emergency manicuring implements without making them bulky or overloaded. The same applies to traveling; never pack a bag without your hand-care kit well-filled.

Hands That Stay at Home

BUT hands that stay at home most of the day can't be kept out of sight, either. Bridge, for one thing, has made the homemaker's task of keeping her hands lovely an ever present duty. Her hands may be smooth and well-kept, but are they so beautifully groomed that she can display them only a few inches away from the world's eyes? The woman who keeps house has just

as many critical eyes looking at her hands for hours at a stretch as the business woman. Hands, like heads, should be held proudly, not kept out of sight, the fingers curled in the palms.

So much action, purpose and emotion can be put into hands. And I don't mean the extravagant waving of arms of an old-time actress. I mean everyday actions—the way you comb your hair, the way you set the table, the way you hold a bowl of flowers or a scent bottle, tie a shoe—anything your fingers take hold of in daily life. Some people have nervous hands that always grasp things tensely; I've a notion that their hands make the tempo for their daily life. Jerky, nervous, unbalanced, tense gestures with the hands mean a life set to that speed. Quiet, poised hands, that exert strength when strength is needed and relax, softly, smoothly, when they needn't work—these hands show a balance that nothing else expresses quite so well. Purposeful hands, hands that have power behind them—how marvelously they project the powerful personality. Weak, ineffectual hands that never seem to know where they are going—how they seem to give, in a few motions, the key to a woman's character.

But with this increasing hand-knowledge we must remember that there is such a thing as being too self-conscious of our hands. Especially is this true when jewelry is worn. The right rings may greatly enhance the beauty of the hand and the fingers. Lovely large semi-precious oval stones make the slightly square-tipped or blunt-fingered hand look more graceful than too-narrow rings with very small stones. While square or oblong-cut stones tend to make over-long fingers seem a bit shorter.

Neither jewelry nor a hasty manicure will ever repair the havoc neglect works on the hands. Nowhere in the lovely ensemble does lack of care show so plainly. Cuticle that is untended soon becomes hard and clings stubbornly to the nail, making a smooth, oval ridge almost impossible of attainment and creeping up to hide those pale "moons" at the base of the fingernail. When the nail tips are not filed and smoothed down regularly with emery boards they may crack and roughen. And the nail surface itself, if not kept in condition, may show ridges.

This ridging of the nail is sometimes attributed to an inner physical condition, but often it may be overcome by careful smoothing on of hand or nail creams at night. Cuticle liquid is excellent for removing stains from

under the nail tip itself. And a nail bleach just tipped under the ends whitens them. Before a manicure it's a good thing to massage the nail tips and fingers with a good cream or oil. This helps to overcome the

drying of the skin of the hand after it has been immersed in hot water. Fortunately modern soaps for household tasks are mild and not harmful to the hands.

Extremes of manicuring, like extremes of make-up, may be adopted only by a few. Hand beauty requires a regular regime just as facial beauty does. The finest manicuring implements and preparations are so inexpensive that it is wise to have several supplies: a supply of orange sticks, cotton, cuticle liquid, nail cream or oil and polish should be kept in the bathroom, at the dressing table, and for homekeepers, on a kitchen shelf.

Suggestions Worthy of Note

WHEN you manicure, be careful not to bruise the cuticle or the tender skin under the nail tip itself. Wash the hands thoroughly, working the creamy lather well into the fingers. Brush the nails briskly with a small nail brush. Now, with an orange stick tipped with a twist of absorbent cotton and wet with cuticle liquid, press back the cuticle around the nail. The pale "moons" should be well revealed. The cuticle liquid will remove fine pieces of loose skin and any ragged edges may be snipped off very carefully with cuticle scissors. In general, it is a mistake to cut the cuticle all round as this tends to make it hard and tough. After the underside of the nail tip has been cleaned, file the edges, being careful not to file down too deeply at the sides.

The nail tips should be a graceful oval shape. After this, massage the oil or cream in well down to the second joint. Remove all the oil, particularly if you use liquid polish. (If your nails have had liquid polish on them remove the polish with polish-remover before you manicure.) Then buff the nails with a good dry polish, no matter what kind of final polishing you use. This smoothly buffed surface is the best for liquid polish or a last touch of dry polish.

In applying liquid polish, draw the brush in feather-weight strokes from the "moon" to the nail tip. As a last touch smooth a good hand cream or lotion that is not greasy into the hands.

Those little white spots that appear on the nails are the results of bruises, either acquired in manicuring or in striking the nails themselves. Be particularly careful to avoid bruising the nail at any time. Nails that are very thin or brittle may be influenced by some inner bodily disorder. Local treatment consists of light, firm massage with oil or a rich nourishing cream.

Originated by thrifty FRENCH housewives

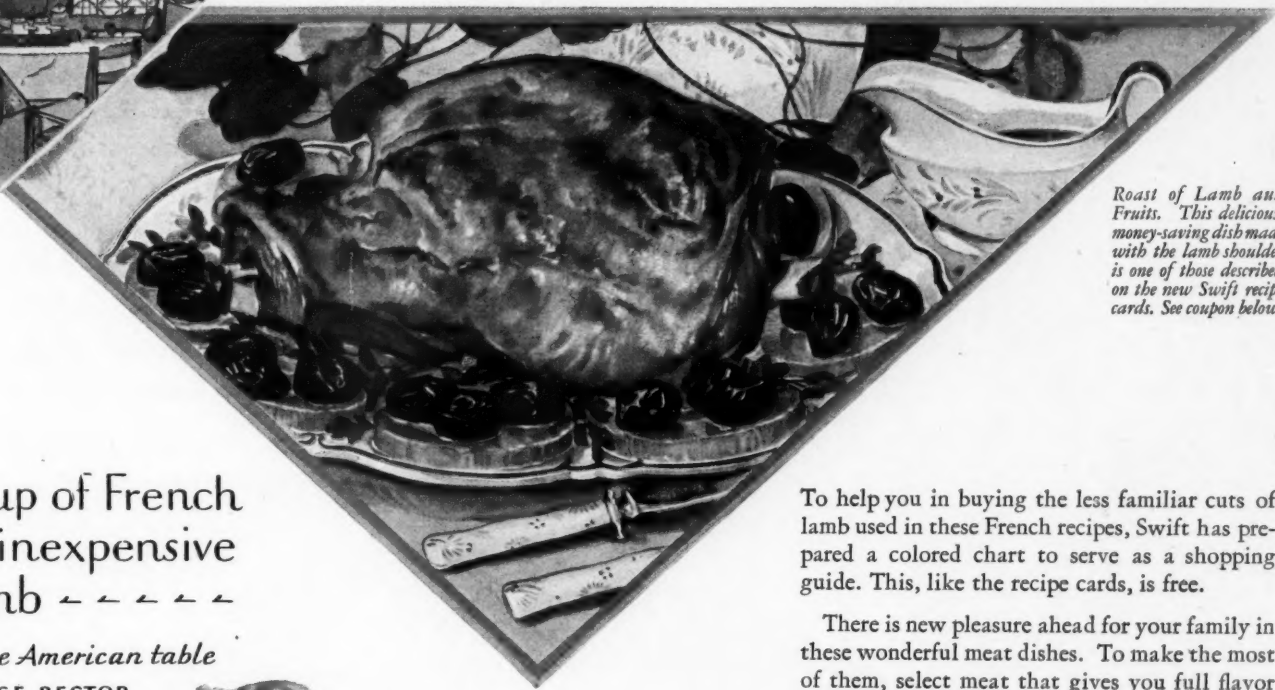
—meat dishes now world-famous



In the colored-tiled kitchens of the provinces, thrifty housewives created meat dishes famous in the French cuisine.



Kings sued for his favor! Among the great names in French cookery is that of Carême who was successively chef to the Czar of Russia, the Austrian and English Courts and to the Rothschild family.



Roast of Lamb aux Fruits. This delicious, money-saving dish made with the lamb shoulder is one of those described on the new Swift recipe cards. See coupon below.

A new group of French recipes for inexpensive cuts of lamb

adapted for the American table
by GEORGE RECTOR



George Rector—first American ever to wear the medal of the Société des Cuisiniers de Paris—noted authority on French and American cookery.

It rules supreme among lovers of good living—the inspired meat cookery of the French. From Paris, master chefs have spread its fame to all the nations' capitals.

But the genius which originated this enticing cookery was that of thrifty French housewives. Many a celebrated meat dish was created in a provincial kitchen. Many a great chef's reputation has been made by introducing such dishes to the connoisseurs of Paris.

Ragoûts — patés — casseroles — meat dishes famous the world over! Perfected through the generations by the artistry of French housewives! Dishes remarkable for their alluring flavor—still more remarkable for their unequalled use of the less expensive cuts of meat.

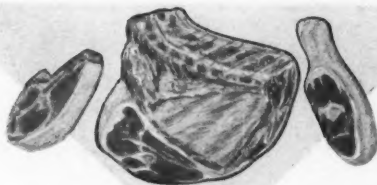
It is the recipes for such dishes that Swift has collected for you. Ten of the masterpieces of French lamb cookery—dishes that miraculously combine enticing flavor with a big saving in cost!

A 3rd Series of recipe cards,
illustrated in color

Thousands of women have written for the lamb recipe cards "Tempting New Meat Dishes

Adapted from the French" offered by Swift during the last two years. Now a third series is ready for you—such recipes as have made French meat cookery renowned. Delicious, economical dishes, each one illustrated in color.

These celebrated lamb recipes have been adapted for American homes under the supervision of George Rector, the noted



Lamb Shank—Lamb Shoulder—Lamb Shoulder Chop—inexpensive cuts, meaty and full of flavor, which are used in these French dishes.

authority on French and American cooking. Mr. Rector is now acting as Director of Cuisine for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

To help you in buying the less familiar cuts of lamb used in these French recipes, Swift has prepared a colored chart to serve as a shopping guide. This, like the recipe cards, is free.

There is new pleasure ahead for your family in these wonderful meat dishes. To make the most of them, select meat that gives you full flavor and tenderness. With 400 branch houses, with a great fleet of refrigerator cars, with 7500 miles of private telegraph wires, Swift brings you choice fresh meats wherever you live. Be sure to ask for Swift's meats. To get the new recipe cards and the meat buying chart, just mail coupon.

Swift & Company

FREE—the new Swift lamb recipe cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French—3rd Series," with a chart showing the various cuts of lamb. Mail the coupon today.

File your recipe cards!

Every recipe in its place. Alphabetically arranged so you can find it in a jiffy. Here's your chance to get a recipe file box handsomely made of oak. It already contains 196 delightful meat recipes, 195 complete menus! Just mail 50c in stamps.

Home Economics Department
Swift & Company, 4225 Packers Ave., Chicago

Please send me as checked below:

☐ The new set of lamb recipe cards, together with the shopping chart for lamb.

☐ The oak recipe file box, for which I enclose 50c. This includes a complete set of meat recipes and menus, with shopping chart.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Why millions of housewives prefer Heinz Oven-Baked Beans

Because they are quite the most delicious, savory, appetizing baked beans that you ever served, steaming hot, at your table.

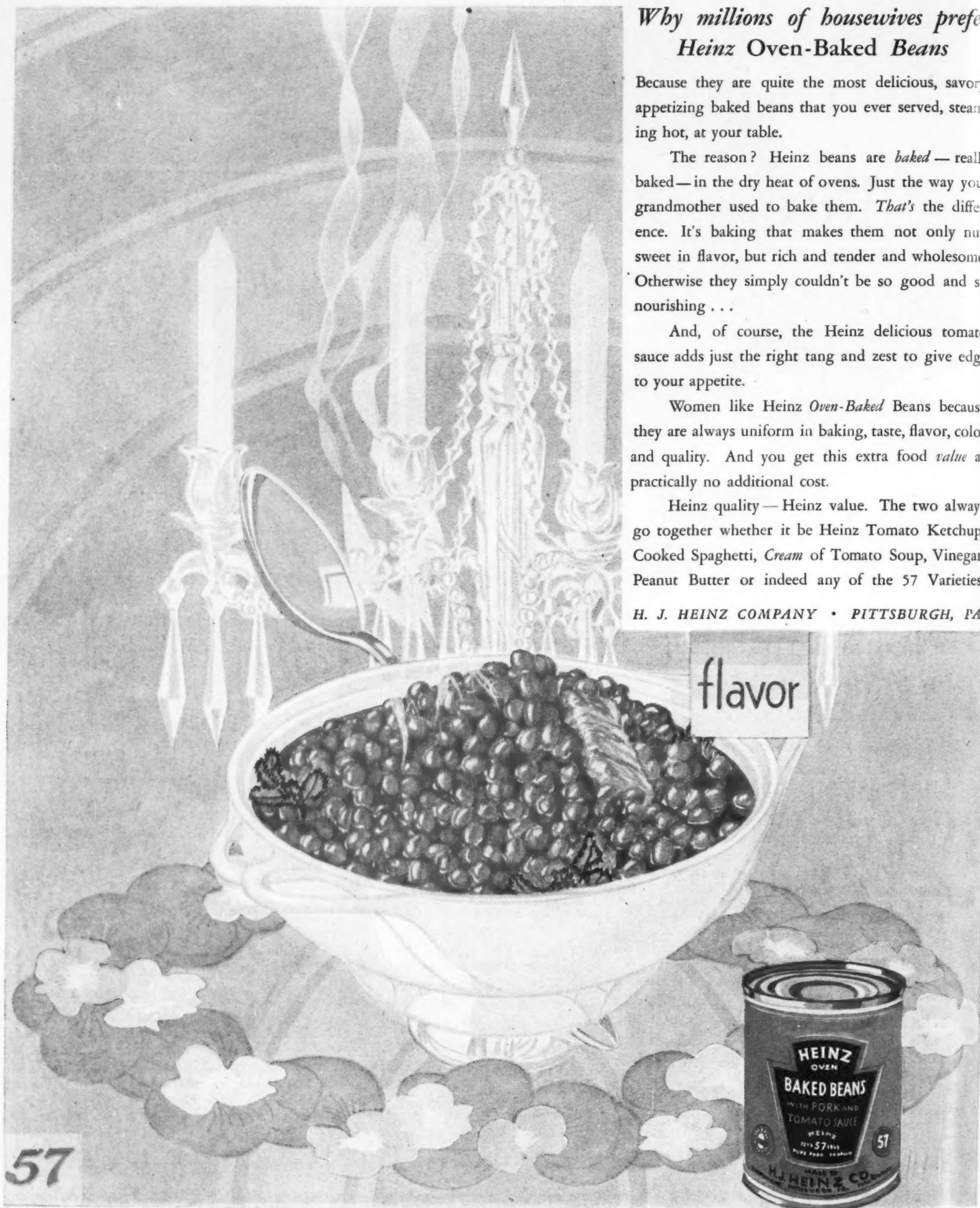
The reason? Heinz beans are *baked* — really baked — in the dry heat of ovens. Just the way your grandmother used to bake them. *That's* the difference. It's baking that makes them not only nut-sweet in flavor, but rich and tender and wholesome. Otherwise they simply couldn't be so good and so nourishing . . .

And, of course, the Heinz delicious tomato sauce adds just the right tang and zest to give edge to your appetite.

Women like Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans* because they are always uniform in baking, taste, flavor, color and quality. And you get this extra food *value* at practically no additional cost.

Heinz quality — Heinz value. The two always go together whether it be Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Cooked Spaghetti, *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Vinegar, Peanut Butter or indeed any of the 57 Varieties.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.



HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS



How Much Work Shall We Do?

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

A PROMINENT educator has said that we Americans teach our children everything except how to live. It is probably true that we, more than any other people in the world, need to find out how to work, play, rest and eat more wisely than we do.

Health is influenced by many things. While a well-chosen diet plays an important part in it, we must also learn how to balance the twenty-four-hour day so as to give work, rest and recreation their due attention. It is folly to make a virtue of hard work if one is unable to regain one's energy by the beginning of each new week. The kind of fatigue which is brought on by physical activity should be easily cured by the right kind of food, by rest and by some agreeable form of exercise or diversion.

Those who must work should study their physical needs so that the day can be mapped out, and each of the important activities be performed on schedule. One should know about how long it is necessary for him to sleep, and then see to it that his bed time is early enough to permit that many hours of rest. Dressing should occupy about the same interval of time each day, and a sufficient period should be set aside for activity out-of-doors.

Avoid Hurry

The principal object should be to avoid hurry. Hurry means nervous excitement, and perhaps worry, and will do more harm than hard work ever did. We should always try to avoid drawing upon the energy supply which we need for the next day.

Many persons suffer from genuine physical fatigue because they spend too much of their free time in social engagements, at the theater and the movies. Their argument that these pleasures do them more good than a proper amount of sleep is fallacious. An average of eight hours sleep a day is necessary if we are to feel well and work well; and some persons are so

constituted that they require even more than this to be at their best.

Nervous fatigue is quite different from physical fatigue. The nervous system is not likely to become tired unless emotion acts upon it. Fear, sorrow, anxiety, anger, resentment or pain may cause true nervous fatigue, even to the point of exhaustion. Help, and especially *self help*, for those who have such emotional problems is very important.

Wasteful Efforts

One of the best means of securing mental rest and recreation is to have an avocation as well as a vocation, the nature of this hobby to be left to the choice of the individual. To some persons the study of literature, history or philosophy is a great source of pleasure, and a safeguard for the nervous system. For others, some form of mechanical or manual work may serve the same purpose. For still other types, the theater, the movies or cards may be of absorbing interest.

The choice of work is also of paramount importance to the health. Work which demands more mental ability than the worker possesses is tiring, and will probably cause him (or her) worry. Work, which, in the beginning is not above one's ability, but is above one's training, should be very satisfying, because it furnishes the interest which we all have in learning something new. Work should become increasingly difficult only at the rate at which we are able to educate ourselves. Under such circumstances it creates confidence and satisfaction.

Many "tired" business men and women do so little physical work that their fatigue cannot be explained on the grounds of expended energy. Neither can the blame be put on the mental work they do, for even the closest application to exacting mental work does not cause a loss of bodily

energy to any appreciable extent. Yet idleness and rest do not seem to restore

them; they find it difficult to concentrate on mental work, and almost impossible to commence new work.

Thousands of persons who are taking extended vacations to recover from this self-diagnosed fatigue, are suffering from unwise eating habits and the faulty elimination of the waste products of digestion. For these are the symptoms of acidosis, and they indicate that the blood contains an excess of acid forming elements. The blood is normally alkaline, and by taking a diet which contains too large a proportion of acid producing foods we can upset the balance which is necessary to health.

This condition arises when an immoderately large proportion of the diet consists of meat, eggs, bread and sugar. Whereas there is little danger that one engaged in severe physical work will over-eat, because everything which is eaten is promptly burned, the danger is very real in the case of persons who lead sedentary lives.

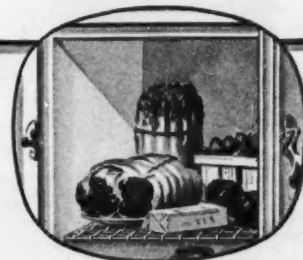
Watch The Diet

It is now generally believed that the blood vessel disease which causes high blood pressure, and also that kidney disease of a certain kind (nephritis), result from a prolonged lowering of the alkaline reserve of the blood. As has been said this depletion is brought on by eating regularly a disproportionately large amount of the acid forming foods. The acid forming foods should be properly balanced with such alkalizing foods as fruits, tuber and root vegetables and the leafy vegetables. (About one-half of the day's ration should consist of these alkalisers.) A dietetic error of this kind, practiced more or less regularly for years, may lay the foundation for early ageing and a long period of ill health.

No subject connected with eating has been more discussed than the

[Continued on page 58]

TO KEEP FOOD SWEET



Don't wait for a foul odor to remind you of the necessity—plan on a regular weekly cleaning of your refrigerator with 20 Mule Team Borax. That is the way to keep food sweet during the summer months.

Borax is an ideal cleaning agent for this use because it is a deodorant and a mild, harmless antiseptic as well as a cleanser. A Borax cleaning insures a spotless, sweet-smelling refrigerator.

Use a strong solution of Borax in water, scrubbing with a stiff brush. Then flush out with another strong Borax solution. Finally sprinkle dry Borax powder over floors and racks.

Bread boxes, cupboards, shelves—wherever food is kept—should be regularly washed in hot water and Borax. Borax drives away odors, leaves real cleanliness in its place. Get the Borax habit. Buy a package of 20 Mule Team today.



Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 578
100 William St., New York City

Please send free copy of your booklet—"Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name _____

Address _____





Left—Strawberry Bavarian Cream. Below—Unmold by turning the plate upside down over the mold. Then invert, tilt mold slightly and shake once



GELATINE is one of our most accommodating foods. Dessert, salad, main dish or soup course—with any or all of these it will obligingly provide us. It gives aid to the hostess; economizes for the thrifty and suggests to all of us some easy, different ways for serving the milk, fruit and vegetables we must eat if we are to keep well. For all these reasons it deserves attention in our talks on homemaking.

There are three types of table gelatine—plain, unflavored gelatine; prepared gelatine to which sugar and flavoring have been added; and “leaf” gelatine. The last named is sold in large, brittle sheets marked off in squares and is used principally by French chefs. Plain gelatine and prepared gelatine are sold, as everyone knows, in granulated form, and their clear sparkling crystals look very attractive when the package is opened.

DESSERTS—We are all familiar with the clear fruit gelatine desserts. When I first began housekeeping in my teens, this was the only type of gelatine dish I knew, and I used to vary it by serving it with custard sauce, crushed fruit or whipped cream. It took me several years to discover that with very little, if any more, effort I could create a great number of other desserts, both simple and de luxe. Whips, snows, sponges and Bavarian creams are easily made; if you have never happened to try them, do it soon. The first attempt will teach you the technique, and you will never have to re-learn the lesson. This is one of the few cooking processes at which one becomes an expert at the first trial.

SALADS—An attractive and practical salad for luncheon, supper or for a bridge party is a colorful mold of fruits or vegetables, arranged on a nest of crisp lettuce leaves. Jellyed salads can be prepared the day before, and kept in the refrigerator until serving time. Only two or three minutes will be needed to turn out the mold, and to add a festive touch in the form of radish roses, celery curls, olives or citrus fruit garnishes.

When you add fruits or vegetables to gelatine do they sink to the bottom instead of distributing themselves evenly throughout the mixture? Here is the reason for their misbehavior; they were added while the gelatine was in a too-liquid state. Always allow it to cool and thicken slightly in the bowl before folding in the solid ingredients (see photograph opposite), then turn into molds, and you will get perfect results.

MAIN DISHES AND ENTREES—Beside salads of endless variety, there are the more hearty dishes, sometimes called entrees, made with meat, fish and eggs. In summer these are especially convenient to serve as the main course of luncheon or dinner. They, too, may be made in advance and are therefore well adapted to

party occasions, when last-minute preparations must be avoided. Ham or chicken mousse, salmon or tuna fish molded in a ring or loaf, and stuffed eggs in jellyed mayonnaise are among the favorites. Gelatine dishes are an appetizing way of using up leftovers.

UNMOLDING—One of the most important things to know about jellyed dishes is how to “land” them “safe and sound” just where you want them on the serving plate or platter. The secret is simple. *First*, dip the mold in warm water—hot water will cause the gelatine to melt too much, and make a lake of liquid jelly on the serving dish. *Second*, invert the serving dish over the mold (see photograph above) then turn both plate and mold back together. *Third*, slightly lift one side of the mold from the plate to let in air, and shake firmly (see photograph opposite). Then lift off the mold. For molds in which fruit, meat or vegetables are molded, it is advisable to slip a sharp knife around the edge before dipping in warm water. If the mold should not come out the first time repeat the process of dipping and shaking.

For many of the jellyed salads, entrees and desserts either plain or prepared gelatine may be used, but because the method of preparing the dish varies with the kind of gelatine, it is best to follow a recipe worked out for the particular product you are using. I have space to give you only a few typical recipes, but you will find others on your package of gelatine.

EMERGENCIES—Sometimes a housewife needs a quick, easily-prepared dessert, or salad. In such an emergency, follow one of the simpler gelatine recipes, pouring the mixture into individual molds and setting them in a pan of cracked ice. They will be ready in half an hour.



To whip gelatine set bowl in cracked ice



Beat until stiff; pile in sherbert glasses

GELATINE THE VERSATILE

*If you don't know its many delicious ways,
do get acquainted*

FRUIT WHIPS—Gelatin whips are a time and money-saving dessert. They are delicious when served very cold, and are one of the wholesome sweets which children really like.

To make raspberry whip, dissolve 1 package raspberry-flavored gelatin in 2 cups boiling water. Set aside to cool. When mixture becomes syrupy, set in pan of cracked ice or ice water and beat with egg beater until it will hold its shape. (See photographs opposite). Pile lightly in sherbet glasses and garnish with maraschino cherries, any berries in season

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT OF FOODS
AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup shredded cabbage
2 cups celery, cut in pieces
2 pimientos, cut in pieces

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken fold in cabbage, celery and pimientos. Turn into large or individual wet molds. Chill. Unmold on bed of crisp lettuce and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

To make this salad with a prepared gelatin, use 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin. Dissolve in boiling water, add 2 tablespoons vinegar and 1 teaspoon salt. Cool and proceed as above.

Tuna Fish Salad

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
2 tablespoons vinegar (or lemon juice)
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups flaked tuna fish
¼ cup chopped pimiento
1 cup mayonnaise

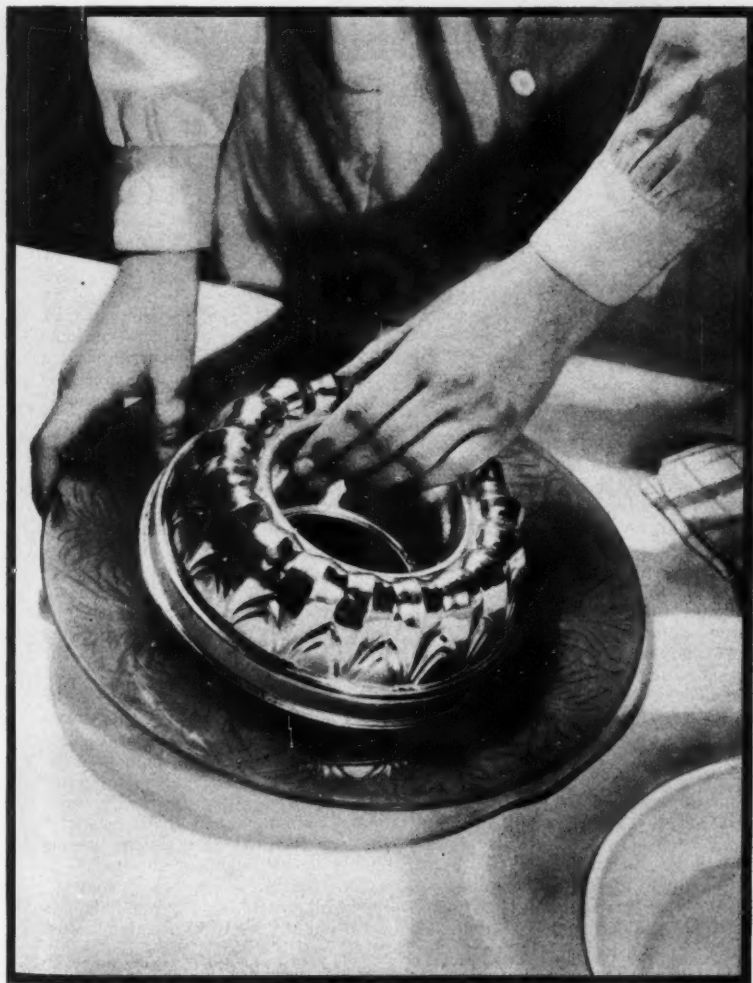
Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water, vinegar or lemon juice and salt. Cool until mixture thickens slightly, then fold in tuna fish, pimiento and mayonnaise. Mix well. Fill individual wet molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with radish roses. [Turn to page 58]

Sunshine Salad

2 tablespoons gelatin
½ cup cold water
½ cup cider vinegar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 cups boiling water

To make Bavarian Creams with plain unflavored gelatin, follow the recipe given in the package.

to make 1 cup if necessary.) Cool until mixture begins to thicken, then beat as for Raspberry Whip until it will hold its shape. Fold in strawberries and whipped cream. Turn into ring mold which has been dipped in cold water. Chill. When ready to serve unmold on serving plate, fill center with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries.



or crushed fruit. Chill thoroughly before serving. To whip unflavored gelatin, follow any recipe for plain fruit jelly, such as lemon, orange or raspberry. Cool and when it begins to thicken, beat according to method given above.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup sugar
2 cups strawberries
1 cup cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add lemon juice and sugar to strawberries, crush slightly and let stand one-half hour. Drain off juice and add to dissolved gelatin. (There should be about 1 cup juice; add water

The vegetables or fruit should not be added until the gelatin has thickened slightly. Then put into individual molds.





is worse in hot weather

Check "ammonia diaper"
at once with Mennen
Borated Baby Talcum

The young mother quickly recognizes "ammonia diaper"—its odor is so pronounced—so unpleasant.

After its appearance the child's skin shows scalding red blotches in the diaper region—first on the buttocks and thighs, and next on the back.

An irritable, crying, sleepless baby is the result.

You will check "ammonia diaper" and soothe the "fire" in your baby's skin if you use Mennen—the Borated and Zincated Baby Talcum.

Bear in mind that Mennen Baby Powder contains these two efficient antiseptics—boric acid and zinc oxide (in addition to other well-known medicaments)—all of which are recognized as of utmost importance in the care of baby's irritated skin.

Your baby will be cooler after using Mennen Borated Baby Powder—because it aids the natural efforts of the child's skin to throw off excess moisture.

Ask your druggist for a can of Mennen Borated today—also get a tube of Mennen Baby Ointment—fine for baby's scalp, to prevent crusts and scale. It also lubricates and keeps baby's skin soft.

THE MENNEN Co., Newark, N. J.

The Mennen Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

MENNEN
BORATED BABY TALCUM



FREE—Nursery Wall Chart on Baby Care!

So practical a guide for every mother—eagerly sought after by the expectant mother—it is yours free for the asking.

The MENNEN Co.,
Dept. M. C. 7., Newark, N. J.

Send me FREE the Mennen Chart on Baby Care—also pamphlet on How to Wash Diapers to retard Ammonia formation.



Bottle Feeding Has Its Place

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

WHILE every young infant is entitled to breast feeding and when we have exerted every effort to give this advantage to the newly born, a large majority of infants still must be nourished by means other than breast milk.

In my contacts with young mothers and babies I have learned that it is quite useless to force the nursing issue. If the young mother objects or in fact if she is not strongly inclined to nurse her infant it is best not to make the attempt. Indifferent and poor breast feeding is full of danger, and a child that does not thrive, gain in weight on any process of feeding is not just standing still, he is losing out in normal development. It is a daily occurrence in a child specialist's office to have breast-fed infants presented who are undersized, undernourished, anemic and with impending rickets, the outcome of a futile attempt at breast feeding. In some of these babies, one look is sufficient to reveal a pronounced malnutrition, which means that the breast milk is scanty or does not contain the required nutritional elements.

For the difficult problems in nursing, it is impossible in a contribution of this kind to outline a plan of management. A close observation of mother and child is necessary under the direction of the physician.

This is a typical problem however: Baby well nourished, age three months, weight thirteen and one-half pounds, normal weight and well developed—then why the doctor? The answer is *colic*, (stomach-ache) the baby cries, wiggles and twists, draws up his legs and shows much discomfort by yelling vigorously. Some mothers declare that the baby cries "every minute," others that the baby has three or four crying spells a day, all of which means that we have what is known as a "colicky baby."

It is sometimes difficult to differentiate between colic and the cry of

a spoiled baby who is accustomed to and demands attention. Before ascribing the cry to colic, remove the child from the crib, take him in arms, talk to him and if the cry stops and he takes on good behavior, his cry is not one of pain, he wants just what you are giving him, namely, attention. In colic, simple manipulation such as lifting him from the crib has no effect on pain and the cry will continue unabated. Before assuming that colic is present it will be wise to find out if there is some other cause, something to be remedied, such as tight clothing.

Nursing Periods

It must not be forgotten that babies do not cry on general principles and when the cry continues in spite of proper attention and temporary fondling it is safe to assume that the baby is in pain and in the great majority of instances the trouble will be found located in the gastro-intestinal tract. Another manifestation suggesting colic is the daily occurrence of a crying fit at about the same time each day. A sudden severe crying attack in a well baby in which such occurrences are unusual will sometimes be due to ear-ache or perhaps suppression of the urine. Assuming that the crying is caused by colic what is to be done?

Probably one of the most frequent causes of colic in the breast-fed is due to too frequent nursing or irregular nursing. All babies should be fed on the minute and after the third month not oftener than every four hours. It requires about this length of time for the stomach to empty after a full meal. Colicky babies we often find have a slow emptying capacity and should never be nursed oftener than once in four hours—five times a day and the duration of the nursing from fifteen to twenty minutes. Occasionally before and after the nursing weigh the baby

to learn the amount of milk taken—at four-hour nursings a baby weighing

twelve to fourteen pounds should have something like six ounces. Convenient nursing hours are 6 A. M., 10 A. M., 2 P. M., 6 P. M. and 10 P. M. If the baby does not get six ounces at each nursing a bottle feeding should be supplied to make up the deficiency. Constipation, defective bowel evacuation is another frequent source of colic. Every breast-fed baby should have at least two evacuations in the twenty-four hours. Colic in a thriving baby is never a sufficient cause for weaning.

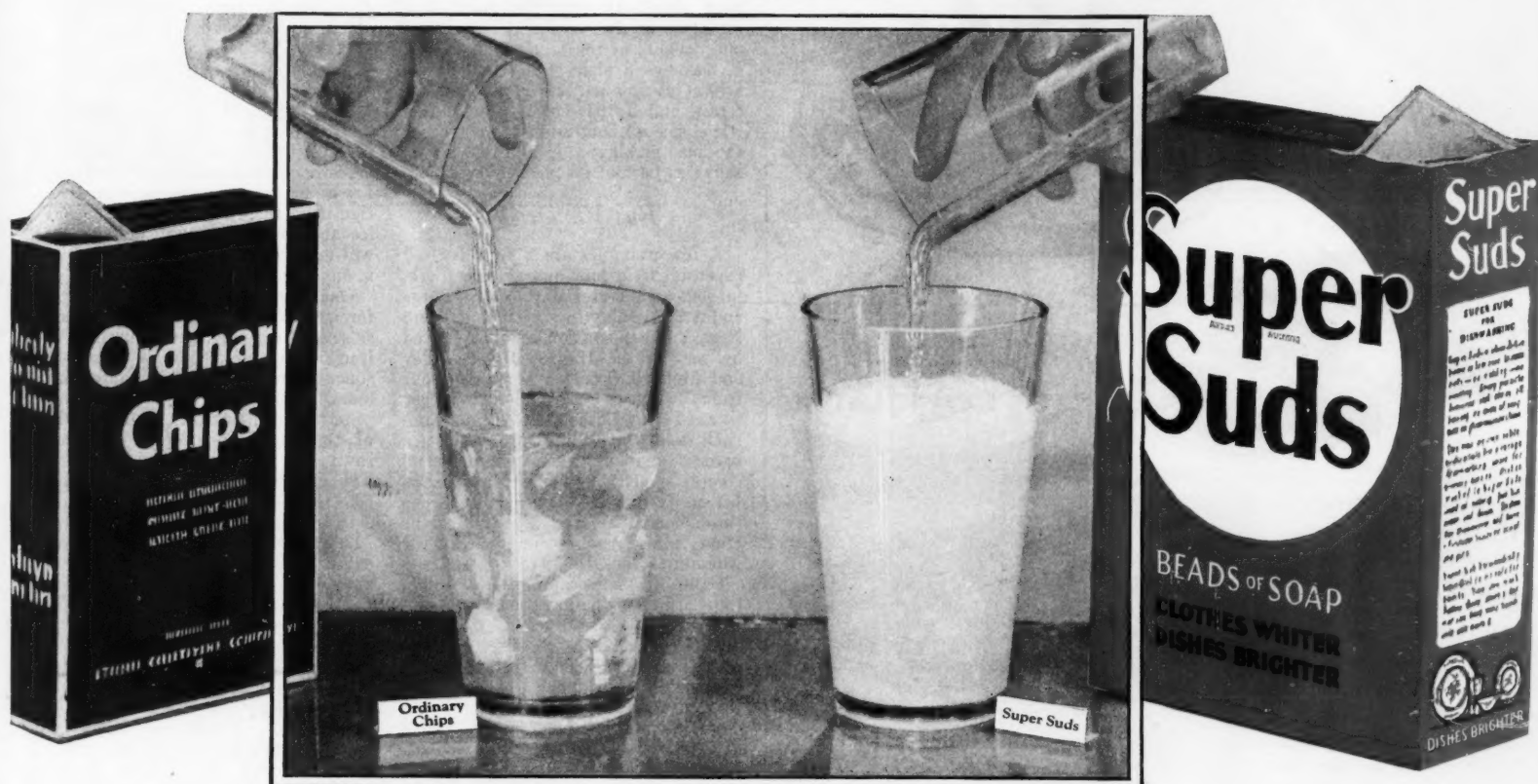
Another condition that occurs in the well-nourished breast-fed baby is too frequent bowel action. Cases of this sort are often due to a high fat content in the mother's milk. The giving of an ounce or two of barley water before each nursing will often correct the trouble. In these cases the nursing should be at four-hour intervals.

Thriving breast-fed babies come to me with extensive eczema. Shall I wean him? is the question often asked by the mother. We carry on the nursing of these cases and try by different means to find the cause. We treat the mother by diet, giving her largely a vegetable menu and simple alkaline laxatives. The child is treated by local measures and skin tests are made to determine the cause of the eczema. It is extremely rare that a baby needs to be weaned because of eczema; only when he fails to thrive.

Scientific artificial feeding together with the later nutrition of children has occupied the minds and been the subject of extensive research by many of our best investigators during the past ten years or more. Today a vast majority of family physicians are entirely competent to direct successful bottle feeding from knowledge based on scientific observations which has placed the artificial feeding of infants on a much higher plane than was the case comparatively few years ago.

Suds *below* the water — that's what counts!

*Test shows how these instant suds wash faster
because they go all through the water, not just on top*



Demonstrate to yourself, by this simple test, how rapidly and completely Super Suds dissolves:

MADAM, are you willing to make a simple test—taking only 5 minutes of your time—if it will save you hours of work every week?

Then make the test described at right. See through transparent glass how Super Suds differs from other soaps, why it washes so much faster and better.

Make the test just as hard as possible for Super Suds. Compare it with your favorite soap—the best flakes or chips you ever used.

After the test you will understand why old-fashioned dishwashing was such a slow, dreary task. Why, with older forms of soap, grease was slow to dissolve, hard to rinse away.

But just see the difference this new soap makes! Wash dishes tonight with Super Suds. Pour Super Suds in your dishpan, turn on water. All dissolved! Ready for dishes! No stirring, no coaxing!

You have instant suds on top. But, much more important, you get instant suds *all through the water*. Under-water suds, that work down *below* the surface, where the real work is done.

Take 4 glasses. In one put a teaspoon of Super Suds. In another a teaspoon of your favorite chip or flake. Fill other two glasses half-full with water of dishwashing temperature, and empty, together, into glasses containing soaps. Instantly Super Suds dissolves! Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with *under-water suds*. While in the other glass the chips are gummy but not dissolved. They float on top or sink to the bottom, leaving water clear and soapless. Dramatic proof of the amazing speed of bead soap!



These *under-water suds* attack grease on dishes like no other soap you ever used. Dishes are left absolutely free of grease and soil. Don't bother with wiping. Just a hot rinse, and dishes will dry shining bright and clean. No trace of soap film. No trace of grease film. And dishes done so much sooner!

Why only bead soap gives under-water suds

Super Suds is not chips. Not flakes. Something entirely different—soap in tiny, hollow *beads*. Four times thinner than the thinnest flake or chip. It is made by spraying melted soap from great towers, many stories high. In falling, the soap divides into millions of tiny bubbles, so incredibly fine that you can crush hundreds between thumb and finger.

That's why Super Suds simply melts into water like snow. That's why you get suds all through the water, where you need them. No other soap can dissolve like *bead soap*, because no other soap is anything like as thin.

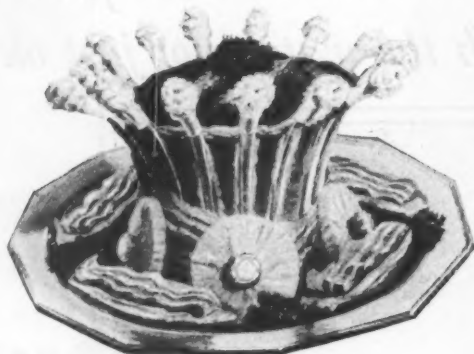
Super Suds costs only 10 cents for a big box that holds 10 full cups. Order Super Suds from your grocer today.

4699

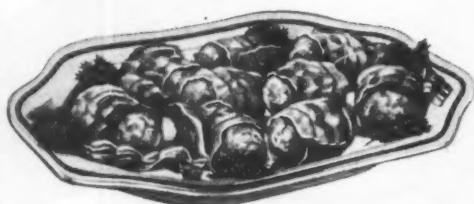
THE BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR 10¢

Do you use IMAGINATION in cooking?

CROWN ROAST OF LAMB AND
STAR BACON. See page 9 of
"Slices of Real Flavor."



STAR BACON AND TOMATOES.
See page 7 of "Slices of Real
Flavor."



STUFFED STAR BACON SLICES. See
page 13 of "Slices of Real Flavor."

STAR BACON is packed
in window-top cartons.
See the bacon you buy.



WOULD you invent new dishes . . . discover unusual ways to use leftovers . . . cut your food cost? Then the Star Bacon recipe book—"Slices of Real Flavor"—will appeal to you—and help you.

This cook book tells how to introduce or combine the mild, savory, tender goodness of Star Bacon in over thirty different dishes. Every one is a taste delight because Star Bacon adds so much in flavor. Retail meat dealers everywhere will gladly fill your order for Star Bacon in the window-top cartons that let you see the bacon you buy—its tender, fine-grained lean and firm white fat. Or your dealer will slice Star Bacon from the original piece. Send the coupon now for your free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor."

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago
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Armour's Star Bacon



Dept. MC-9, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me free recipe book, "Slices of Real Flavor."

Name _____

Address _____

STAR HAM ★ CLOVERBLOOM EGGS AND BUTTER ★ STAR LARD

ANOTHER WAY TO TRAVEL—BY BUS

[Continued from page 38]

of good-looking touring busses are equally wise and progressive, making it simple for travelers, no matter from what town or branch bus line one desires to start from or end up at. The network of bus routes looks, on a map, for all the world like the map of a great railway system, and so do the bus time-tables.

In addition to the travel from point to point, there is the tour bus which is now growing very rapidly in favor, for its charm is already known to great numbers who have traveled that way in Europe. From four to fifty people in a group may have a most completely delightful tour, in comfort and with simplicity, via the automobile bus. One of the very real advantages and delights of the touring bus is that it becomes a sight-seeing bus on its arrival at any particular place of interest, and its passengers are given a travelogue without additional expense; the bus making a local tour of the sights as part of its plan of operation.

Bus Variations

A few examples are a four-day, all expense, circle tour out of New York, to Delaware Water Gap, Valley Forge and Atlantic City; a six-day tour from New York to Boston and Cape Cod by way of the Hudson River Valley and Mohawk Trail; a seven-day tour from Boston to Montreal and Quebec through the Berkshires, the Adirondack and the White Mountains; a seven-day tour leaving Chicago and completely circling Lake Michigan; a fifteen-day circle tour from Chicago throughout the East; a two-day tour from San Francisco to Santa Cruz Mountains and Big Trees, Monterey—California's first capital—Del Monte, the Carmel-by-the-Sea art colony, and San Jose; a three-day tour from San Francisco to Los Angeles; a two-day tour from Los Angeles to San Diego, Coronado Beach and Tijuana in Old Mexico. Also there are the many one-day trips in cities and to nearby points of interest, or the delights of touring Rocky Mountain National Park, Yosemite or Yellowstone.

So interesting has bus travel been found that we have now the spectacle of a summer university on wheels; a caravan of buses of enrolled students and a teaching staff with sleeping and dining coaches, which moves from Kansas all the way to New England.

The tour bus is particularly popular and appropriate in Europe, where the tourist is usually a stranger, and the places of interest unknown to him, unless told. Many of the most delightful and unspoiled places are naturally off the beaten track of railway travel.

Thus an individual group, congenial and selected, is able to map out the particular tour it desires, and by railroad train and bus maintain its own schedule and pursue its own pleasure and delight. It can stop and dally at some unexpectedly delightful spot; it can take byways and bypaths on whim and fancy; and it can at small individual cost have the benefit of group guidance and economy.

Europe is today lined over with a complete network of bus and automobile routes which connect with railroad tours. Its roads have always been celebrated, and they reach to astonishingly far and high places, over mountain and plain, and are often the continuations of old Roman roads.

Far Reaching Plans

The organized private automobile tours of from one day to several weeks, in any part of Europe, are marvels of modern travel comfort and technique. From the moment you land at a foreign port, there is an automobile service at hand at the very dock, and it will take charge of you and tour you, in any size party.

One does not even have to rely on foreign service for such foreign tours, as several very highly organized American companies operate extensive super-travel service of automobile tours. Thousands of Americans are now penetrating in this way to the real life of the European people, in hamlet, town and countryside in a leisurely way, spending the nights at forest inns, lake sides or mountain resorts.

In the winter and early spring, North Africa offers a pleasant, vividly sunny touring place, and here, too, automobile tours are organized and delightful, penetrating to the deepest mysteries of the desert, where the whistle of locomotives is unknown. Thirteen to twenty-three-day tours are delightfully arranged, covering all expense. In Italy, too, tours from Rome to Florence, Naples to Milan, are readily and expertly available.

And so "all the world's a stage-coach," it might be said, for the marvel of the automobile makes it literally possible to travel on air almost anywhere, without the rough jolting which was once even the portion of Kings in transit. Little wonder that more Americans flock to see Europe, since one can now see it genuinely with such ease and since in our own country they have become acquainted with the convenience and amazing development of bus travel as an adjunct to the superb railway systems and as an extension of private automobile travel wherever there are roadways.

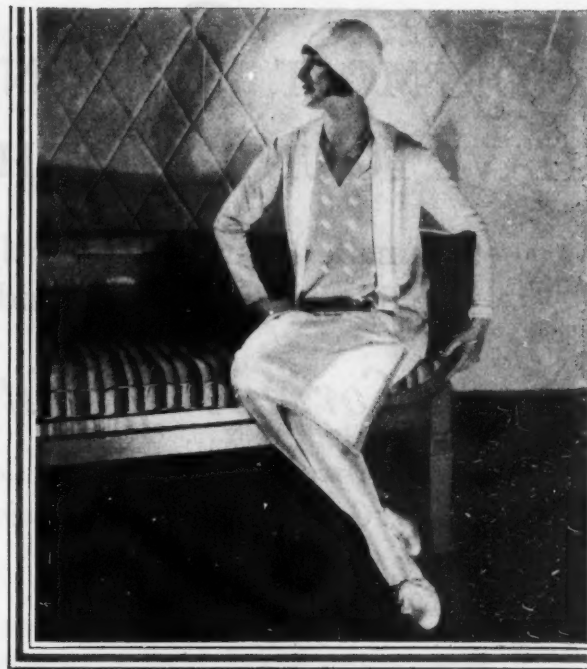
LIVE BETTER AND SAVE MONEY!

"But How?" asks the troubled homemaker on McCall Street? The answer is: keep an accurate record of every day's expenditures; plan your income to take care of the necessities, the savings account and luxuries as well. The revised edition of *The Family Budget* will give you simple instructions on how to begin the budget and live by it. Send twenty cents in stamps for this booklet to,

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 W. 37th STREET
NEW YORK CITY



FIFTH AVENUE DRESSMAKERS USE LUX to keep mannequins' lingerie and stockings exquisitely new looking twice as long... (To the left) a mannequin in a smart Kurzman frock, itself washable in Lux. "Lux cleanses so gently," Kurzman says—"keeps sheer things immaculately fresh and new looking."



MUSICAL SHOWS ALL USE LUX—to double the life of stockings! Every wardrobe mistress on Broadway Luxes the stockings of the entire cast. Their experience has proved that—"Stockings always washed in Lux give twice the wear." Musical stars wholeheartedly agree! Engaging Betty Compton (right) says—"Lux keeps my stockings silky as new far longer than anything else."

"Your lovely summer clothes can be kept like new much longer with Lux,"



EVERY GREAT MOVIE STUDIO uses Lux to double the life of luxurious screen clothes—from sports togs to such delicate negligees as Janet Gaynor's (above). This brilliant young star instructs her maid to use Lux for everything washable—"just as my studio uses Lux for the gorgeous clothes in our pictures." Keep your clothes a new looking as screen clothes—with Lux!

SAY THE MOVIES
MUSICAL SHOWS
FAMOUS DRESSMAKERS
BUYERS FOR
DEPARTMENT STORES

Joyously treat yourself to this summer's flower-like chiffons—to silks gay as a vacation day... then wear them to heart's content.

Lux will keep them like new!

"Always use Lux"... that is the rule of all the great modern authorities on lovely clothes—the movies, New York's musical shows, famous couturiers, buyers for leading department stores.

It is their business (dollars-and-cents business) to know! And they find—by actual comparison—that "the delicate-fibred, delicate-hued materials of today can be kept exquisitely new looking twice as long if they are always cleansed in Lux!"



CLEVER BUYERS INSIST ON LUX. The experts who buy for great department stores know fashions and fabrics! And 92 out of every 100 interviewed in 132 leading stores use Lux for their own precious things... (Above) A buyer for Best & Company, Fifth Avenue, examining imported lingerie... Your own underthings can be kept as exquisite—with Lux!

Million-Dollar-Wardrobe Tests

The big movie studios, with million-dollar wardrobes to care for, tried many cleansing methods—found Lux keeps beautiful clothes like new twice as long! Now the studios insist on Lux... "It's a matter of dollars and cents with us," they say—"Lux saves clothes and money."



Why Lux Re-News

Lux is made of the purest materials known, by a special costly process. It has none of the harmful alkali found in many soaps, whether flakes, chips or cakes. Extra-gentle, extra-pure—Lux keeps all fine fabrics like new so much longer! Give your nice things this safest care!

FOREMOST SCREEN STARS HAVE FOUND NEW HOSIERY

—that makes an unbelievable difference
in Shapeliness of ankle and leg

Corinne Griffith

First National Star

*has been charmed by this exquisite, long wearing
stocking... One of the famous "Dancing Chiffons"*

\$1.65 the pair



THE surprising discovery of Screen Stars that hosiery *does* affect Shapeliness of ankle and leg to a noticeable degree, has completely changed former haphazard methods of selecting this very important item.

Today, these Stars are wearing a new style of hosiery which, they have found, actually makes the leg more slender, graceful and alluring.

Corinne Griffith has been charmed by one of the famous Allen-A "Dancing Chiffons."

Clear, sheer chiffon silk is everywhere revealed. From top to toe. Clinging creaselessly to the leg, due to special fashioning. And the lovely

silken foot, cunningly reinforced at heel, sole and toe, *never* seems to wear out.

You will find the "Dancing Chiffons" at your dealer's. In the newest shades—and with either the modish pointed heel or exclusive Panelcurve heel.

Ask for this Allen-A creation by style number 3715 if you prefer the pointed heel; 3785, if you prefer the Panelcurve heel. Either \$1.65 the pair. If your dealer can't supply you, simply send us your

name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

The same hosiery styles, worn by Screen Stars, and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop—Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York Stores—are available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced \$1.50 to \$3.00 the pair.

MISSSES' HOSIERY, TOO

You will find Allen-A Hosiery for Misses of the same superb style and quality that has won smartly dressed women to Allen-A Hosiery. In silk, silk and rayon, and lisle—and in a wide range of modish shades and fancy patterns. Only 50c to \$1.00 the pair.

Allen-A  Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A SMALL HOUSE IN OHIO

[Continued from page 33]



Fireplace and hearth are distinguished for simplicity

walls available for windows, as in the present instance, there is also a decided gain in interior light and airiness.

The exterior gain is no less important. In the house illustrated note the pleasing effect of a front elevation broken only by a shallow bay-window, with a little window centered above it.

The recessed entrance-door opens to a small vestibule, linked to the staircase-hall by a wide, arched opening. There is a compact, outside-lighted lavatory at the rear of the vestibule, and, at the rear of the staircase-hall, there is an equally useful coat closet of ample capacity. A gracefully detailed staircase rises from the hall.

English Arrangement

There is something to be said in favor of the English rule, whereby each room is treated as a separate entity, and accordingly disassociated from the other rooms. Each of the rooms is more apt to be carefully studied, with a view to making it thoroughly independent and perfectly adapted to its purpose. All the rooms are also likely to have better wall-spaces for furniture, through the curtailment in the number of communicating doorways. Certainly, infinitely greater privacy is conferred on the individual rooms.

The English rule has clearly been behind the first floor arrangement of this house, as evidenced by a lack of direct communication between the living-room and the dining-room. The two rooms are, however, brought into conveniently close relationship by arched doorways, which connect them with the intervening hall.

This living-room could not be other than a place of good cheer, with three of its walls windowed to admit abundant light and air. The windows are suitably varied in size and shape to make each wall distinctive, and they are also proportioned and placed with due regard for a logical arrangement of furniture. To supplement its movable furniture, the living-room has a built-in bookcase at the right of the simple fireplace, which centers the inner wall.

The dining-room is lighted by a group of casement-windows on one side, and by a French door which opens to the living porch at the rear. The French door is balanced by a door leading to the kitchen, and the wall-space between furnishes an ideal location for a serving table or a china-cabinet. The opposite wall, entirely unbroken, gives ample room for even

a large-scaled sideboard. In addition, there are several smaller wall-spaces for the conventional suite.

In the hall, the living-room and the dining-room, the wood-trim is of birch, uniquely stained to the color of maple syrup and waxed to a dull, rich polish. The walls throughout these rooms are of sand finished plaster. Hardwood floors are installed throughout.

The kitchen occupies a corner position at the back of the house, where it is sufficiently isolated to prevent any odors of cooking reaching the living quarters. Windows on two sides promote comfortable working conditions.

Thee kitchen walls are painted, most of the equipment is built-in. Cabinets, shelves and cupboards are ranged around three walls, but one wall is left free for a work-table, that could be used for informal meals.

Several steps descend from the kitchen to a landing, where the service entrance opens to a small side-porch. Stairs continue down from the landing to a well-lighted basement, the full size of the house. There is a fully-equipped laundry in the basement, besides the boiler, fuel and storage rooms.

Second Floor Space

By the cutting down of its hall to the very minimum, the second floor of the house has been made to yield an exceptionally fine master bedroom, two smaller bedrooms and a bathroom, in addition to a generous provision of storage space and closets. The spacious master bedroom, like the living-room below it, has an open fireplace and a threefold exposure to increase its attractiveness. The middle bedroom is adequately lighted by a double window, while the third bedroom is ventilated and lighted by windows on two sides. The bedroom walls are papered, and the wood-trim is enameled and over-glazed.

The bathroom is so situated that it can be readily reached from all the bedrooms, as well as from the lower floor. It has a clothes chute, which is connected with the laundry in the basement, and a shelved closet for towels. There is a large linen-closet, opening from the upper hall. Another interesting feature of this hall is the disappearing staircase, which supplies access to the maid's room on the third floor, while conserving valuable floor space on the second floor.

Additional building data on this house will be sent upon receipt of a stamped envelope.

SALAD and SANDWICHES vie for Picnic Honors in July Recipes of the Month

Here are a special salad and some special sandwiches that will make your July picnics events—to be recalled next winter when summer's sun is but a memory.

Salad and sandwiches—and Best Foods products to make each of them worthy of superlatives.

For example—Best Foods Relish Spred, that most delectable combination of smooth, fresh whole-egg Mayonnaise with chopped pickles, flavorsome pimiento, and pungent spices. The spread of a hundred uses—a relish, an appetizer, a salad dressing and, of course, a sandwich spread supreme.

A "Pep" Salad by Martha Adams

Half a small head of hard cabbage	5 stalks of celery
5 small carrots	1 head of lettuce
5 scallions or 1 white onion	2 tomatoes

The Dressing: To one-half cup each of Best Foods Mayonnaise and Relish Spred add the following: 1 teaspoon worcestershire; 2 tablespoons sharp American cheese, ground; ¼ cup ground nuts; 1 tablespoon lemon juice or tarragon vinegar; ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika.

Put the four vegetables through the meat grinder and mix with half of the dressing. Arrange in a mound in the center of a platter, surround with lettuce and tomatoes, placing a teaspoon of the dressing in the center of each slice of tomato. Five portions.

"StarsandStripes"

Sandwiches: Mix equal parts of ground cooked ham and Best Foods Sweet Pickle Relish. Moisten well with Best Foods Mayonnaise or Thousand Island Dressing. Cover star shaped pieces of bread prepared with a cookie cutter, with this mixture, and also spread strips of white and brown bread with it, putting them together to make a two-layer open-faced sandwich.

Cream Cheese and Cucumber Rounds: To one cream cheese add 4 tablespoons of Best Foods Relish Spred. Cover rounds of white bread with this mixture and place a slice of salted crisped cucumber in the center of each round.

* * * *

Women everywhere are learning that the name "Best Foods" guarantees not only especially fine food products but a unique, nation-wide food service—a food service that brings delicate foods to their tables as fresh and fine as when they were put into their containers in the great sun-lit Best Foods kitchens.

THE BEST FOODS, INC., New York, Chicago, San Francisco

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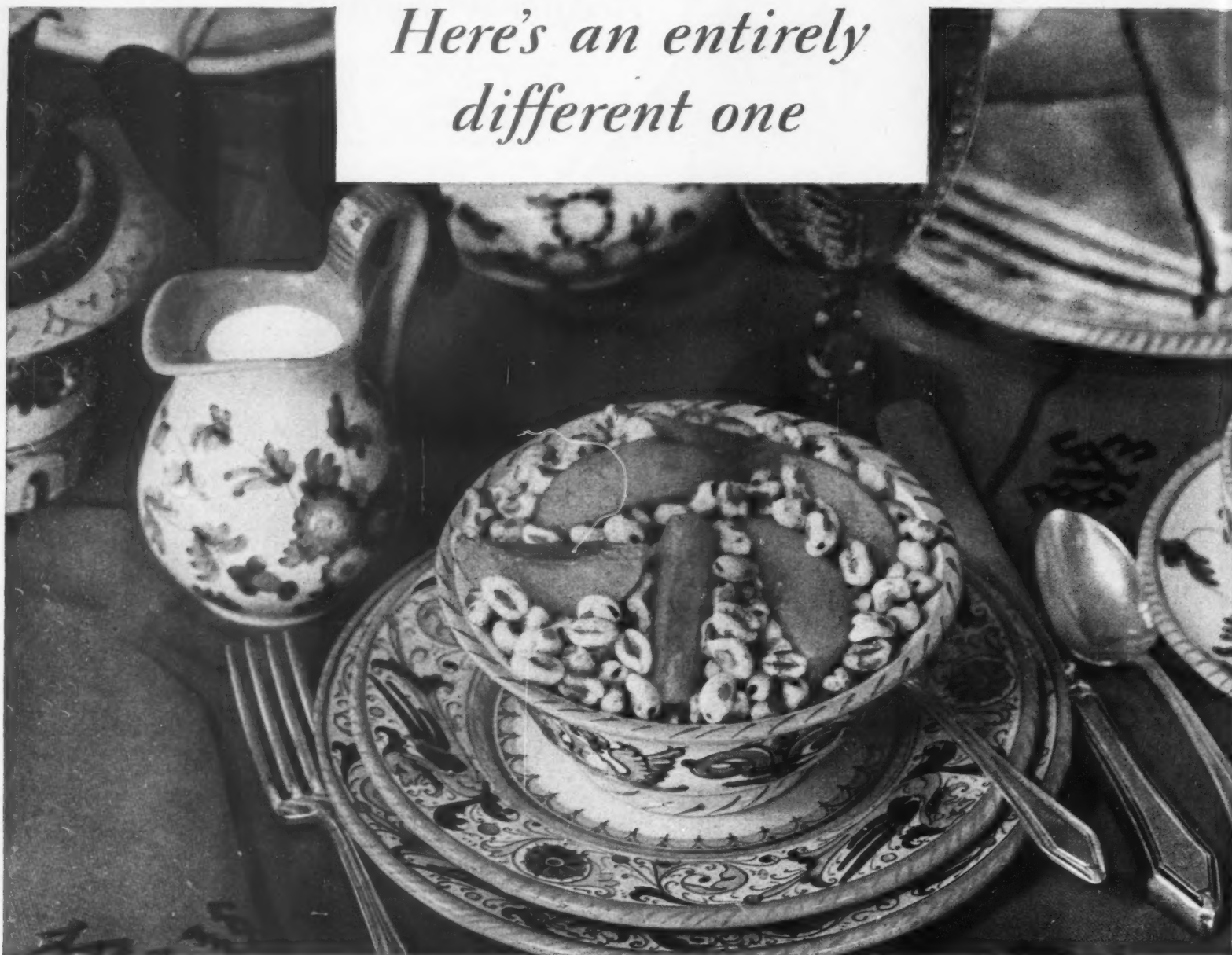


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Please send me a copy of your new
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Name _____
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365 Breakfasts a Year!

Here's an entirely different one



All the rich nourishment of whole wheat grain in this deliciously tempting, ready-to-eat summer cereal.

LAZY summer appetites! How to tempt them, yet provide nourishment, too, was once a problem. Then came these toasty delicious grains, puffed for better assimilation—appetizing—yet concealing the nourishment commonly found only in hot cereals.

Quaker Puffed Grains — Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—believe their fairy-like appearance. Grownups find them a delightful change. Children eat them because they're like confections—



Annabelle and Gregory Armour, two Vermont children who play hard all day—whose mother wisely provides them Quaker Puffed Wheat to start each day.

a delicious "treat." But they're good for one, besides. And that's their secret.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is made from whole wheat—25% is bran—with nothing "milled" away. All the rich minerals are retained. Puffed Rice is a substantial energy food, puffed and toasted like nut kernels.

Each grain of the rice and wheat is honey-combed with tiny food-cells. Puffing explodes these, cooking the starches, and releasing the

minerals, the proteins and carbohydrates. Digestion is easier, food value higher—cereals take on new allure, new enticement.

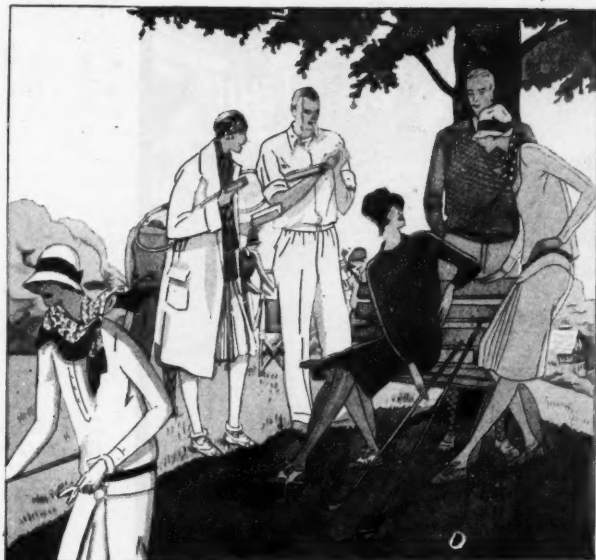
Food that does you good is food you like best

Serve them in a multitude of delightful ways—a cool dish for hot weather. Not only for breakfast... but as a tempting luncheon dish, a treat for supper—as a bedtime snack.

Serve Quaker Puffed Grains with fresh fruits or berries, with rich milk or half-and-half. So readily digestible, yet rich in food values. Get Puffed Grains at all grocers.



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Fourth Of July In The Garden!

WHY not plan to have a jolly party in your garden or on your porch on the Fourth of July? McCall's new booklet *Parties for Grownups* will give you ideas for celebrating all holidays and other festive occasions. Particularly attractive are the Patriotic Parties for the Fourth. Decorations, menus and the program for the parties are given in detail. A short program of music distinctly appropriate for this historical anniversary is also given. Send for *Parties for Grownups*. (Price, twenty cents.)

You can easily make everything for your party at home. Instructions for making appropriate favors, costumes, Jack Horner pies and beautiful decorations for the lawn, porch and table are given in *Fourth of July Decorations and Entertainment*. Outdoor games are also described. Send eight cents for this leaflet.

Does your garden make a suitable background for entertaining? The simple addition of a bird bath, a bench, a little pool or a tiny waterfall trickling over a few stones will help to make it so. The new garden booklet *Beautifying the Home Plot* suggests many ways to do just what the title suggests. It is filled with information on how to make an old garden more charming and to plan a new one with the assurance of beauty in a short time. Whether your garden is new or old you will find *Beautifying the Home Plot* helpful. (Price, twenty cents.)

Children always look forward to the Fourth of July with great glee. Nothing makes their day happier than a lawn party in the late afternoon. Jolly games, a delicious picnic supper, followed by safe fireworks and then home to bed! This party is given in detail in the booklet *Parties for Children*. There are other popular outdoor parties planned as well. (Price, twenty cents.)

McCALL'S HOME SERVICE BOOKLETS

What to Serve at Parties: The new edition of this popular booklet tells how to please the hungry ones at the picnic or beach party; also many other menus for summer parties. (Price, twenty cents.)

Time Saving Cookery. Quick ways with cold drinks and cold salads; simple menus for porch parties and mid-summer entertaining. (Price, ten cents.)

Master Recipes. Simple recipes for homemade ice creams and ices; gelatin desserts; cookies—so good with iced drinks! (Price, ten cents.)

Some Reasons Why in Cookery. Rules for meringues and frostings, ice creams and ices; also a chapter on making jelly a new way. (Price, ten cents.)

The New Hospitality. Correct service for breakfasts, luncheons, teas, dinners; suggestions for the "gracious hostess." (Price, ten cents.)

Antiques. A charming one-act play. (Price, ten cents.)

Bridal Showers. Five ways to shower the bride. (Price, two cents.)

Parties for the Bride. Announcements, showers and a housewarming. (Price, two cents.)

A Stork Shower. A jolly tea party for the mother-to-be. (Price, four cents.)

The Etiquette of Afternoon Tea. What to serve and how, at tea-time. (Price, two cents.)

Decorating Your Home. Rules on furnishing your house, apartment or room attractively. (Price, ten cents.)

Four Lessons in Interior Decoration. (Price, twelve cents.)

The Friendly Baby. Midsummer is not an easy time for baby. This booklet will help you make him more comfortable. There are also Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules. (Price, ten cents.)

The Friendly Mother. Advice for pre-natal period. (Price, ten cents.)

Book of Etiquette. Answers to every problem on good manners, chapters on weddings, a list of necessities for the bride. (Price, twenty cents.)

Books You Ought To Own. A list of books for the hostess and club woman, who is called upon to plan bazaars, pageants, etc. (Price, eight cents.)

Books on Church and Family Problems. A list of books on mind training for children, spiritual enlightenment, church work, etc. (Price, eight cents.)

Send stamps for these booklets to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, New York.

Society simply won't stand for Indelicate Women



As quick as a wink, a few sprinkles of Amolin will guard your freshness and wholesomeness all day long!

AS SOON as you step from your bath, while the delicious glow of the towel is still upon you, throw under your arms a light coating of Amolin.

For Amolin is a delicate deodorizer *sans reproche*. It does not cover up odors but absorbs them as they arise all day long! It is the clean, fastidious way of disbaring from society the slightest trace of offensive personal odor.

Without smothering the natural function of the pores to exhale impurities, Amolin actually counteracts the odors as soon as they are formed. And it protects, rather than harms, your silken underclothes.

This Personal Deodorant has many uses

There are many uses of this wonderful, scientific powder! Use it after your bath, sprinkle it, if you wish, into your lingerie as you dress, put it in your slippers—you can be free with its use for it is harmless and not at all costly! It is pleasant to smell—but its odor is gone as soon as it touches you! For the great point of Amolin is that it does not cover up one odor with another, but that it neutralizes all personal odors as they arise!

So, go dancing, go shopping, swing your arms in golf or tennis, do a day's work in a hot office, for Amolin used after your bath or sprinkled in your underclothes will protect you all day long! *It is a luxurious and important necessity to dry the body and take away the sticky odor that comes from sea bathing.*



1 Always use Amolin under the arms when dressing for any social activity



2 The most fastidious women use Amolin after the bath all over the body



3 Amolin protects delicate lingerie and keeps elastic girdles fresh



Amolin

Sold everywhere—30¢ and 60¢

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Enclosed is 10¢. Please send me the generous test can of Amolin.

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Address.....



Miss Margaret Hatfield, daughter of Judge Charles S. Hatfield of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, and Mrs. Hatfield, is known as one of the real beauties in Washington society.



Miss Dorothy Dial, a favorite in the younger set, is the daughter of Senator and Mrs. Nathaniel B. Dial of South Carolina. Miss Dial has the magnolia-smooth skin of the Southern beauty.



Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion.

Photos by Harris & Ewing.

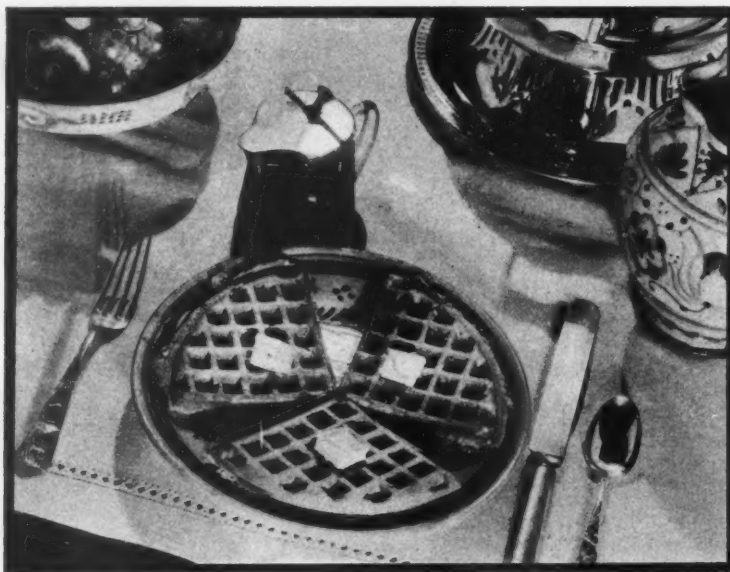
New Wonderful Face Powder Stays on Longer

These beautiful Washington Society Debutantes use MELLO-GLO exclusively because it stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.



Sour Milk Waffles—try them!

Good Things From Sour Milk

By HAZEL M. AVERY

SUMMER is the season when the homemaker occasionally finds herself with a supply of sour milk on hand. Don't throw a drop of it away; some of the best dishes in the world can be made with it. For instance:

Date Bread For Sandwiches

- 2 cups white flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups graham flour
- 2/3 cup light brown sugar
- 2 cups sour milk
- 1 cup chopped dates

Mix and sift white flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Add graham flour and sugar. Then add sour milk and beat well. Fold in dates, sprinkled with a little flour and pour into two greased loaf cake pans. Let stand for 20 minutes, and bake in a slow oven (300° F.) about 1 hour.

Waffles

- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/4 cups sour milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons melted shortening
- 2 egg whites

Mix and sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. Add milk and beaten egg yolks and mix well. Add melted shortening and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour on hot waffle iron and cook until brown. Serve with maple syrup or honey.

Sour Cream Prune Pie

- 1 cup prunes
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 1/2 cups sour cream
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Wash prunes and soak in warm water for 3 hours. Drain thoroughly and chop. Beat egg yolks and add sour cream. Add sugar, salt, nutmeg, cinna-

mon and prunes. Line a pie pan with plain pastry and pinch with fingers to make a fancy edge. Pour in pie mixture and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to a slow oven (300° F.) and bake about 20 minutes. Cover with meringue and return to oven and brown.

Brown Drop-Cookies

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 4 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1/8 teaspoon ginger
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup raisins

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Mix flour, salt, soda and spices and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Fold in nuts and raisins, sprinkled with flour. Drop from tablespoon on greased baking sheets and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 15 minutes.

Old-Fashioned Brown Cake

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups dark brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking-powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup chopped raisins

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add well beaten eggs. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices and add alternately with milk to the first mixture. Beat 3 minutes. Add

vanilla and fold in nuts and raisins. Pour into 3 greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool and spread "Sour Cream Frosting" between layers and on top.

Sour Cream Frosting

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tablespoon butter
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, cream and butter. Cook slowly to 236° F. or until a soft ball forms when a portion is tested in cold water. Set aside to cool for about 20 minutes, then beat until creamy. Add nuts and vanilla.

Sour Cream Doughnuts

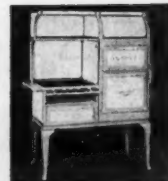
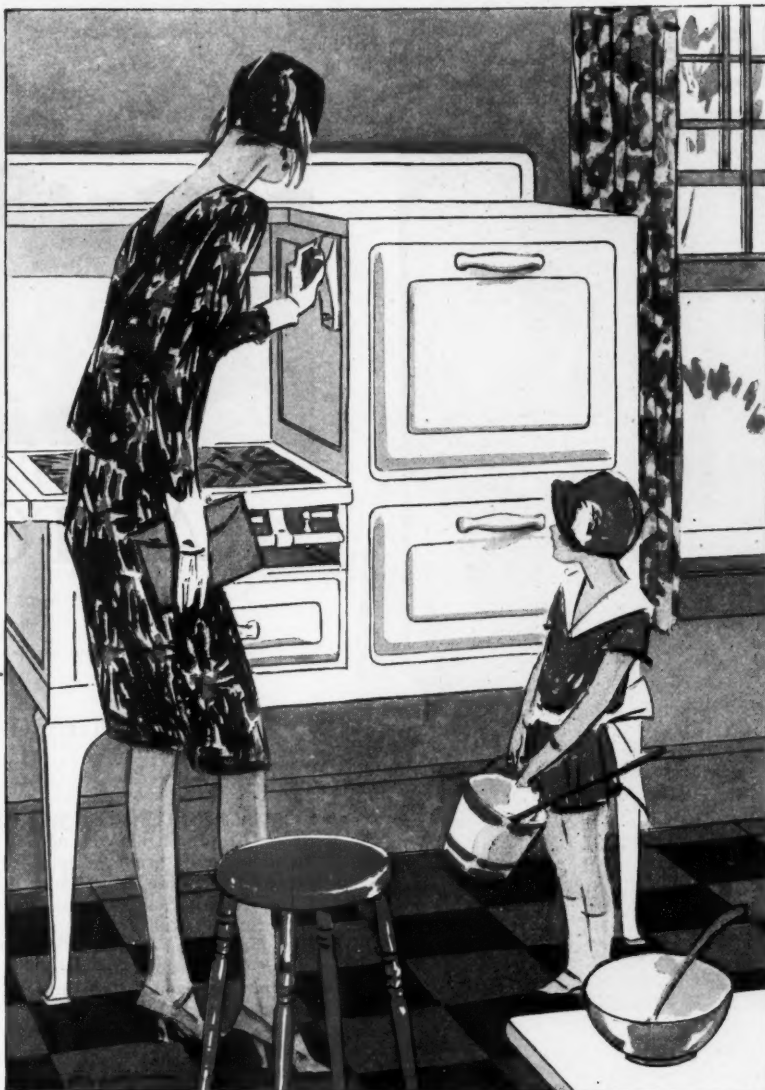
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- Flour

Beat eggs until light and add sugar, cream, milk, soda, salt and nutmeg. Mix well. Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll out on floured board to 1/4-inch thickness, cut with doughnut cutter and fry in deep hot fat until a light brown. Drain on brown paper. Dust with powdered sugar.

Brown Bread

- 1 cup white flour
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups graham flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup bran
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 2 cups sour milk

Mix and sift white flour, soda and salt. Add graham flour, sugar and bran, then molasses and milk. Beat the mixture until smooth. Then pour into greased loaf pan and let stand for 20 minutes. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) from 1 to 1 1/4 hours.



DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co.
Div., Lorain, Ohio



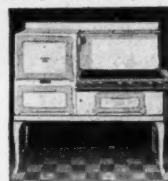
CLARK JEWEL
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RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co.
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Div., Cleveland, Ohio



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New Process Stove Co.
Div., Cleveland, Ohio

When SUMMER comes...

SUMMER! What delightful pleasures the word conjures. The beach! Picnics! Golf! Motoring! Cool, languorous hours in the porch swing.

But there's work to be done. A house to keep clean. Meals to get. Can these tasks be made easier? More time found to enjoy healthful outdoor living? Certainly!

A Red Wheel Gas Range will give you many extra hours of leisure. Cook Whole Meals in the oven while you're miles away. Provide you with a quicker, better canning process. Eliminate baking-failures, and oven-watching. Free you from cooking-worries.

Then, there's this to think about. A Red Wheel Gas Range will make your kitchen a healthier, happier,

more attractive room to work in. For, Red Wheel Gas Ranges are made in sizes, styles and finishes to fit every need.

And they're durable. Red Wheel Gas Ranges last for years. They bake and broil perfectly—always. You have the word of American Stove Company for this—world's largest makers of gas ranges.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges are built in six great, modern factories, with foundry, enameling and parts-making subsidiaries—all owned and operated by the one company.

The design of every Red Wheel Gas Range is developed from scientific principles established in

American Stove Company's own Research Laboratory. Tests for efficiency are made by a noted cookery authority in a Research Kitchen that is second to none.

Before summer comes buy a new Red Wheel Gas Range. Install it in your kitchen. Enjoy its beauty. The extra hours of leisure it will provide away from the kitchen heat. The excellent food it will give you. The benefits of the extra economies it will effect. And enjoy these advantages for years to come.

Remember the six famous names of the Red Wheel Family. See stove illustrations. And look for the Red Wheel—first of all oven heat regulators. This is the way to make sure that you are buying a fulfillment of these promises.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

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LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

UNLESS THE GAS RANGE HAS A RED WHEEL

IT IS NOT A
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If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.



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McC-7-29

Overheard

IN the green and white dressing room adjoining the ladies locker room of one of the exclusive country clubs, two young golfers were repairing the ravages of wind and sun.

"That '3 times a day in the dishpan' look is nothing compared to the '18 holes of golf' look that my hands have," remarked the girl in brown. "They're a sight. Not to mention my face. I'm positively weather beaten."

The girl in green laughed as she reached for the jar of "Vaseline" Jelly on the shelf.

"I started using this first for blisters on my hands after riding and golf. And I found it was simply marvelous for keeping my hands from getting rough and cracked."

"No wonder the supply is always low here," observed the other, as she applied some to her wind-burned lips. "And here's where it gets lower."



LOOK on the dressing tables of smart country clubs and you'll find "Vaseline" Jelly there among the beauty preparations. In the city, too, at night clubs, dance places, and restaurants patronized by smart women.

For simple and homely as this product is, its usefulness is so well recognized that it holds its own alongside of cosmetics with fancy names.

There is nothing miraculous about "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It is a natural healing substance, refined to perfect purity by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company. Since it can be bought anywhere in the world for a

few cents, every dressing-table should have a jar or tube.

For softening hands—If the hands are rough and chapped, or too dry, or sunburned, or the cuticle is rough and inclined to form hangnails, massage them with a generous amount of "Vaseline" Jelly before retiring and wear soft gloves.

For chapped lips—Apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Jelly every time you think of it. ("Vaseline" Jelly is so pure it is often taken internally.)

For sunburn—The first sunburn of the spring is often the most painful. Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, and continue applications till the soreness goes.



Remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

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Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY



A TOWN And Its River

By DIANA GROVE

HAVE you a river in or near your town? If so, all that you need in addition is a group of ambitious people to duplicate the achievement of Dell Rapids, South Dakota, a place numbering 1700 inhabitants.

The beginning of the enterprise was the purchase by the town of an old homestead, or tree claim, and a forty-acre strip of pasture land along the river. This was improved and made into a recreational center. Later it was dignified with the title "City Park." Band and refreshment stands supplied atmosphere, and the park grew in popularity as people flocked for picnics.

One day, a woman came back to her home town from Europe, filled with ideas, and one in particular—why not have a beach in connection with the park? Then she proceeded to put the idea across. Backed by a few practical dreamers like herself, she selected the site and planned and advertised a big water carnival. Within a few weeks a beginning was made.

Making The Beach

The site chosen for the beach was one where the current in the river was sufficiently strong to insure constantly changing water. The beach had to be made. Crushed rock from a nearby quarry was hauled to convert the muddy shore into a beach and money was raised in various ways, to build bath-houses, chutes, towers and other equipment. Life guards and a swimming instructor were employed and free classes started in swimming and life-saving.

The beach is in no sense a summer resort or amusement park, nor has it become commercialized, except to meet expenses. It is simply a clean, restful place where each summer increasing numbers of people come. This is particularly true on Sundays and holidays when people come in from neighboring towns and far-distant farms to spend the day. The beach has gained the enviable reputation of being the "best in the Northwest," and the park pavilion is cool and well regulated.

A definite plan of landscaping is being followed along the beach land and hundreds of trees, shrubs and plants have been set out. Through a personal courtesy, the services of Theodore

Wurth, Superintendent of city parks of Minneapolis were secured. He laid out an attractive river path connecting the park and beach, landscaped the whole park acreage and drew up a comprehensive planting plan.

Throughout the shaded portion of the park long tables and gas plates are placed. For a number of years the town furnished gas, free; now a minimum charge is made. A caretaker is constantly at work and one's first impression is of cleanliness and order throughout the park and along the beach. A beautiful river-drive and paths have also been laid out.

Playground Instructor

A trained playground instructor is engaged each summer. Originally her salary was met by the Women's Club, but later it was taken over by the Park Board. Receipts from the pavilion where dances are held every week, refreshment stands, concessions on local days, and a small percentage from the city, are the sources for the upkeep of the park and beach.

Each Sunday evening during the summer a union church service is held in the park, with an attendance which a city clergyman might envy. An orderly atmosphere prevails, even among those who do not attend the services.

In one corner of the park is a tourist camp, and in another four tennis courts and a bath-house equipped with showers. For the past few years, interstate tournaments have been held here. Directly across the river is the baseball and athletic field where sporting events are held. Down the river about a mile a fine golf course has been laid out on the hills overlooking "The Dells," a scenic bit of the Sioux River.

Perhaps the most profitable thing that will come out of this community project is the environment it provides for the children. Certainly they are being benefitted physically. What Dell Rapids has done, any other town similarly situated can do. Because the project really met a need it has developed and prospered. The park and beach serve our own community and the surrounding country for many miles, offering a healthful outlet to people seeking relief from the monotony of their immediate environment.

What is the Fascination of the New Face?

*That subtle something that
distinguishes the FACIAL loveliness
of today's chic women*

... do you know how easily it may be YOURS?

QUITE unmistakable, isn't it?—the new facial smartness that is today's ideal of beauty. Not so much a matter of features ... not at all a matter of make-up ... rather, a clear-colored skin, cameo-like in its confident perfection!

Naturalness—that is the word to best describe it. A complexion that depends upon natural radiance, natural loveliness for its chic, its compelling charm.

And in their quest for this smart, new beauty, so many women have turned with delight to the

Facial Cream, greaseless and refreshing, to impart a velvety softness.

Could anything be simpler?

And certainly no treatment could be more immediately resultful. This because it combines the use of soap and creams—Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury Creams—each made to work at its best when in harmony with the others.

First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. With searching thoroughness, it penetrates every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.



new Complete Woodbury Facial. For this gentle treatment penetrates, with searching thoroughness, down into the pore-depths, frees them from blemish-forming impurities—leaving the skin transparently clear, with a natural glow of color. A skin exquisitely clean!

Suppose you try the new Complete Woodbury Facial. Just three steps, you know. First, Woodbury's Cold Cream, soothing and caressing, for a thorough under-the-surface cleansing. Then the bland, foamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, to wash from the pore-depths every trace of soiled cream. And, finally, Woodbury's

Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Then wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather well into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Now a warm water rinse and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.



Finally, with your fingertips, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Cooling and greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture, without clogging the pores—giving that soft, velvety texture so much desired. The Complete Woodbury Facial is only a matter of minutes—make it a regular part of your beauty routine and yours will always be the natural beauty of "A skin you love to touch."

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury Facial. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also a Tressette with which to hold your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Complete Woodbury Facial every day for a week. After that, a Facial once or twice a week (with Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake) will keep your skin soft, clear and clean. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

THE ANDREW JERGENS COMPANY
1513 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial, and a Tressette.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd.,
1513 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

JUST MAIL THE
COUPON FOR YOUR
GENEROUS TRIAL SET



The most eminent baby specialists

in NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

TORONTO • agree on this . . .

*To this question every mother asks
herself, these 221 authorities have
given the same answer*

From every side, advice about feeding the baby pours in on the young mother. Often conflicting advice, too—confusing her about the thing most important in her world.

What a comfort that on one question the most eminent specialists agree! Two hundred and twenty-one members of the recognized Medical Societies in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Toronto have recently made a statement about what to feed the baby.

On a hundred other points these men may differ. But not here. Every single one of them approves that cereal long recognized as the children's own—good old Cream of Wheat.

Why authorities approve

Cream of Wheat is standard. For more than thirty-two years physicians who have devoted their lives to the study of infant feeding have been recommending it.

Its high carbohydrate content gives the energy for the growing and the learning a baby must do. The most inexperienced little stomach makes no task at all of handling Cream of Wheat.

With all the harsh part of the grain removed, it is amazingly quick and easy to digest. Non-heating, too, in hot weather.

It is secure against contamination—the only cereal packed in a triple-wrapped and triple-sealed carton.

They answer for you

This distinguished group of baby specialists has made this important decision for you—just as your own family doctor has probably made it—just as you have probably made it for yourself. Let your baby benefit from such weight of opinion. Use Cream of Wheat in the formula for his first solid feedings. Give it as his breakfast and supper cereal when he's graduated to bowl and spoon. Order Cream of Wheat from your grocer or send coupon for generous free sample.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg, Canada.

FREE—sample box of Cream of Wheat and the authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," giving correct diets for children from infancy through high school. Just mail coupon to:

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY, DEPT. G-31, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check if you want sample

© 1929, C. of W. Co.

GELATINE THE VERSATILE

[Continued from page 45]

Chicken Mousse

1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2½ cups chopped chicken
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup cream

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Mix chicken, salt and paprika with dissolved gelatine. Fold in stiffly beaten cream. Pour into a mold which has been dipped in cold water. Chill. Turn out on bed of crisp lettuce and garnish with pimiento. Serve with mayonnaise.

Jellied Bouillon

1¾ cups beef or chicken stock
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in well-seasoned beef or chicken stock. Pour into flat pan and chill until firm. Beat slightly with a fork or cut into small cubes. Pile lightly in bouillon cups and garnish with finely-chopped parsley. Any clear canned bouillon or consommé may be used instead of stock.

Note: If you would like more recipes for "Hot Weather Dishes," send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Service Department, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York.

HOW MUCH WORK SHALL WE DO?

[Continued from page 43]

drinking of water or other liquids at mealtime. The facts are quite clear and easily understandable. From experimental studies made on young men it has been shown that even excessive drinking of water at meal time does not unfavorably influence the extent of digestion. Taking large amounts of water at mealtimes does tend to make one uncomfortable and there is no special value to water taken at this time.

It is indispensable to good nutrition and health that we should drink rather liberal amounts of water daily. This is absorbed into the blood, and again separated from it carrying waste matters. Drinking a suitable amount of water results in washing the blood free from its impurities. The best time to drink water is between meals, beginning say one hour after eating. One should always drink when thirst is felt, and at least once between meals.

It is probably wise when the food eaten does not include soup, or when milk, coffee or tea are not taken, to drink one glass during the meal, then wait until digestion is well under way before drinking again. In this way the six or seven glasses which one should take daily, even in winter, will be secured without distending the stomach at any time. The habit, not infrequently formed by children and adults, of washing down the food as a substitute for normal mastication cannot be too strongly condemned.

Any discussion of eating habits would be incomplete without one more mention of the emotions. Fear, worry and anger are among the major emotions, and interfere profoundly with digestion. In time they may undermine the nutrition. It is a duty which everyone owes to himself to learn to cast off care at mealtime and to turn his thoughts to pleasant things.



Coffee at night?

*If it's the coffee
that lets you sleep, you
needn't hesitate*

IN THOUSANDS of homes, breakfast isn't breakfast without coffee. Yet when supper-time comes, the flavor and gracious cheer of coffee is missing, and merely because of an unnecessary drug that keeps people awake.

If you are one of those who do for breakfast and don't for supper, you'll be glad to know that you can get a wonderful coffee with 97% of the drug caffeine removed. Kaffee Hag Coffee. The coffee that lets you sleep.

Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of several of the world's best coffees. Savory, aromatic, full strength. It is so good many coffee lovers have adopted it for its superior flavor alone.

Try it and see how delightful it is. Order a can from your dealer. Steel cut or in the bean. If you've been putting up with substitutes, we can think of no more welcome discovery.

Leading hotels and restaurants serve it—also diners. The original decaffeinated coffee. If you will mail the coupon, we will gladly send you a generous trial can.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION

1896 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name.....

Address.....

★ Now a *Kellogg* product

**KAFFEE
HAG
COFFEE**



The coffee that lets you sleep

*Florence Oil
Range and
Automatic
Water Heater*



KEEP COOL *in your* KITCHEN

MAKE a resolution that beginning *this* summer you are going to have a comfortable kitchen to work in. Do not be "stoker" to a red-hot range.

You will find to your delight that the Florence Oil Stove cooks the cooking and not the cook. The Florence burner is short and there are no wicks, so that the heat is *focused* right on the bottom of the cooking vessel instead of being worse than wasted in the kitchen.

Furthermore, you do not have a fire in your kitchen except when you are using it. When you are through with the Florence, just turn it out with a lever. Starting is as easy as lighting a match. There are no long waits, no wood to break, coal to carry or ashes to take out; no smoke or odor. The Florence is absolutely safe and you will find it a great economy in fuel.

The Florence Oven

Florence Ovens are so efficient that thousands of people buy them for use on gas stoves. This famous oven is built on the lines of the old-time Dutch Oven. The "baker's arch" prevents heat pockets and the patented heat-distributor keeps the food from burning on the bottom.



Anything and everything can be baked or roasted perfectly in a Florence Oven

For complete modern comfort, you should have a Florence Automatic Water Heater (shown in the above kitchen scene). This also burns kerosene (coal oil) at a cost of but a few cents a day—for the joy of constant hot water. This heater operates under thermostatic control, with a pilot light, and requires no attention on your part, other than an occasional filling of the oil tank.

If you already have a water tank, there are other Florence heaters to select from, both automatic and otherwise. Any plumber can easily supply and install one in your kitchen or cellar.

Florence products are beautifully finished in enamel of different tones and are sold in all sections of the country by leading hardware, furniture and department stores.

"Shorter Kitchen Hours" is the name of our new thirty-six-page booklet. It is full of practical household hints and useful recipes prepared by a domestic science expert. Send for your copy before you forget; it will be mailed to you without charge.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY

Department 24 Park Square Building Boston, Massachusetts
Branches and Warehouses in Principal Cities, Dealers Everywhere

FLORENCE

BABY FOODS COME..

BABY FOODS GO.....

But **Eagle Brand**
keeps right on raising children
like these!



bone and tissue building materials and growth-promoting elements—the same that are found in pasteurized Grade A Milk.

But Eagle Brand is far easier to digest than ordinary milk. The special process by which it is prepared changes it in such a way that in the baby's stomach it forms the finest and softest of curds—like the curds

formed by mother's milk, and not at all like the large, tough curds formed by ordinary cow's milk. Because of this the baby can completely digest and assimilate Eagle Brand—he is properly nourished by the elements it contains and thrives as nature intended.

Send for two free booklets

Mail the coupon for "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for the important supplementary foods that doctors advise—orange juice, cereal, cod liver oil, etc. With it we will send also "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today.

Here is the secret of Eagle Brand's success

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, condensed by the removal of most of the water, and modified by the addition of refined sugar. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all babies. The milk supplies

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Borden Building,
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1-MCC-7-29

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and
"The Best Baby." My baby is _____ months old.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address plainly)

IS YOUR AUTOMOBILE INSURED?

[Continued from page 36]

In New York City, a "five-ten" public liability policy, which means that the insurance company pays up to \$5,000 to one person injured and not more than \$10,000 for more than one person, costs, in several well-known companies, \$128.00 a year for the average six cylinder car. The same policy costs \$73.00 in Philadelphia, and \$35.00 in Chicago or San Francisco. The higher protection one carries the lower, proportionately, is the premium. Thus a one hundred-two policy in many companies will cost \$192.00 in New York City, just 50 per cent more than the five-ten policy, and affording twenty times as much protection.

The insuring agreement in a public liability contract agrees to pay all sums for which the assured shall become liable and to defend the assured in all suits. Specifically, this means that the insurance company will investigate all cases, pay court costs and settle claims, up to and including the amount named in the policy. If, however, appearances indicate that the assured will be called upon to settle for considerably more than his policy, the insurance company will very likely suggest that he retain his own lawyer to fight the claim beyond what his policy names. The company will do its utmost for a policy holder, but, as pointed out above, it is not responsible for more than the agreement reads.

Policies issued by reputable companies are thoroughly honest. There are no "catch" clauses inserted to assist the company in avoiding the fulfillment of its obligations, but there are some

exclusions under which the company is not liable and failure to know of them is your own fault. *Read your contract.* If the wording is not perfectly clear, have your agent explain it. Know precisely what protection you carry and what exclusions are listed.

Property Damage insurance is second in importance to Liability, and much less expensive. The policies are practically the same except that one deals with injured property, the other with injured persons. Furthermore, a property damage policy specifies definitely that property belonging to the assured, or under his jurisdiction is excluded from the agreement. For instance, suppose, through your own negligence you hit another automobile, smashing both cars. The other owner is indemnified under the terms of your property damage policy, but your own loss is excluded. You are indemnified, however, by collision insurance, if you carry it. Many people do not understand this feature, and insurance companies have found it necessary to attach a slip to property damage agreements stating boldly and clearly that under this policy the assured cannot collect for damage to his own property.

There are five major types of insurance. The two most important ones, in the eyes of the motorist, those in which there is a most uncertain loss possibility, are the two covered in this article: Public Liability and Property Damage. The other three, Fire, Theft and Collision insurance have a definite limit involved, and will be discussed in a future article.

MEN BUY THEIR OWN COLLARS

[Continued from page 25]

Some of them if spilled, spoiled everything touched by the liquid they contained. Women objected to varnish removed and rugs eaten into holes. In answer to that objection the socket attachment and the electrically run radio came into being.

Today there are hundreds of electrical appliances designed in the main for homes, to please women. 80 per cent of all electrical equipment and appliances are bought by women.

Said Mr. Albert L. Salt, Chairman of the Board of the Graybar Electric Company: "Women have helped in the research and development of every known household appliance. Without their aid there never could have been such rapid and marked progress.

"It was Mr. Edward N. Hurley, I believe," he added, "the former Chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, who produced the earliest electric washing machine; and if Hurley had not lived on a farm at Wheaton, Illinois, and witnessed the laundry difficulties of the women of his family, we might not have had an electric washer so soon. Mr. Hurley devised one to help women.

"In this company we are pioneers. We have to make new things, so we proceed, learning as we go. We put out a model and listen in on the objections of our consumers (who are women). Then we get out a better model. The main improvements due to women are: Ample protection against injury in using apparatus, no stooping or bending to operate devices, appliances in a single unit and in one piece and as little noise as possible in operation. Because they were so clumsy and awkward, the first vacuum cleaners were hard to sell. One early model was given away by a newspaper in the hope of increasing circulation. As soon as women used the cleaners they declared

with vigor what was the matter. The next models sold. When women replaced cotton clothing by silk, they found that the earlier washing machines worked too rapidly. They wanted a slower and gentler movement for delicate fabrics. The two-speed washer now on the market is the result. Women are the acid testers of our business. Today we show experimental models to a number of women and ask their criticism before attempting to make the actual appliances for the market."

Consider the words of Mr. Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company:

"Most women assume," said Mr. Swope, "that the electrical products which they buy are designed, as well as made, wholly by men. This may have been true in the earlier days of the industry, when domestic appliances were built according to a preconceived idea of what women ought to want. However, after much bitter experience, designers and makers realized their fundamental error—their neglect to consult the domestic needs of women from the women's point of view. As soon as they took steps to rectify this mistake and to consult experienced housekeepers while the product was still in the 'idea' state, many women began to buy; and now they buy millions of electric appliances each year."

ONE of the most significant evidences of our national prosperity is that we are all painted up. I am not referring to cosmetics, although I believe they, too, are significant of the change in our national income, but to house paint.

Said Mr. H. E. Mordan, Business Manager of the Save the Surface Campaign, which was organized and is [Continued on page 63]



AFTER EVERY MEAL-FOR LIFE

We don't mean to imply that the bride's cooking requires a digestive aid—

But **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT** affords just that taste of mint we all like after meals.

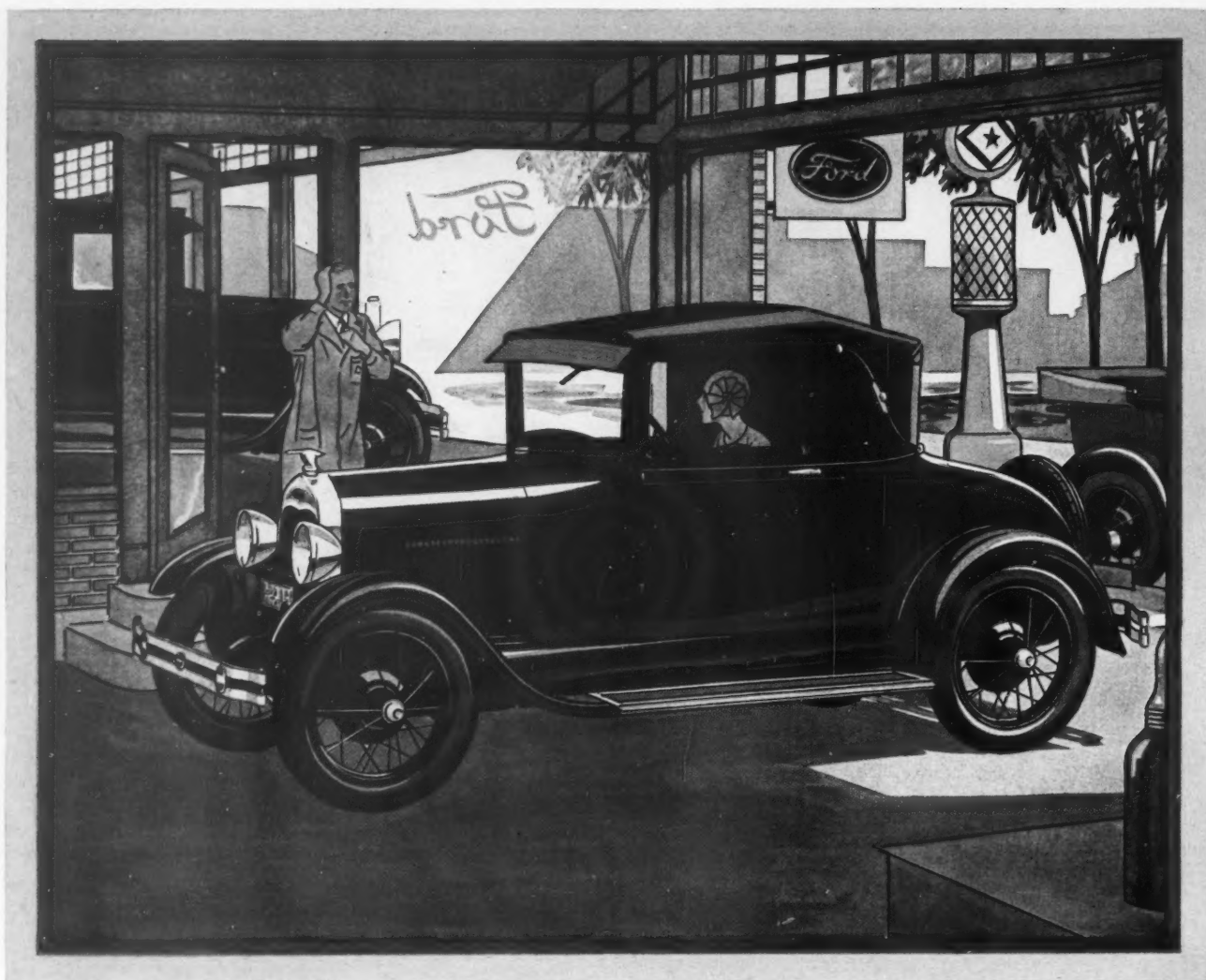
And besides, it whitens teeth—sweetens breath— aids digestion and calms the nerves.

Freshens the mouth after smoking.



**TASTE the
Juice of
Real Mint Leaves**

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S



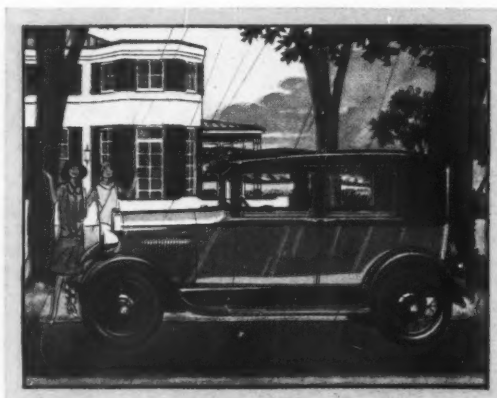
Prompt, Courteous, Economical Service for *the Woman Motorist*

THE assurance of good dealer service is as much a feature of the new Ford as its beauty of line and color, safety, comfort, reliability, economy and ease of control. It is of special importance to the woman driver who wants to be sure of the mechanical performance of the car at all times, yet does not wish to bother with mechanical details.

We are particularly interested in this matter because we believe it is our duty not only to make a good automobile, but to help the purchaser get the greatest possible use from it at a minimum of trouble and expense. Because of this, the entire Ford dealer organization has been trained and equipped to service the new Ford.

When you receive your new Ford, the dealer will explain the simple little things that should be attended to at regular intervals to insure the best performance. He will also tell you about the Free Inspection Service to which every purchaser of the new Ford is entitled at 500, 1000 and 1500 miles.

This inspection includes a check-up of the battery, generator charging rate, distributor,



carburetor adjustment, lights, brakes, shock absorbers, tire inflation and steering gear. The engine oil is also changed and the chassis lubricated through the high pressure grease gun system. A check-up of wheel alignment and spring shackles is made during the final inspection.

No charge whatever is made for labor or materials incidental to this service except where repairs are necessary because of accident,

neglect, or misuse. The labor of changing the engine oil and lubricating the chassis is also free, although a charge is made for new oil.

While this inspection is free only at 500, 1000, and 1500 miles, it should not be stopped then, but continued throughout the life of your car. A nominal charge is made after the first 1500 miles.

Every time, in fact, that you take your Ford to the dealer for oiling and greasing, it will be a good plan to have him check over important points that have a bearing on continuously good performance and tell you exactly what the car needs. You will find him prompt in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of motoring without a care—without even lifting the hood.

That is the purpose for which the new Ford was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service*.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

MEN BUY THEIR OWN COLLARS

[Continued from page 60]

maintained by the paint and varnish industry:

"In a nation-wide survey made for the purpose of finding out who used the paints bought, it was found that the wife in the home did 52 per cent of the painting, the husband 41 per cent, sons, daughters and other members of the family the remainder.

"A more limited survey gives men the credit for deciding to paint the outside of the house in 44 per cent of the houses painted, women for the decision in 34 per cent and both men and women in 17 per cent. But within the house this same survey credits women with 73 per cent of the paint decisions and men with but 13 per cent; together, 11 per cent."

What is a "hardware store?" Like the modern drug store, it contains much more than the name implies. From stovepipes and lawn-mowers and door-knobs and tacks and nails to table covers and doilies and kitchen ware and china and glass, the hardware store houses a miscellany so extensive that statistics are difficult. But at that, women are generally credited with 49 per cent of the buying of hardware.

I asked Mr. Saunders Norvell, President of the Remington Arms Company, which not only makes firearms, but which is also the largest cutlery manufacturing firm in the world, what he thought of this estimate of the buying power of women.

"The increase of women's influence in the hardware business," he said, "has grown from her determined effort to rid herself of unnecessary labor. All man's efforts are toward making himself an intelligent being able to enjoy more of the abundance of life by ridding himself of drudgery. But woman has outdone man in her advance.

"In the cutlery business it was woman's insistent demand for a knife that would not have to be scoured that brought about the revolutionary change to stainless steel. Stainless steel will not hold an edge like old-fashioned steel; it wears out sooner. But women prize cleanliness without labor more than the long life of a steel knife and I admire them for it. Women are keen for better, faster, easier methods of getting through work; and as a result, they speed up all industry."

TODAY men poke fun at what is literally our drug store, although the drugs are not much in evidence. But although the drug store of today is about as big a variety store as the modern hardware store it has undergone a miraculous change. 78 to 90 per cent of all drugs are bought by women.

If Henry Ford got us out so that we could visit hotels and take ideas back home, as Mr. V. S. Alward said in the first article of this series, the hotel managers assert that we brought ideas to them that completely changed many of their plans. We have a rather varying influence in hotels, according to their character. In resort hotels we are 75 per cent of the patronage and what we say is law. In apartment hotels we are 50 per cent, and again our wishes are powerful. But in transient hotels we are but 10 per cent.

But comparatively few though we be, General J. Leslie Kincaid tells us that we are mighty important. General Kincaid is President of the American Hotels Corporation and Vice President of the United Hotels Company.

"Hotel furnishings run into millions of dollars," said General Kincaid. "We

never had a full-length mirror in a bedroom until women started coming to hotels; and now all first class hotels have them in every bedroom. In cities women have brought about hotel nurseries for children, pin-cushions and needles and thread on bureaus—many a traveling salesman should bless them for that—and it was an actress who started the furnishing of rubber caps in bathrooms. Women force hotels to new and untried paths but despite that we welcome them. The more they use a hotel the better it grows."

YOU might think that any man would buy most of his personal clothing. But does he? A few years ago this magazine made an investigation into the buying power of women in this man's field. A New York department store reported:

"In this store women buy 65 per cent of men's neckwear, 35 per cent of men's shirts, 65 per cent of men's nightwear, 50 per cent of men's underwear, 75 per cent of men's socks."

But, of course, a big city may be different. So we went into towns of 10,000 or less and there we found:

Women buying or coming in to help buy 71 per cent of men's suits, 66 per cent of men's shirts, 66 per cent of men's shoes, 50 per cent of men's underwear.

Dr. Hollingsworth of Columbia University made an investigation of the buying habits of families with incomes of from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year. He found that *women buy men's goods eleven times as much as men buy women's. Women help men buy twice as much as men help women buy.*

In buying for himself man is reduced to one article. He really insists upon buying his own collars. He buys 90 per cent of them!

In what used to be man's field, then, women dominate. We are not so powerful as in our own field. The percentages run less, but still they average above fifty and often, as in the case of radios and men's clothing, they are higher.

Women hold the balance of power in all industry concerning groceries, meats, baking products, dairy products, department stores, chain stores, mail order houses, gas appliances, furniture, laundries, automobiles, radios, electrical appliances, drugs, paint, hardware and men's clothing.

That is a big world to rule. We also rule the world of leather manufacture, as we buy 67 per cent of all leather goods sold; we boss the piano business as we buy 78 per cent of pianos sold; and we rule the manufacture and sale of jewelry as we buy 80 per cent of all jewelry sold. If we do not wield as much power in the telephone and hotel business, we draw a fifty-fifty share with men in the former; and hotel owners assert that the more we use a hotel the better it grows.

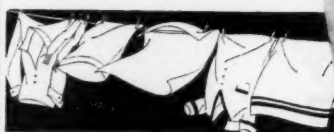
The curious part of it all is that we have done all this unknowingly, or knowing in a half doubting sort of way. But now manufacturers and retailers want us to know, want us to help.

How are we going to do this, to help industry all through production, distribution and retail selling, when all we do is merely to go into stores and buy?

It is a great question. But I have gone to Washington and from our own government heads I have discovered some ways. And I have asked everyone of the industrial magnates I interviewed for suggestions, and how they have responded! Next month I am going to tell just what they said.

La France saves *half* your washday work

Prove it with *your scissors!*



GET your scissors—now! Cut out the coupon below. Mail it to us today. Let us prove that La France does your rubbing and bluing—gets you through in half the usual time.

La France is unlike anything you've ever tried before. You use it with your usual soap. It quickly and thoroughly soaks away all grease and dirt—and *blues the clothes perfectly at the same time.* Wonderful for the family wash—wonderful for your finest linens and lingerie. For La France won't harm the frailest fabric or the daintiest color. And it won't harm your hands—in fact, it tends to soften and whiten the skin.

La France costs only 10 cents a package—enough for *three* washings. Your grocer sells La France.

Use La France this way:

Thoroughly dissolve 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of La France in a saucepan of boiling water,

CUT OUT THIS COUPON!
MAIL IT TODAY!

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO. (INC.)
113-125 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, a test package of La France—enough for a family wash—together with a sample of Satina.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Print name and address—Fill in completely





Shampooing

done properly . . . adds loveliness to

Children's Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . . fails to clean thoroughly,
Thus preventing the . . . Real Beauty . . . Lustre,
Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of children's hair . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why careful mothers who want their children . . . to have . . . beautiful hair always use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust and dirt.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of the hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your child's hair, try Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful the hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage, and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Coconut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 20]

understood from Hanna that he was interested in Lindy; and she wanted to do some matchmaking as she was extremely fond of them both. The trip was really gotten up with that end in view. But some time before we arrived in Port Limon it became fairly obvious that the wind was blowing from another quarter.

"King wasn't paying the slightest attention to Lindy; he was using every device and subterfuge known to a not particularly scrupulous Don Juan to maroon Hanna and himself on an imaginary desert island; after which Lindy and myself were apparently to be graciously permitted to walk the plank. You wouldn't believe that a two-hundred-foot yacht would afford endless opportunities for solitude *à deux*, but I assure you that for those four or five days that we and the 'Starling' were drifting in toward Port Limon, there were very few minutes of sunlight or of moonlight that King didn't manage to spend unperturbed in the company of my wife. Did you notice it, Lindy?"

"Yes," said Lindy. "I noticed it." She sat for a moment twisting the pearls through her fingers, her lashes lying like little wings against the clear pallor of her face. After a moment, with lashes still lowered, she spoke again: "I noticed it quite a lot and I wanted rather badly to stop it, because I saw how Hanna hated it, and I knew that in a way it was my fault."

Hanna asked wonderingly, "Your fault, Lindy? How was it your fault?"

"Because—because I think that Doug started out on the 'Starling' with the idea of having an agreeable four weeks' flirtation with me. I didn't want to flirt with him and I told him so. I didn't want to marry him and I told him so. I didn't want to do anything in the world but be quite still and let the sunlight lie on my hands all day and the moonlight lie on my eyes all night—and I told him that, too. I thought that the part about getting married was just Doug's idea of small talk, of course; but even that I didn't find especially ingratiating. And when he started flirting with Hanna, I thought that he was trying to make me jealous. But I was so lazy and selfish and stupid that I simply let things drift, because I knew that in a day or so we'd be at Port Limon and Doug would be transferring to Panama; and because I didn't think that a little of Doug's romantic nonsense would do Hanna any harm."

I SHOULDN'T have called your friend Doug a romanticist," said Gavin Dart quietly. "He was sufficiently materialistic to decide that the quickest way to get at Hanna permanently was to get rid of me permanently. And that he decided that the quickest way to do that was to murder me."

He stirred a little, watching the long shudder ripple down from the beautiful bare shoulder to the beautiful bare hand beside him. Then dropping his hand over the long fingers, he went on, slowly: "I made up my mind well before we reached Costa Rica that nothing in God's world—or the devil's—would make me lift a finger to interfere in this—affair—between Doug and Hanna. If this was the man that she wanted, this was the man that she should have. I swore that I would cut

off my hand before I lifted a finger to stop it; that I would cut out my tongue before I lifted my voice. Twice before—no, three times before—I had played fool and humiliated us both so that we were ashamed to meet each other's eyes for days."

HE ROSE abruptly, crossed to the fireplace and leaned against it.

"I kept my tongue quiet and my hands off during that run into Port Limon, but it didn't help my sleeping any. I'm an abominable sleeper even when I haven't anything on my mind,

and those nights I had something rather urgent on my mind. King was to leave us at Port Limon—he had business in Panama and was going to transfer to a fruit boat headed for there while we went up in the mountains to explore San José. The night before we got there Lindy went down to pack at about ten; King and Hanna were somewhere aft with a lot of cushions and any number of stars to chaperone them. I decided to turn in, too, and about eleven or so I shut off the lights and decided that I'd see

what I could do in the way of sleeping. It wasn't a conspicuous success. It was after twelve when Hanna came in. She had the cabin adjoining mine and though the door was closed and she was obviously making an effort to make as little noise as possible, I could hear her moving about quite distinctly. After a few moments the sounds ceased and I saw the crack of light under the door go out. And then I heard—something else. I heard her crying. Very softly—very, very softly, as though her face were buried in the pillow.

"After an hour of it I thought that if I had to listen any longer I'd go stark, staring mad. I got up and put on a bathrobe over my pajamas and so went above to the deck. Just outside the gangway someone in white flannels was standing leaning against the railing of the boat. It was Doug King.

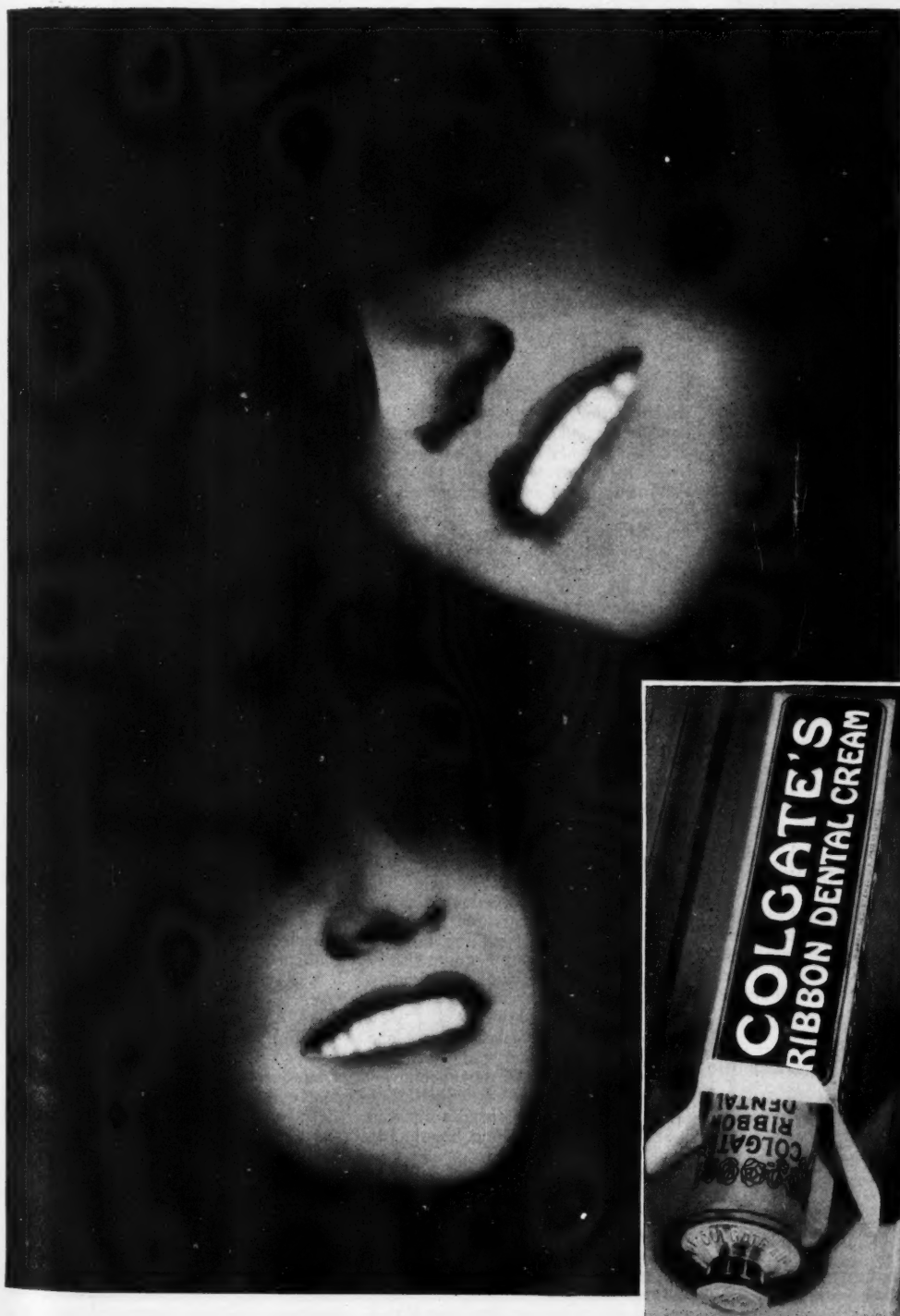
"He turned around and stood staring at me for a minute and then asked with just enough concern, 'Anything wrong?' I told him that there was nothing wrong whatever except that I couldn't sleep and had decided to see what a little fresh air would do. He said, 'Same here. Is insomnia in your line?' I said that if I could strike an average of five hours a night I counted myself lucky. King agreed that wasn't enough and asked if I'd tried anything to break it up. I explained that I couldn't as I had such a hocked up affair as a heart that I didn't dare play fast and loose with it by experimenting with soporifics. King said, 'Have you got one of those doggone nuisances, too? Brother, shake! But I've got the very thing for you—couldn't hurt an octogenarian with angina pectoris.'

"He said that a heart specialist in New York had prescribed the stuff for him when he was going through a bad time with neuritis; the things were so mild that he used to take them three times a day regularly as a sedative, or two or three at night if he required a real sleeping powder. He had two left in his cabin; he kept them handy in case of an emergency and could get the prescription filled in Panama, when he'd mail me some more. We chatted on for a bit; it must have been close

[Continued on page 66]

Compare the *action* of this Penetrating Foam

*with ordinary toothpastes which fail to get down into
crevices where food particles collect and decay begins*



Vastly more important than mere surface polishing of teeth is the daily removal of the lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth.

Some toothpastes merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth. They cannot reach the hard-to-clean places... where decay starts.

However, everyone using Colgate's feels secure, knowing that it has a higher penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

The active Colgate foam, containing the world's greatest cleansing agent, literally washes away all the hidden impurities, leaving the teeth really clean, protected from premature decay.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

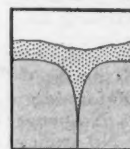
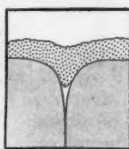
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't... an extra not found in ordinary toothpastes.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

More economical, too... The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk. This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1693, 595 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. **FREE**
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream,
with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

FREE

enough Hires
Extract to make
8 Bottles

of home-made Hires
Root Beer (pint size).
Just mail coupon below



SAVE

90c out of every \$1
spent on beverages.

Make this
delicious beverage
yourself
appetizing, invigorating, nourishing

WOULD you like to earn \$5.40 in 10 minutes?

This tells you how to put an end to the high cost of beverages. How to obtain a thirst-quenching, healthful, pure beverage, finer than you can buy—at one-tenth the cost.

Why pay 15 cents to 25 cents per bottle for any beverage when you need pay only 1½ cents per bottle? Why pay for water, fancy labels, new bottles, freight, and all the rest?

You can save 90c out of every dollar when you prepare Hires Root Beer at home in less than 10 minutes.

You merely buy the Hires Extract for 30 cents per bottle, add water, sugar and yeast and for a total of 60 cents you get 40 bottles of this delicious, healthful beverage. At 15 cents they would cost you \$6.00. So you save \$5.40. Each year you save \$20 to \$60, according to the size of your family.

Hires Root Beer is supremely pure. No habit-forming drugs. No acids. No pepper or capsicum. No saccharine. No artificial coloring or flavoring.

Hires Extract is made of the tonic juices of 16 roots, herbs, barks and berries—nature's rich offerings, containing Vitamin B and Mineral Salts.

No wonder Hires Root Beer, because of (1) delicious flavor (2) healthfulness and (3) economy, has become the favorite of millions of wise housewives.

No wonder Hires Root Beer is preferred not only by adults but that this appetizing beverage is recommended for children in place of questionable beverages.

To prove how easy and economical it is for you to make this wonderful beverage at home, to prove how delicious it is, we make this generous introductory gift.

We send a free trial bottle of Hires Extract for making Hires Root Beer at home, to all who mail the coupon.

Try the eight bottles of Hires Root Beer you make from this sample bottle of Extract. Let your family and friends taste it. Compare it with beverages costing ten times as much. We believe you'll agree that here's a super-delightful drink at an amazingly low price.

Get this Free trial bottle of Hires Extract, together with simple directions, by mailing the coupon at once—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. (35c in Canada).



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Philadelphia, Pa. (Mc.-7-9)

Please send me a sample of

Hires
Extract

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 64]

on to two when we went down to fetch them from his cabin. He turned them over with the suggestion that I keep them until the following night to give them a real chance as I'd have to be up and about again in a couple of hours if I was to see him off. I agreed that that was good advice, and that I'd spend what was left of the night with one of the famous British trials, trying to figure out why Bywaters kept those ruinous letters of Mrs. Thompson. King got off at dawn. Hanna didn't get up to see him off—it was infernally hot even at that hour of the morning and she sent up word by her maid that she was having a bad time with her head and that she had decided to see whether a dark room and ice-packs and an electric fan would do her any good. King left some amiable messages and regrets and vanished over the boat rail into space. That was the last time that I saw him until this afternoon."

ALOG at the back of the fire broke in two with an ominous little crash and he bent to replace it with the mechanical precision of a sleep walker. In the light that flared up the circle of eyes stared down at him, filled with many things—Chatty's with the still inextinguishable tears, Lindy's with soft wonder, Sherry's with hostile incredulity, Larry Redmond's with a quiet, steady question. Of them all, only Hanna's did not follow him. She sat silent, motionless, watching the fire-light flicker and ebb in the great square diamonds on her linked hands, so still that it hardly seemed that she breathed. "And was that all that happened before you saw him this afternoon?" Kit inquired gently.

Gavin Dart straightened as abruptly as though a whip had been cracked across his shoulders. After a moment he said quietly: "Hardly. If that had been all that happened I should naturally not be trespassing on your time with this extremely personal story. Just before dinner I went down to Hanna's stateroom to see how she was feeling. We had given up the San José trip for the day—it was too infernally hot to stir and Hanna had kept practically entirely to her room. "She was sitting in front of a little mirror on her dressing table when I came in; she'd apparently started to put up her hair and found it too much for her, because she was just sitting there with her head propped up in her hands, letting the tears run down her face without even troubling to wipe them off. When I saw her like that—when I saw her—crying, so recklessly and so hopelessly, something went off like a pistol in my head.

"I came up behind her and put one hand on her shoulder and asked, 'If you are so inconsolable for your lover, why don't you follow him?' She dropped her hands, twisted around in her chair, took one long breath and went off into the most appalling fit of hysterics that you ever heard in your life.

"I couldn't stop her, of course. I tried dashing water in her face and smelling salts and aromatic spirits of ammonia; but every time I touched her it simply made it worse. I was nearly out of my mind by the time that I remembered Doug King's powders.

He'd said they were a sedative—an awfully mild sedative—for quieting the nerves and that if I took two of them they might make me sleep. I dashed into my cabin and mixed them up with half a glass of water and managed to get most of it down her throat, by alternately going on my knees to her and using brute force. By the time that the steward came knocking at the door it was beginning to take effect and she was quite quiet and a little drowsy; and by the time that I came back from dinner she seemed to be quite sound asleep when I came in, but she was breathing in a curious, difficult way and her lips were the strangest bluish color and they curled back a little, so that I could see her teeth. The maid said that she hadn't moved since she came back from supper. I bent over to feel her hand and it was cold—cold as ice, in spite of the stifling heat all around us. I tried to find her pulse and I couldn't find it.

"I won't go into the rest of that night, if you don't mind. Lindy's told you already what a nightmare of a time we had getting a doctor. It wasn't till nearly eleven that one of those West Indian cruisers dropped anchor and we got the ship's doctor and a nice kid from Johns Hopkins on board. I'd got hold of Lindy by then and we'd done the best we could with whiskey and rum and hot water bags. I'll never forget what a trump you were that night, Lindy!" Gavin concluded.

Lindy said softly from the shadows: "I'll never forget what a trump you were, my dear. You did your level best to keep me from being frightened, when you were half dead with fright yourself."

"I was a little more than half dead," said Gavin Dart slowly. "You see, I thought that I'd murdered her—not with the powders, understand; I hardly gave them a thought. I believed that it was a total nervous and emotional collapse that had simply been heralded in by the hysterics. Lindy thought it was a heat stroke and then she'd heard somewhere of a kind of turtle poisoning that hit you almost exactly like that; a friend of hers in the Bahamas had had it and almost floated out to Eternity before anyone realized what had struck her. It all sounded plausible enough; we'd had baked turtle ourselves an evening or so before; and while we were waiting for the doctors I made two or three frantic efforts to believe that it must have been something like that, with not very conspicuous success, I may say—but the young gentleman from Johns Hopkins thought it was something quite different.

IT WAS after ten the next morning before they pronounced her out of danger and were able to turn from symptoms to causes. They were a good deal quicker about it than I at that! I'd explained when they first came that she'd been upset by the heat, had complained of a headache, had been nervous and hysterical—quite unlike herself—and that I'd given her a sedative to quiet her down; but no one seemed to pay any attention to anything that I said at the time. That next morning, though, while they were busy rolling down their sleeves and mopping off their brows and packing

[Continued on page 68]



"THE RESULT was all that has been claimed and all that could be hoped for, and, again, such as I had never seen before with any other food."



THAT is the declaration of one of the leading pediatricians (baby specialists) of the country in an article recently published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, reporting the result of an experiment with Evaporated Milk for babies.

Science Discovers

Scientists in the laboratories of the great universities of the country have proved the outstanding virtues of Evaporated Milk.

Ready digestibility, uniform composition in all of the food substances of milk, complete freedom from anything that can endanger health; these are the qualities of *sure safety* and wholesomeness in milk for which the world has struggled for half a century.

Specialists Confirm

Great specialists in the actual care of babies have now shown, by practical experience in feeding hundreds of babies, how these known qualities of Evaporated Milk bring comfort and rugged health and sturdy growth to babies deprived of mother's milk. Their experiments show how all the hazard of the dreaded "second summer," after weaning time, has been eliminated for babies everywhere.

Think of this Astonishing Result!

Time was, not so long ago, when a baby deprived of mother's milk had little chance for a life of rugged growth and health. Life itself was in danger. Now there is no reason why any baby should die, or suffer illness, or have less than perfectly normal growth and health, through lack of safe, wholesome food. Evaporated Milk provides the surely safe and wholesome milk supply for which the world so long has sought.

Not for Babies Alone

You will realize, of course, that milk so good and wholesome, and so *surely safe*, for babies is equally good for children. No need to wonder ever again if the milk you give your children is safe milk. Evaporated Milk cannot be



Evaporated Milk is not a prepared baby food. It is milk—milk that is surely safe, that is more easily digested than ordinary milk, that is more than twice as rich and always uniform in richness. For babies, it needs to be modified, as does any cow's milk. We do not presume to take the place of your physician in giving advice about the care of your baby, but we will send you a booklet which will give you simple directions for making any modification which your physician may prescribe.

* * *

other than safe milk. Sterilization makes it free from anything that could endanger health. The sealed, air-tight container brings it to you as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe.

And Still There's More to Tell

Only in this generation have we learned important things about the food we need for sturdy growth in childhood, for rugged health and vigor in maturity. "A quart of milk a day" is the health prescription of present-day author-

ities on the food we need. Evaporated Milk—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—will help every mother to give every member of her family the quantity of milk which health requires.

Let Us Tell You How and Why

Send us your name and address. We will send you, without charge, our booklets which tell about this extraordinary milk for babies—which will tell you, too, how it helps to put the quart of milk a day in the diet of every member of the family. And note this: Evaporated Milk costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION, 976 CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Please send us your booklets on Evaporated Milk (check booklet desired). ☐ "A Safer World For Babies" ☐ "A Quart Of Milk A Day"

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Absolutely new PERFUMED GLAZO

For the very first time, your nail polish can be as alluring in scent as your other beauty preparations. For now you can have your choice—Glazo plain or Glazo perfumed.

Glazo liquid polish is the favorite of smartly turned out women everywhere because it replaces artificial looking nail tints with *natural gleam*. For Glazo's tint is delicate, subtle—not too deep a shade nor too pale, just a natural soft shimmer which is utterly new and correct. And the new fragrance is delicate and subtle too—absolutely in keeping with the smart restraint of Glazo.

Through the "nail sheath"—
natural gleam

Just a brush flick and Glazo gives a softly gleaming nail sheath—thin as silk. Through it the natural beauty of the nail gleams, glinting enchantingly with every motion of the hand.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, never shreds. It does not dim or fade or turn brown. It spreads on evenly and instantly, with none of that thick, gummy look. For a whole week it gives beauty and grace to the nails—to the whole hand!

At all toilet goods counters—Regular Glazo 50¢, Perfumed Glazo 60¢. Or send 6¢ for generous trial bottles of new Perfumed Glazo and Remover. Just send the coupon below.

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Dept. 77-9, 551 5th Avenue, New York
Please send sample of new Perfumed Glazo with Remover.
Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions. I en-
close 6 cents. (If you live in Canada address The Glazo
Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

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THE NEW PERFUMED
GLAZO

HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 66]

things up, Dr. Ladd took up our conversation just where we'd left off. He asked, 'What kind of drug does Mrs. Dart use?' I said, 'Drug? She doesn't use any drugs. Why?' Ladd said, 'I certainly understood you to say that you had given her some kind of a bromide last night.' I said, 'Oh, that! That wasn't a drug; it was just a mild sedative that a New York physician recommended as being absolutely safe.'

"Dr. Ladd stopped packing long enough to raise his eyebrows. Then he asked, rather slowly, 'Who was the physician?' I told him that I couldn't remember

a name like Patterson, I thought. He raised his eyebrows a little higher at that, and asked, 'What was in them?' I said that I didn't know that either; that they'd been turned over to me by a friend of mine who assured me they were too mild to do any damage to an anemic kitten. The ship's

doctor, who was finishing up the bag remarked pleasantly that he wished these guys who handed around dynamite as though it were cough drops could be hung by the neck till dead.

"I began to see a little light then—and a good deal of darkness. I said, 'Dr. Ladd, do you think that there's a possibility that those powders might have had something to do with my wife's illness?' He said, 'Think they had something to do with it? Her heart gave out. Do you happen to have the containers for the powder?'

"I found the papers on the dressing table and handed them over, but they were just plain white paper and there wasn't a vestige of the powder left in them. Ladd seemed to find them interesting, however. After a minute he put them down and asked whether my friend the kitten expert advised the use of two. I said, 'He told me they were absolutely safe. But the whole thing's beyond me. I never dreamt for a minute that Hanna had a weak heart.' He said, 'Good God, man, there wasn't anything the matter with her heart. If Mrs. Dart had had a weak heart, she'd have been dead and gone before we got here.'

GAVIN DART put the empty glass down on the mantel very carefully. "And that," he remarked pleasantly to the flickering embers, "is that. Any further questions, Kit?"

"I've got some further questions," said Neill Sheridan. He rose and came toward the mantel, a trifle unsteadily placing a half filled glass beside the empty one and directing the incredulous glare that had adorned his visage since the beginning of Dart's narrative full at the grimly controlled countenance of that gentleman. "Who've you found to corroborate this rigmarole?"

Hanna Dart lifted her head abruptly. There were two flicks of scarlet across her cheekbones and behind the clear serenity of her eyes little flames danced, menacing and lovely.

"He has me," she said clearly. "I heard him tell Doug King about his heart, and I heard Doug offer him the powders."

Dart said: "Hanna, your cabin was at the opposite end of the boat. I've

slashed every atom of pride that I have to ribbons tonight because you thought that you could help me by telling a lie. Don't try to help me again by telling another one."

"It isn't a lie. I heard you go out of your cabin and I went after you. I was afraid that you were going to find Doug—I was afraid that he'd tell you—" She checked herself, wrung her hands hard together and went on steadily, "I stood half way down the companionway for quite awhile—oh, almost half an hour—listening to you both talk. And then I began to feel so

deathly sick that I went back to my cabin."

Sherry said bitterly: "I'll certainly hand it to you two for good fancy team work! Why didn't you say that Doug King was going around trying to murder your husband?"

I DIDN'T believe that Doug was trying to murder him.

didn't believe that people murdered each other—not people you know. I wasn't even sure that it was those powders that Gavin gave me. That whole night was like a dreadful dream and Gavin said it was the heat that had made me so sick. He did say so."

Kit Baird asked quietly: "What was it that you were afraid that King would tell Gavin, Hanna?"

She said in a voice hardly above a whisper: "I was afraid that Doug would tell him that I wanted him to set me free—that he ought to set me free because he was so much older and that I didn't really love him, that I was only sorry for him. Doug told me that he would have to tell him that if I wouldn't be—kind to him."

Kit asked: "And were those things true?"

"True?" Her eyes stared at him, blankly incredulous. "They were dreadful, dreadful lies. But I was afraid that Gavin might believe them."

Kit asked more gently still: "How did it happen that you saw so much of Doug on the 'Starling', Hanna?"

She said despairingly: "Oh, Kit, I don't know. At first it was because of Lindy—I thought that Lindy was treating him rather badly and that it was making him terribly unhappy—and after that because I was afraid. You see, it wasn't till two or three days before we got to Port Limon that he told me that it wasn't Lindy at all—that it was I; that it had always been I, ever since Washington—that he couldn't live without me any longer. And it wasn't till the last day that he told me that he thought it was his duty to go to Gavin and put the whole case before him. I didn't know how to stop him—I nearly went mad."

She rose, cast a desperate look about her and crossed the space between the loveseat and the mantel, and slipped her hand into Gavin Dart's, clinging to it as though she were a lost child instead of a tall goddess.

"Gavin, you promised that you'd never leave me again. Don't leave me."

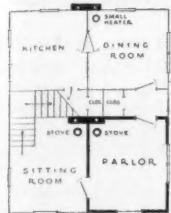
He said, "I'll never leave you."

Kit remarked, amiably casual: "There's just one thing that I don't get, though it's probably perfectly

[Continued on page 70]

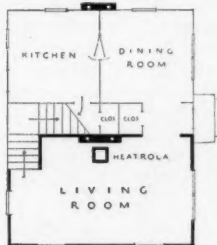


What Modern Beauty lies Hidden in Your House?



These small rooms were planned for "stove-a-room" heating. Cramped, uncomfortable, so difficult to furnish attractively.

See how this old-fashioned interior was modernized by removing the partition between the "front" and "back" parlors.



The rather grotesque stove robs the modern furnishings of this room of their charm and beauty.



Truly a "livable" living-room—large and cheerful. What a difference—with just a new table and a lamp and the other furniture rearranged!

LIKE many homes built just a few years ago, this home had been planned with many small rooms so that they might be kept comfortably warm with stoves and fire-places.

But the people living in it were people of *today*. They felt cramped in tiny chambers. They wanted, among other things, a large, cheerful living-room that the whole family could share, with lots of room left over for friends and visitors.

Easier housekeeping, too

Besides, the feminine head of the family found small rooms so difficult to furnish attractively, so hard to keep clean—such nuisances!

So they investigated, and discovered that—thanks to modern house-heating methods—many of the old, heat-retaining partitions were no longer necessary. In came the carpenter, and out came the partition between the "front" and "back" parlors. What a change!

Out came the inefficient old stoves, too, and in went the beautiful, modern Estate Heatrola, that circulates balmy, breathable warmth to every room in the house . . . upstairs and down.

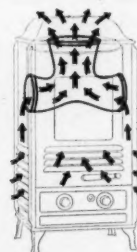
Look at the pictures

See for yourself what a difference the Heatrola made in this house. How cheerful the new room is, how inviting, how charmingly modern with the handsome, mahogany-finished Heatrola harmoniously at home, in place of the rather grotesque, old stoves.

Of course, even without remodeling, you can enjoy the cozy comfort of Heatrola warmth. For Heatrola is the ideal heating method for almost every type of house—old or new—remodeled or not.

If you can use gas for fuel

Besides the coal and wood-burning Heatrola in three sizes, there is the Gas Heatrola. Especially designed for small homes, stores and offices, it is also being used with much satisfaction as an auxiliary heater. A true Heatrola in appearance and efficiency—and so convenient. Summer-time warmth at a turn of your fingers.



Look Inside!

If it has the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, you know it's a genuine Heatrola. This ingenious device—found only in the Heatrola—absorbs and utilizes heat which in ordinary heaters goes to waste—up the chimney.

You will find these booklets helpful

Of course, you'll want a copy of this interesting booklet, "The Story of Heatrola," and, if you are thinking of remodeling, you will also want a copy of "Putting New Charm into Old Homes"—which will help you uncover the modern beauty which lies hidden in *your* house. Better mail the coupon today to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 9-B, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

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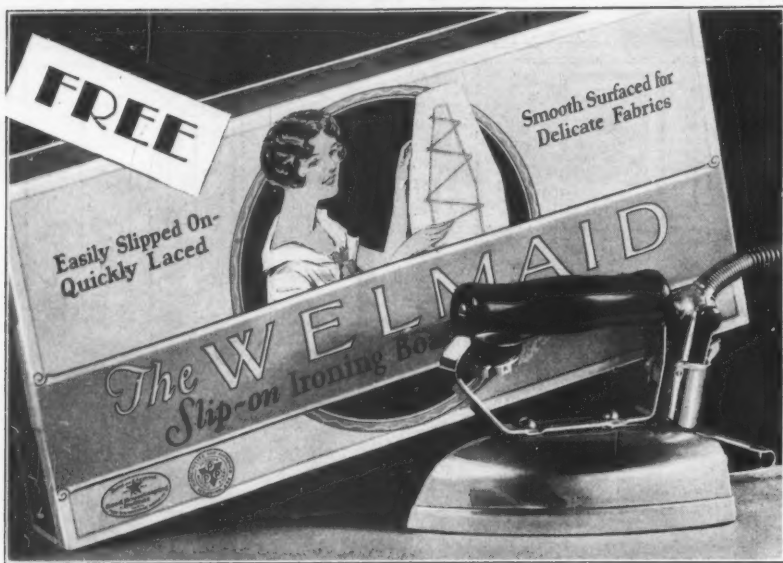
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HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 68]

clear. If you had such an unholy dread of having Doug meet your husband, Hanna, why did you bring him down here for this party?"

"Oh, Kit, you don't know how hard I tried not to! I used every excuse in the world, but I'm dreadfully poor about excuses. I tried Humphrey's cold and a dinner that we were supposed to go to and a luncheon that we were supposed to be giving; but he simply brushed them all aside because he said that I was looking pale and a change would do me good—and besides that, he wanted to meet you all."

"And why were you so anxious to come, Dart, under the circumstances?"

I WANTED to see Hanna and King again," said Gavin Dart. "I'd made up my mind that if she were really interested in him that I should place the facts of the 'Starling' episode before her and let her decide what she wanted to do—or to have me do. I wasn't entirely clear that a murderer would make a good husband, but I was willing to be convinced."

"And what do you think now?" inquired Sherry unpleasantly.

"What I think now is slightly academic, isn't it?"

"Like Hell it is! What are you going to do—give Hanna a divorce or let her find out for herself what it feels like to have a murderer for a husband?"

Gavin Dart did not stir; only his eyes narrowed for a moment, bleakly. "Are you by any chance implying that I murdered Doug King?"

Sherry glared back at him, somewhat staggered by his unshaken calm.

"Are you by any chance implying that you didn't?"

"I'm implying nothing whatever. I am assuring you that the first intimation that I had of harm having arrived to Douglas King was after I opened the door from the service quarters and saw you all standing there with the lights on."

Sherry, stupor still claiming him as its own, waved this aside with a frantically derisive gesture.

"Ah, tell that to the Marines! Tell it to the Judge and the Jury and the whole world if you want to, but don't try to pull it on me! What were you stringing us with all this rotten riddle about Doug and poisoned powders and agonizing jealousy for if you weren't getting ready to alibi yourself out of the electric chair with a lot of hokum about the unwritten law?"

"I was trying to explain why Hanna had had ample reason to think that I was likely to make a fool of myself and therefore took refuge in some rather damaging lies in order to protect me. Evidently I haven't made a success of my explanation."

"I'll say you haven't! You may sound damn noble to the rest of the world, but you sound damn suspicious to me. I loved Doug better than a brother and I'm not going to let any—"

"Hey, you're drunk," said Kit Baird critically.

"A lot you care who murdered Doug King. For a plugged nickel you'd have murdered him yourself."

"Sherry, listen to me." Lindy's voice struck across the ugly fever of his clamor as quietly and coolly as rain. "You're destroying everything that we've tried to build up in this last hour of order and decency and fairness. You simply can't do it. You can't afford to do it and we can't afford

to let you. We'll all go raving mad if we don't keep hold of ourselves. Kit, I think that it was outrageous of you to say that Sherry's drunk and to make fun of him. He's obviously knocked to pieces by Doug's death and you owe him an apology."

"Oh, a dozen of them, if they'll help to restore law and order," acquiesced Kit obligingly. "But I'd take it kindly of you, old boy, if you'd withdraw that little bit about a plugged nickel."

Sherry glowered darkly, subdued but unappeased.

"All right—all right—but you didn't waste any love on Doug and you damn well know it. And who started all this inquiry stuff, anyway? Dart started it himself, didn't he? I'll say he did and not an hour ago at that! And it was Dart that said that all we had to do was to find some guy equipped with the means, the motive and the opportunity for murdering Doug and then

sick the police on him, wasn't it? I'll say it was! Well, we've found one, not two feet away from where I'm standing, haven't we? I'll say we—"

"Sherry, what's that on your arm?" Hanna asked.

"What's what on my arm?"

"All that white stuff, just below your elbow?"

"That stuff? Search me—dust, or powder or something. I probably brushed against one of you girls."

"It's much too white for dust and much too thick for powder. What should you say that it was, Gavin?"

"Looks like flour to me. You might have picked it up in the kitchen—or no, that's out! You weren't in the kitchen, were you? Any flour scattered around the house, Lindy?"

"Only the bowlful that we were going to do the ring trick with."

"Oh, yes—the ring trick." He swept the room with a softly appraising eye. "Now what became of that bowl?"

Trudi shook her head at him with a dispirited grin.

"Nothing doing, Sherlock; you can't pin anything on my lawful wedded husband that way! I swept the pile of flour back into the bowl and stuck it in the lacquer cabinet over there. No, you're still the boy with the means, the motive and the opportunity, if that means anything. If it's any consolation to you it leaves me fairly cool. Pretty, but cuckoo—too darned pat."

GAVIN DART said equably: "I'll grant that it leaves something to be desired as a formula; still, it may prove serviceable as a starter. I'll head the line of suspects that is about to form to the right, naturally; but I think that we'll have some more recruits before we're through. And before we abandon the flour theme entirely, I wish that you'd show me just which table you brushed it off of."

"The little one over in the corner—by the tub that has the apples in it."

"By the tub that has the knife in it," corrected Gavin Dart gently. He crossed the room leisurely and stood inspecting the table with more than perfunctory interest. "You're right—this is undoubtedly the table. You didn't make a very tidy job of sweeping off your flour, though, Trudi, there's quite a bit left. Baird, come here for a moment, will you?"

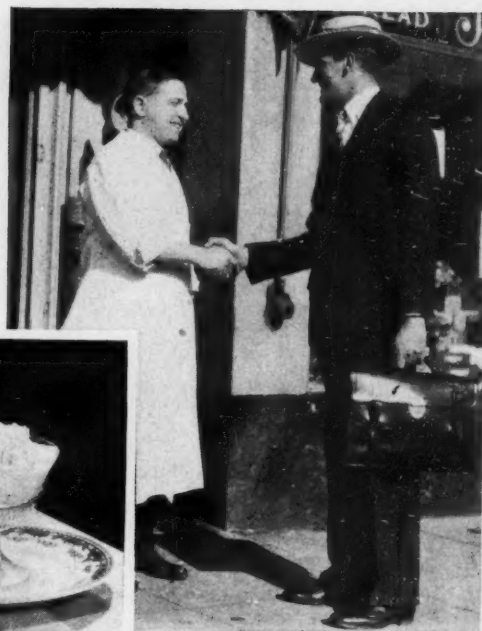
"Why in heck do you suppose it makes that funny little track down the center of the table?"

[Continued on page 73]

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With every spoonful
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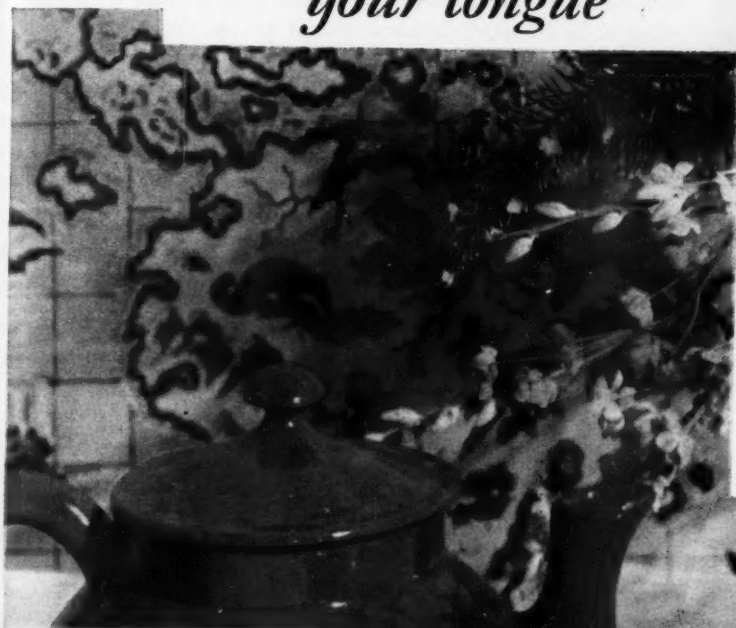
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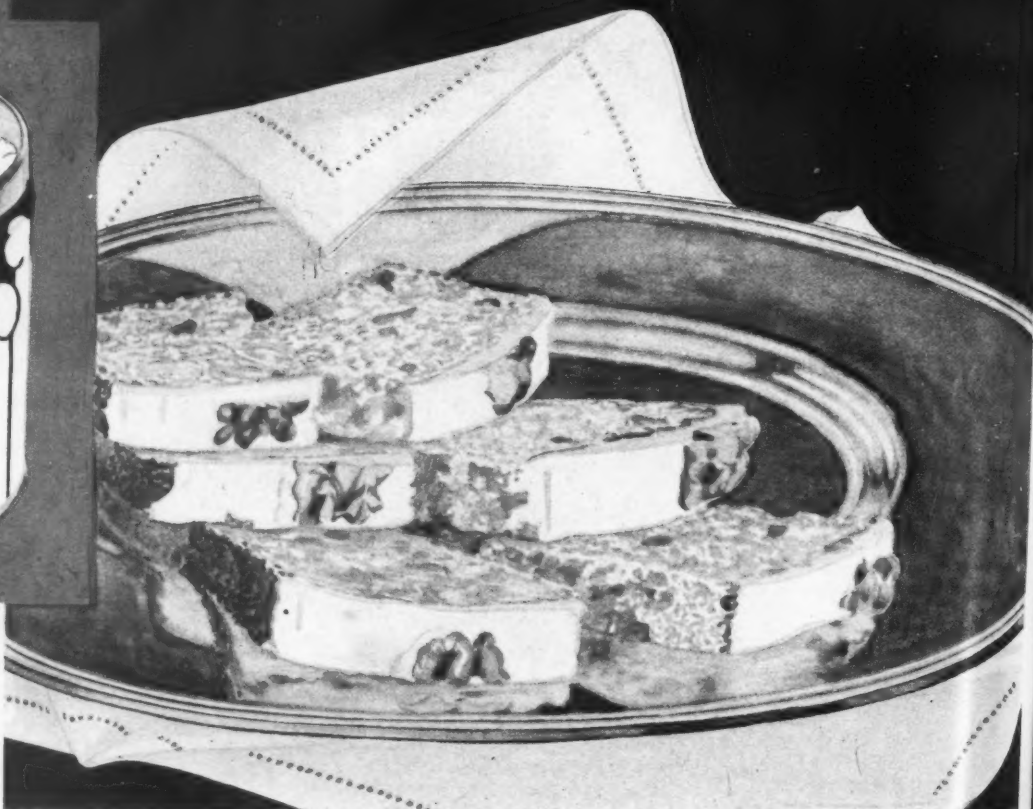
GOLDEN GATE CAKE

¼ Cup Snowdrift • ¼ Cup Sugar
2 Tablespoons Chopped Orange Peel • 2 Eggs
2 Teaspoons Baking Powder • 1 Teaspoon Salt
4 Tablespoons Orange Marmalade
1 Tablespoon Grated Orange Rind • 2 Cups Flour
½ Cup Chopped Walnuts • ½ Cup Water

Stir sugar into the Snowdrift. Add egg yolks, orange marmalade, grated and chopped peel, and nuts. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add alternately with liquid. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in loaf pan in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 55 minutes, or until cake is well browned on top and shrinks slightly from sides of pan.



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HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 70]

"When you came back through this room groping your way along the wall, you collided with the tub just short of this table, didn't you, Joel?"

"I'll tell the world I did!"

"Did you run into the table, too?"

"Nope—I stopped groping after that and lit out catty-cornered for the hall."

"But if you had been coming from the hall, groping your way along this wall, what would of happened then, I wonder? Or even if you had been crossing from the sofa? Just try this, will you, Joel? Close your eyes and start from anywhere over there by the door. No—wait a moment—get this before you start. You're supposed to know that this tub is here and that there's a table just short of it, too. Remember, it's pitch dark and it's vitally important to you that you shouldn't make a noise, but it's also vitally important that you should get to the tub as rapidly as possible. Got all that straight in your mind? All right—start."

The circle about the fire leaned forward, tense and bewildered, watching the tall figure with the conscientiously screwed up eyes and the young, excited grin groping his cautious way along the wall, absorbed as a small boy on a game of blindman's buff.



HERE'S the table," muttered Joel, the grin deepening. "Check! And about a yard or so farther on there ought to be that double damned tub—right—check again!" He opened his eyes, shining with excitement. "Now will some one step up and tell me just why anyone in his senses would want to head for that confounded tub if he knew it was there? Why, for Pete's sake wouldn't he—"

He bit off the end of his sentence with a sharp sound of enlightenment as his eye fell once more on the red-dened water at his feet.

"By golly, the knife! You mean that someone planned from the very beginning to get rid of it there, so that there wouldn't be any fingerprints or anything—got all the landmarks worked out and—"

"Lift your arm, will you, Hardy? No, the left one."

Joel lifted it obligingly and a little sigh of incredulous wonder rose from the circle about the fire. Even across the room they could see it quite clearly—the long, thick white slur, running from cuff to elbow against the black sleeve of the dinner jacket. It was Sheridan who saw it first.

"Here, what is this, anyway? What's all this stuff about flour got to do with who killed Doug King? You aren't going to get your neck out of the halter by trying to put mine in it, let me tell you; and you won't put mine in it by finding a white spot on my sleeve. Are you telling me that I—"

"I'm not telling you anything just now, Sheridan." Gavin Dart spoke a little absently, as though his mind were on more important matters than halters. "You weren't in this room before Jill screamed, were you? I mean after the game started, naturally."

"I told you where I was."

"The attic, wasn't it? Way up on the fourth floor in the attic—the farthest away of any of us from what is popularly referred to as the scene of

the crime. So naturally you couldn't have been here after the gong sounded. No, it must have been before. Jill, would you mind coming over here for a minute? Come with her, Larry, if you want to. It's all right, I promise; you don't have to go near this thing. Now, Jill, can you remember where you were when Doug told you that he was going to hide on the sofa?"

I WAS standing here by this window. I was trying to see what the wind had done to those trees."

"About eight or ten feet from where we're standing, then. And you were whispering, weren't you? Can you remember what he said to you?"

"He said—"

"Just whisper it, will you?"

"He said—" the whisper wavered for a second and then resumed steadily: "He said, 'How about the sofa in front of the fire? Nobody in God's world will ever think of that!'"

"Thank—that's just what I wanted. Could you hear that, Baird?"

"Perfectly."

"You, Hardy?"

"Sure I could hear it."

"How about you, Sheridan?"

Sherry said with the uncanny distinctness of one to whom distinctness has become a somewhat onerous effort: "I may be drunk, but I'm not anywhere near drunk enough not to see what you're driving at! Now get this straight once and for all, will you? The first time I heard that Doug was going to hide on the sofa was when Jill was answering one of your famous cross-examinations an hour or so ago. I wasn't eavesdropping on Doug to find out where I could murder him; and I'll bet anyone in God's world ten thousand dollars that you don't even think I was, you—"

"It would be a little difficult to prove what I'm thinking, even by me," remarked Gavin Dart drily, "so let's stick to outward and visible signs. And will you start in again by telling us exactly where you were when—"

"I'll tell you just exactly nothing," shouted the luckless Sherry, hysteria once more clutching at his shoulder. "If you want to try to save your rotten neck by pinning this murder on someone else, try to pin it on someone but the only friend Doug's got in this room, will you? Try pinning it on Joel Hardy or Kit Baird or Tom Ross—every last one of 'em out after his scalp—sure, you fellows all belong to the same union—Doug told me so himself—he told me so tonight." He struggled for a moment, brushing aside chilled disdain of Trudi's "Oh, Sherry, for the love of the Lord!" with a gesture of despairing vehemence.

"Trudi, lay off me just for once, will you? Go ahead, Dart, ask some of these boys what they thought of Doug—just ask them, will you? Ask Larry Redmond for a starter. You weren't so damn fond of Doug, were you, Larry?"

"No," said Larry, explicitly.

"I'll say you weren't! And neither were you, were you, Kit?"

"And neither was I," Kit agreed.

"You were in this room about two minutes before Jill screamed, Joel. Why don't you go ahead and tell Inspector Dart how you loved Doug?"

[Continued on page 74]

Most of the foods we eat are lacking in this precious health element



A rich supply of precious Vitamin C has been found by scientists in familiar Japan green tea

Scientists have found a simple cause of several common maladies — and a safeguard

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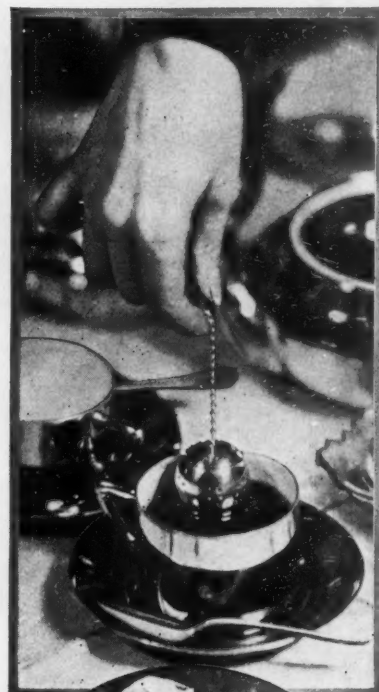
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HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 73]

Joel said in a tone that matched Sherry's for violence: "You know darned well what I thought about Doug King. I thought he was a bounder and a rotter and a cad—and I still think so. But I don't go around bumping everyone off just because I think they're bums. I'd have a swell time if I did! If you weren't up to any more mischief in this room than I was, you're sitting pretty."

"And just cut that room stuff out, will you? There isn't a soul in the world that can prove I was anywhere near this room! Just because I've got some flour on my cuff—for all I know you've all got flour on your cuffs or your skirts or your elbows! Look at Chatty Ross; she's got some on her shoulder, hasn't she? Does that make her a murderess or doesn't it?"

CHATTY echoed in a stupefied voice, twisting her curly head in a vain effort to verify his statement: "On my shoulder, Sherry? How could it be on my shoulder? I haven't been near the flour—not once, truly. Not even when Jill was trying to do the ring trick."

"Well, there you are; there's Chatty's explanation of how she got it! And while you're playing Grand Inquisitor around here, Dart, why not try it on some of the girls? Or are you thinking that Lady Macbeth was the last lady to stick a knife into a gentleman?"

Trudi cut in coldly and bitterly: "If you're trying to throw suspicion on everyone in the room, Sherry, I think that it would be prettier to duck behind coat-tails instead of petticoats. Gavin's not forgetting the ladies, I'll bet. Bend over, Chatty, and I'll brush that off."

"Wait just a moment before you do that, will you?" Gavin Dart's voice was reassuringly friendly. "Chatty, do you remember which side—"

Sherry demanded wildly: "Trudi, what are you driving at with that stuff about ducking behind coat-tails? Are you in on this? Do you believe that I killed Doug King?"

Trudi said wearily: "Lord, no. I don't think you'd kill a bat. Give me a cigarette, will you, Tom? I've smoked twenty-two since this thing started."

"You know what I thought about Doug. You know what—"

"I'll say I know. Can a wife testify for her husband, Gavin? Doug and Sherry were as thick as thieves. They had a whole lot in common. Sherry isn't faking any sorrow for your benefit; he was crazy about Doug."

Gavin remarked pleasantly: "Thanks—any sidelights of that kind are just what we want. Now, Chatty, can you tell us on which side the person passed you in the south corridor just after Jill screamed?"

She knitted soft brows in a valiant effort to follow him.

"Did the person pass on your left or on your right?" Gavin asked again.

"Oh, yes—I see. It was on this side, Gavin—on my left."

"On your left. Exactly. Hardy, you're about Sheridan's height, aren't you—five eleven or thereabouts?"

"Eleven and a half."

"Excellent. Now, Chatty, we need you. Brush that stuff off your shoulder and then just stand right between us and the door—that's it exactly. Help us out again, will you, Joel? Start from the fireplace—imagine that it's dark again, but this time you're running—down a corridor, fast. You have your arms lifted to ward anything off. You pass Chatty on your left, brushing against her. When I count three, you're off. Now—one—two—three—go!"

Joel tore by like a puppy off a leash. Long since, he had forgotten that it was a murder that they were avenging and a murderer that they were hunting. He remembered only that it was a game—an enthralling, an intoxicating game, in which for a moment, he was playing the leading rôle. Chatty staggered from the zealous energy of his impact and Gavin Dart checked him with an outflung arm.

"Steady on, young fellow! Turn this way, Chatty—no, all the way round, so that everyone can see your new flour patch. Sheridan, do you want to ask her again where she got the flour patch—where she got the flour from?"

Sherry, staring at the neat white patch on the dark blue shoulder, said thickly: "There's no more proof that she got it from me than that I got it from her and you know it."

"Oh, come, come—you're getting befuddled surely. Chatty couldn't very well drag her shoulder through the flour on that table, even though she's small enough to fit nicely under your arm. No, I think that two or three things are fairly self-evident by now—it's the six or eight that aren't that I'm interested in."

Trudi remarked dispassionately: "Flour or no flour, if you think that Sherry killed Doug, you're barking up the wrong tree. Why in Heaven's name should he want to kill him?"

Gavin, looking at the tired eyes above the undaunted mouth said thoughtfully: "A motive? Oh, I think that I could even supply a motive, if it's necessary. But I'm after something more than that."

"What more?"

"Trudi, I'm after a confession. Nothing else is going to help us much, I'm afraid. As far as the means, motive and the opportunity go, any one of us might have had the knife—any one of us might have been in the room—any one of several of us, according to Sherry, might have had the motive."

NO, IT'S not as simple as that, I'm afraid. But I think that it will be simpler when we get the answer to half a dozen questions that have been bothering me ever since I've started. Only first I want to try a little experiment.

"Why not start with the questions? I'm good at answering questions."

"Well, you might be thinking over the answer to some of these while we're working out the experiment. So might some of the rest of us, if it comes to that! First, I'd like to find out what it was that King had to say to Lindy when he called her upstairs just before the game started."

Lindy, deep in the jade chair, looked up from her twisted pearls, with something too shadowy and elusive to be quite a smile.

"Would you, Gavin?"

"I would indeed. And then I'd like to know what it was that upset Ray so badly while she was upstairs looking for the aspirin. I caught just a bit of what she said to Joel when she came—enough—just enough to make me want to hear more."

The small creature huddled forlornly on the trivet did not offer to gratify his curiosity; she continued to stare at him solemnly from the depths of stupor that had long since deprived her of such minor comforts as words.

"Then after we get that straight, I want to know just why Sheridan was so clear that Joel, Kit, Ross and Larry had it in for Doug; and I'm intrigued by all that idle chatter about Panama

[Continued on page 76]

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The new burner arrangement is another time and labor saver. It enables you to cook bigger meals in smaller space. The all-grate top is excellent for keeping foods warm.

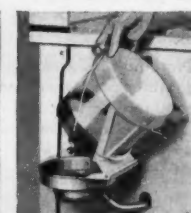
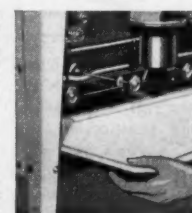
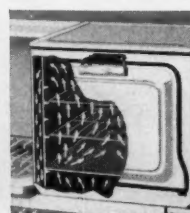
The big burner equals the giant burner on a gas range . . the others, standard gas burners. This model [Superflex] has automatic wick stops. Can't be turned too high.

Ready for cooking at the touch of a match. A low blue flame for simmering . . 1½ inches higher for quick heat. Perfection's combustion principle insures clean, odorless heat.

The porcelain enamel finish which makes this range so beautiful, adds to its long life; for it cannot rust or wear out. A damp cloth keeps it spotless and shiny.

The porcelain enamel tray below the burners slides out for cleaning. The closed-in back insures clean kitchen walls. A rigid steel frame adds steadiness, safety and strength.

The reservoir is reversible . . easily filled. Made of glass . . fuel supply is always visible. With a large lower reservoir . . so that cooking goes on while top one is being filled.





Amazing new Speed-Iron

*Does in 2 hours the work
that took 8 by hand*

Permit us, please,
madam, to show it
in your home.

NOW, the appliance experts of the Hurley Machine Company have perfected an amazing new machine that reduces the ironing day job to a pleasant 2-hour relaxation. And its price, madam, due to the tremendous number we are building and selling, is less than half that of any machine of comparable features and quality.

Eight hours of ironing in the average home
Students of home-keeping methods tell us that the ironing job takes 8 hours each week in the average home.

Take your own case, madam. Hand ironing ages you faster than any remaining household task. Actual tests show that a 6½-pound iron is raised on an average of twice a minute when ironing clothes. The pressure downward requires as much, if not more, effort. This energy expended over a period of 8 hours (the time it takes to do the average family ironing by hand) should unload from a truck over six tons of brick. Yet you perhaps wonder why hand-ironing leaves you fatigued—dragged out.

**Science has found
a remedy**

Note first its amazing simplicity. With ten minutes' practice anyone can operate it. Note, too, its compact size—its roll of generous length—the comfortable position of the



Note how easy to carry from one room to another or to put away when ironing is finished.

operator. This machine has an ironing surface equal to ten flatirons. It heats in 4 minutes. It irons everything, from the stacks of flat work, that make up some 90% of the average laundry, to the fine dainty things that take so long by hand. It is portable—can be placed in any pleasant room—and removed to corner or closet out of the way when not in use.

**Presses men's trousers—
Women's skirts**

And does them with an efficiency equalled only by skilled hand pressmen. Many tell us it pays for itself in a few months in this work alone.

This machine is a Thor. For 25 years women have accepted the Thor name on a washer or ironer as the highest guarantee of superior quality and service. The world knows nothing finer.

Madam—make your decision! 8 hours of drudgery or 2 hours of pleasant relaxation with 6 hours to call your own. The coupon below will bring you more of the details in beautifully illustrated booklets describing the amazing new Thor Rotary Irons. Send for them, please, today. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

Thor

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY,
22nd St. and 54th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me booklets describing the New Thor
Ironing Machine.

Name
Address
City 37

Tune in on the General Electric Hour over WEA and 41 associated stations of The National Broadcasting Company, every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 74]

"I'm the very fellow to help you about that," offered the red-headed young man helpfully from the doorway. "Doug was trying to tell you that it was in Panama, that I—"

"Kit, for God's sake!" cut in Joel Hardy frantically. "Larry, are you going to stand there and let him—"

"Just keep out of this for a minute, young fellow, if it's all the same to you." His swift smile rested for a moment on Joel's horrified countenance. "King was anxious to remind me that I'd been thrown out of a club in Panama during one of his sojourns there for playing cards not wisely, but too well. Does that help you out any, Dart?"

"I wonder. I've gotten a notion, Baird, that you'd play your cards both wisely—and well—even a poor hand. I think that this rather proves it." He drew his finger thoughtfully along the little path of flour and said more thoughtfully still, "I don't believe that I'll ask whether that charge was warranted."

"Thanks," said Kit, and the smile flashed again. "It'll make it pleasanter all around. I'm a rotten liar."

Larry Redmond, slipping an arm through Kit's, asked briefly: "What's your experiment?"

"Yes—the experiment, of course. It's a very old-fashioned and melo-dramatic one, but they still use it in France; and I have a definite reason for doing it now. If you'll all help me, I'd like to reconstruct the crime."

There was a moment of petrified silence, broken by the impressive Joel.

"You mean put out the lights and strike the gong and go over the whole thing? Golly!"

Jill asked in a voice so low that it was barely audible: "You mean that you are going to bring that—sofa back in this room?"

She caught at the high-backed chair nearest her, her knees literally sagging beneath her as she reached it.

OH, I hardly think that will be necessary. What I want to do is to turn out all the lights, have everyone go to the places that they were in at the time that they heard Jill scream; and when I give the signal, she will scream again and you'll get to these doors as quickly as you can—just as you did before. I'm out of it, and so is Ray, as neither of us turned up till later. Anyone have any objections to this?"

Jill slumped forward suddenly in her chair, her head on her knees.

She said in a small, colorless voice: "I'm sorry—I think—I think I'm going to faint."

Lindy was at her side in a soft rush. "Darling, what is it? Larry, get some water."

Jill whispered: "I can't stay in this room in the dark. I can't. I can't. Larry, don't let them make me."

"That's out, Dart," said Larry briefly. "No one shall make you do anything in Heaven or earth that you don't

want to, my darling. Try to drink a little of this, won't you?"

Lindy stood considering for a moment, her delicate brows knitted.

"You want someone to be here simply to scream as a signal?"

"Exactly."

"Then why not let me do it? I was so close that I was practically in the room. I can stand by the fireplace just as well, if you want me to."

AS I'VE said before, you're worth a dozen of us, my dear. Ray, suppose you and I patrol the outposts to make sure that everyone is in their proper place before the signal is given. We'll do it together, naturally—hand in hand, if it makes you more comfortable. And Jill shall go with Larry to the linen presses. The rest of you to the positions that you were in at Jill's scream.

Are you all ready? You can go to your places with the lights on, if you'd rather. I'll turn out our lights after we make our patrol, and when the last light—the one in this hall—goes out, it's the signal for you to scream, Lindy. Count ten, and then scream."

She said, "Count ten—I understand. Do we start now?"

"Yes. Chatty to the south corridor; Hanna outside the Priest's room; Kit in the libra-

ry; Sherry in the attic; you're in Chatty's room, Trudi; Joel's in that warren of baggage rooms. Come on, Ray; we're off to patrol them and turn out the lights. Sure that you don't mind being left here alone, Lindy?"

"Sure." Her eyes followed him, unservingly across the room . . . across the hall . . . up the little turn that the stairs took . . . She turned back to the shelter of the green chair by the fire, spreading her tulle skirts, folding her slim hands . . . waiting.

After a moment there were feet on the stairs and Gavin's voice called from the landing: "Sorry to keep you waiting. Sherry couldn't get into the attic—the trap door was locked. Has it a spring lock?"

"A spring lock? I didn't know that it had."

"He says that it must have sprung to after him—at any rate, we left him at the top of the ladder. Here go the lights—are you ready?"

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten."

It rang out frantically, appallingly, as though all the pent-up terror of those last terrible hours were unleashed in one frenzied breath—and in the second's balance of utter silence that followed it, something else rang out too.

Something else—something gay and young and enchanted—more terrifying than any scream or any silence.

Sunny's tune, singing quietly to itself in the darkness on the cracked old phonograph—Sunny's tune, that everyone had forgotten—singing of stars . . . and youth . . . and love . . . And over it and beyond it rose the terrified pandemonium of voices.

[Continued in AUGUST McCALL'S]

"A smooth exquisite skin always brings an answering thrill"

39 Hollywood directors find

ELEANOR BOARDMAN in the garden-like bathroom—one of the most charmingly original seen in Hollywood—which forms so effective a setting for her gracious loveliness. The next time you see her in a close-up notice how smooth and lovely Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin.

"Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin—'studio skin'—a screen star must have. It is such a good soap!"

Eleanor Boardman

To stand the test of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights for a close-up, a star's skin must be exquisite. MARY BRIAN, Paramount, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition."



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin . . .

"THE MOST appealing of all charms is a lovely smooth skin," says Howard Bretherton, director for Warner Brothers—and voices the experience of 39 leading Hollywood movie directors.

"A screen star's skin must be genuinely exquisite to triumph in the searching close-ups," he continues. "Smooth 'studio skin' is the outstanding factor in screen success today."

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 (98%) keep their skin exquisitely smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

You will love its generous, caressing lather—the way it leaves the skin satin-smooth. Use this fragrant white soap in your bath, too, as so many of the lovely screen stars do.

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake—now

LUX Toilet Soap

10¢



How OLD is she..?



SHE has young, smooth, satiny shoulders. She looks young but is she? The shoulders, you see, stay young indefinitely. The face does not.

Why *does* the face grow old so much faster than the shoulders? Weathering!

Your face is exposed to all kinds of conditions. It ages. Your shoulders—protected from this constant exposure—stay young.

Sunscorch is weathering in its most violent form

Sunshine in moderation is good. Severe sunburn, however, weathers the skin unmercifully. Does more than anything else to age it—because it parches from the skin its natural moisture. Sunscorch is painful, too.

When your skin gets sunscorched—smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It cools and relieves—instantly. Takes out the heat. Makes the skin soft and dewy fresh again. And to *prevent* that fiery sunscorch in the first place—before going on the beach, smooth on Hinds Cream, and powder over it. It'll keep your skin lovely through long, sunny hours outdoors.

Sunscorch is but one of the conditions that weather the skin. Dust, smoke and grime weather it—so do heat, cold and wind. They coarsen the skin. Etch unwelcome lines in the face. Wither the eyelids. For the plain truth of the matter is—it isn't the years that make the skin grow old, it's weathering.

But you can stop this gradual day-by-day weathering of the skin—with Hinds Cream.

For Hinds Cream protects from all weathering—because it keeps the skin fresh and supple under all conditions. It replaces the natural moisture dried from

the skin by sunscorch, wind, dust and all the rest.

Hinds Cream is a fragrant liquid cream. Light, soft and thin—delightful to use. It softens the skin without clogging the pores. Seeps gently into the skin and is absorbed gratefully.

Smooth Hinds Cream into your skin—generously and often

Before going out on the beach, and after you come in—it protects from violent sunscorch. Smooth it on every morning—it protects from the day's weathering; last thing at night—it revives your skin while you sleep; as a powder base—makes the powder cling.

And your hands, Hinds Cream is wonderful for hands! For hands weather, too, you know. Hinds Cream will keep your hands soft and white and smooth—lovely to look at and to feel.

Would you like to try this friendly Hinds Cream? We'll gladly send you a generous sample bottle. Just send us your name and address—on the coupon below. We will do the rest.

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THE WISHING WINDOW

[Continued from page 23]

on the observation platform all day. Maybe they're like me and want to get the feel of it, the smell of it, the reality of it." Now Frederika laughed. "Some day," she said, "some day I'm going to get off one of these trains, right in the middle of the desert or somewhere—when they stop, you know—and let the train go on."

Her companion said ironically, "That would be bright."

"Maybe it wouldn't be bright, but I'll bet it would be fun. Something would happen, anyway."

The young man agreed with this. "Something sure would happen," he conceded. "Unless you picked a good town you'd half freeze to death and maybe you might even get lost and kick off. Or else run into a jungle, the way I did once."

"What's a jungle?" Frederika wanted to know.

"Hangout for tramps. Along the railroad right of way, mostly, though you never can tell. I wandered in one night and about ten of them beat the living tar out of me. Had to have two teeth put in."

It was while Frederika was visualizing this that the door behind them swung open and another person stepped upon the platform. Frederika turned casually and noted

that the person was a very pretty girl, dark-haired, red-lipped, smartly dressed. Without preamble the newcomer addressed the young man in the corner: "Honey," she said, "I'm starved."

Frederika's companion stood up promptly, knocked out his pipe upon the brass rail at his hand, smiled once at Frederika and then followed the girl back into the car. It was as quick as that. Frederika sat there, looking straight down now at the sliding track. She didn't need her brief glimpse of the slim platinum band on the other girl's finger to comprehend the truth. Married! Well, that was that. Life was life. She might have known it!

FREDERIKA stood up. Somehow she got into the body of the car, stumbled through it, halted momentarily in the comparative privacy of the clanking vestibule. "I'm darned if it's going to be like the other trips," she told herself hotly. "I'm darned if I'll go back to another endless summer in that marble Long Island morgue. I don't care what he says. Anyway, he said something would happen—and something is better than nothing. I'll just do it. I'll get off."

She found her own compartment two cars forward and shouldered into it. For some reason she didn't feel like lunching. She kicked off her patent leather pumps and set her chiffon soles upon the seat across the way.

Now she turned to the window and looked out. "At least," she thought, "they can't take my window game away from me." She smiled faintly, as at a childhood's recollection, but nevertheless she continued to look out. The window game was very simple and to date it had proved a whole lot better than life as life actually was. You sat just inside your window, which was always the window of a Pullman compartment, and you looked through two panes of glass and pretended you were out there where you weren't instead of inside where you really were. Nothing complicated in that.

Suddenly she said bitterly and aloud: "I love the West. I mean this West—the deserts, the wildness—everything.

Why haven't I got nerve enough just to get off the train and stay?"

"I'm a coward," she decided. And then, thinking of three meals a day, she pressed the button between the two windows and when the porter appeared she said: "Bring a menu, please. I think I'll lunch here."

LATE that afternoon—they were over the Sierra summit now and sliding easily across the desert—she sought out the observation platform once more. It was crowded, of course, with people standing back of the few chairs and between them and even in front of them where there was leg room, but Frederika managed to wedge her way into the group. Her boy friend—ha, her boy friend!—well, anyway, he was there. For some odd reason he seemed to become aware of her presence. Knocking out his pipe he rose to his feet, smiled.

"Won't you take my seat?" he asked.

"No, thank you," said Frederika, smiling just crisply enough in return.

Later, ages later, the dining-car steward shuffled out noiselessly and made his spectacular announcement as to first call. The platform cleared itself as if by magic. Frederika and her boy friend again were left alone.

Frederika sat down.

"We're coming to a siding pretty pretty soon," the young man announced over the stem of his pipe. "We pass Number Forty-one there, if Forty-one's on time. It wouldn't be a bad place for you to get off, if you're still thinking of it."

Taunting her, was he?

Frederika said: "I don't consider it any of your business, but I'm still thinking of it."

"I never said it was any of my business," he retorted.

"Well, then, why bring it up?"

"I thought you really meant it," he informed her with a light laugh.

She faced him hotly. "I do mean it—not that it's any of your business."

"That's agreed," murmured the young man. "About this siding, now. We stop there, the way I said. All you've got to do is open the next vestibule and walk out. Know how to do it?"

"Naturally," said Frederika. "You twist the two handles at once, then kick the jigger with your foot."

"Well, lots of girls don't know that much," the young man observed. "It'll be about sunset when you get down. Better take a coat with you."

"I'll take what I choose," said Frederika.

"That's the spirit," he remarked. "Take what you choose. Take a gun, if you've got one."

"I haven't."

"Don't take it, then. It'll be sunset and the scorpions will be running in. But look out for side-winders. They stay out about two hours later."

"What are side-winders, or are you kidding me?"

"Kidding you? Good Lord! Side-winders are rattlers that don't take time to coil. We only have 'em down here."

"I don't believe it," Frederika stated.

He nodded impersonally. "There's them that didn't," he remarked. "Only mind what I tell you. If you hear a rattle, don't wait. Run like the devil."

Frederika said: "You're trying to razz me, aren't you?"

He grinned at her and said cryptically, "I didn't know I was trying."

[Continued on page 80]



Why Women Prefer this Fleecy Soft Sanitary Protection

*It is softer than ever before; more comfort-giving
and designed to relieve a vital feminine problem.*

THE soothing softness of the new Kotex provides just that kind of gentle protection women demand in sanitary accessories. Downy-light, its delicate folds of filler are like nothing else you have known in comfort. And the very gauze wrapping is treated by special process so that it, too, is softer than ever before.

Cellucotton absorbent wadding is not only fleecy soft but it is absorbent to just the correct degree. It is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton!

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Because corners of the pad are now rounded and tapered it fits so as to give no evidence of sanitary protection . . . fits with greater comfort, too. It is disposable, as you know, just like tissue (reason enough for women to prefer Kotex). Layers of the filler are adjustable. They can be changed to suit your needs.

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A process to be found in no other sanitary napkin now deodorizes Kotex safely and thoroughly. This is so important that it has been patented.*

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Many women prefer Super-Size because it contains extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Super-Size Kotex has been reduced in price, just as the regular size has. Now 65 cents for a package of twelve.

You should know the soft, gentle comfort of the new Kotex. Buy a box at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for 12, or in vending cabinets of rest-rooms, where it is sold by West Disinfecting Co.

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The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton, to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

*Patent No. 1,670,587,
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have *real* food flavor and color—that have *real* food value for every member of your family.

Certainly...Knox Gelatine belongs among the better things of life. Yet, it is truly economical—one package contains enough gelatine to make four different desserts or salads, six generous servings of each. (Recipes in the package.) Be sure to mail the coupon below—let us send you, complimentary, a new surprise for your kitchen library.

ORANGE-PINEAPPLE SPONGE (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ¼ cup sugar
½ cup boiling water Few grains salt
½ cup orange juice Whites 2 eggs
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
½ cup canned pineapple or apricot juice

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, salt and fruit juice. When it begins to stiffen, beat until frothy and fold in egg whites beaten very stiff. Beat thoroughly and pile in glasses. Decorate with pieces of pineapple, apricot or cherries. Serve with or without cream. Strawberry, cherry or any canned or fresh fruit may be used, and pieces of fruit drained of juice may be whipped through the sponge. More sugar will be needed if fresh fruit is used.

TUNA FISH OR SALMON SALAD (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ¼ cup boiled salad dressing
1 cup tuna fish ½ cup celery, chopped
½ cup celery, chopped ½ teaspoonful salt
2 green pepper, finely chopped ½ teaspoonful paprika
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls chopped olives Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool, and add tuna fish, separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed) olives, salt, paprika, vinegar, and cayenne. Turn into wet individual molds, and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pimientos, diamond shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips and watercress.

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Please send me FREE copies of your recipe books.

My name is.....

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THE WISHING WINDOW

[Continued from page 78]

"Is that so? I suppose you think I haven't got the nerve to get off this train?"

Soberly he said, "I know you haven't. It wouldn't be nerve anyway. It would be a fool stunt. The desert's no joke at night."

"Want to bet me I don't do it?" she countered.

"Nope. Never gamble, except on queens or better. Poker I'm talking about. Otherwise my motto is to watch nature take its course."

Frederika glared down at him. What she wanted to do was to slap his face. But that would be ineffectual. What she really wanted to do was break his impertinent neck. That would amount to something. She continued to glare at him. Then abruptly she turned and reentered the car.

THE train was stuttering to a languid halt. She dashed into her compartment, seized her light tweed traveling coat, slipped into it and made for the nearest vestibule. The train had stopped now. She used her two hands as she had learned how to use them, one on the big handle and the other on the little half-buried handle high up on the door. That opened the door itself, letting in a rush of sweet, warm, intoxicating mountain air. She breathed deeply, happily. Her eyes were dancing. The hatchway came up in a jiffy, revealing the steps that led to the ground.

Frederika climbed down, swung out backward by the two handholds, let her slipper-shod feet dangle a moment, then dropped. She tripped and sat down upon the cinders of the roadbed, but the cinders were warm and soft.

On the other side of the train figures moved, voices spoke. The passing track was there, where presently Number Something-or-other would come whisking by. Frederika crept close to her car. She wasn't to be seen, either from the windows or from the other side. She seated herself happily upon the warm cindery shoulder of the embankment and waited. She found herself wondering what the settlement might be like which she knew she would discover presently on the other side of the track. All desert sidings were just alike. There would be a water tank, a tiny box of a station, one decent clean house, two or three ramshackle houses—and nothing else. Oh, it would be wonderful! The people would be so surprised, so hospitable.

Far to the rear she could see the flagman, a casually slouching speck of a figure, standing all alone with his folded red flag and his little black tin box of torpedoes and flares. The engineer would have to whistle him in, Frederika knew—four long blasts of the whistle, very slow. Then her train would pull out, and then . . . Frederika hugged herself.

What she found herself hoping was that her boy friend would still be sitting on the observation platform. Maybe, if she felt like it, she would thumb her nose at him.

Eventually—and the passing of time seemed unnecessarily long—Number Forty-one fled by. The engineer of Frederika's own train blew his four slow blasts, just as Frederika knew he would have to. After a little the locomotive coughed and the wheels of the cars behind her began to turn.

Then the observation platform clicked by; and sitting on it, all alone, was the impertinent young gentleman who had told Frederika she would never dare get off. It seemed minutes before he saw her, but when he did he jumped to his feet, flung out an arm, yelled something. But she couldn't hear what it was. Then he shook his fist at her.

Frederika laughed and stuck out her tongue.

But when she turned to look at the other side of the track she stopped laughing as if somebody had struck her. There was nothing there but desert—no water tank, no nice clean house, no house of any sort. She was utterly alone and the only human thing in sight was the rear end of her own train, pin-pointing off to nothing in the distance. All about her, north, south, east, west, was flat desert—a desert like a giant dinner plate ringed at its edges by ragged copper hills.

She shivered and pulled her light coat close about her. "I'd better walk," she decided. But presently she was winded and had to stand still. It was then that her ears picked up a wisp of something, a faint steady sound, almost a humming. She turned quickly. There behind her in the west a single light glinted upon the shining rails.

"Well, that's a relief," she said aloud and half-humorously. The stridency of her voice coming out of the stillness was a shock to her. The yellow headlight blinded Frederika, a dagger spurt of steam seemed to reach out for her—and then, mouth open, she was staring at a flick-flick of lighted windows, human faces, a white flash of brilliance from the observation platform; and then at last a triangle of red lights—three red lights dwindling into the blackness of the night.

"It didn't stop," she informed herself solemnly, and it was not for some minutes that the utter whimsicality of this observation occurred to her.

HOURS and hours later, or so it seemed anyway, another train appeared, coming from the east. As the yellow headlight drew close Frederika waved and yelled and danced.

The train was a long freight. It rumbled past the switch, kept going interminably while Frederika ran along beside it. She observed the car in front of her. It was an ordinary box car, painted a dingy red and bearing the mystic white initials "I. C." that would be Illinois Central, Frederika reflected—Illinois Central and a long way from home. She was still peering when the battered door of the car gave a metallic squeak. She turned to face it and found herself looking into a single human eye.

Frederika jumped back, looked hastily up and down the dark train. Her heart, for some reason, seemed to have stopped.

The door squeaked again. A nose appeared in the crack, then a second eye, the nose and the eyes surmounting a black stubble of unkempt beard.

"Will ya look who's here!" remarked a hoarse, coarse voice. "Say, if this ain't luck!"

Frederika had sense enough to run. She ran as she never had run before, not on the soft cinders of the embankment, but down on the desert itself.

[Continued on page 83]



**5 MINUTES TO MEASURE!
2 MINUTES TO MIX!**

Lightning Cake!

A SWANS DOWN MASTERPIECE

COME into your kitchen and we'll show you that a delicious home-made cake is not only easy to make, but *sure to turn out perfectly!* Follow these directions for Lightning Cake exactly and you'll open your oven door on a masterpiece, fresh and fragrantly warm . . . a cake you'll be proud to call your own!

1 Sift Swans Down Cake Flour once and then measure $3\frac{3}{4}$ cups. Notice the extra lightness and fineness of Swans Down!

2 To $3\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted Swans Down, add 3 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Sift together three times.

3 Break 2 eggs into cup, then add enough soft shortening to fill the cup.

4 Put sifted dry ingredients, eggs and shortening into your mixing-bowl. Now add 1 cup milk, 2 cups sugar, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat them together—vigorously—for 2 minutes—and your cake is ready for the oven!

5 Pour batter into three greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Spread your favorite chocolate frosting between the layers and on top of cake.

P. S. All measurements are level



Lightning Cake has a secret

It isn't luck that makes this easy cake so successful! There's something else—Swans Down Cake Flour. Swans Down is a *specialized* flour. It is made from wheat, *alone*—but the wheat is *soft winter wheat*, which contains a very tender gluten expressly suited to the "quick" leavens used in cakes, biscuits, etc. Only the choicest kernels of this wheat are used for Swans Down, and in addition to this, Swans Down is milled through the finest silk—until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour.

Small wonder, then, that Swans Down brings perfection not only to cakes, but also to pies—biscuits, waffles—muffins. *All* have the finest texture—the most feathery lightness—when made with Swans Down. No need to have failures, now!

Swans Down will show you the really worthwhile way to save. With Swans Down, you can use recipes that call for fewer eggs and less shortening—and still achieve the most perfect results. But let Swans Down speak for itself, in your kitchen!

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*Your friends will ask for
this recipe*

Swans Down Cheese Biscuits—so light and tender they melt in your mouth! Just the thing to serve for afternoon tea or luncheon—and easy to make



CHEESE BISCUITS

1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	1 tablespoon butter or other shortening
$2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk and water, equal parts

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together twice. Cut in shortening and cheese. Add liquid slowly and mix with knife to consistency of soft dough. Roll $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with small biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 15 minutes. Makes 12 biscuits.

(All measurements are level)



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which vary both flavor and appearance. So, you are never at a loss to know where to begin when you wish to mix a “special.” Have Oranges and Lemons handy—and you’re off to the right start! . . . Fresh fruit drinks in great variety are described in “Sunkist Recipes” which is sent free. Mail the coupon. Experts have worked out combinations which will not only delight you, but prove to be valuable in a health-making way. . . . Also have in mind how the California Sunkist Orange and Lemon juices protect against that almost universal malady—Acidosis. Although acid in taste, these California fruits are actually *alkaline in reaction* and help balance the average faulty American diet. Mail the coupon for “Telling Fortunes with Foods” which discusses Acidosis and gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets approved by an eminent authority. . . . Your buying guide should be the name “Sunkist” on the skin and wrapper of Oranges and on the wrapper of Lemons. It assures dependable, uniform quality.

THE WISHING WINDOW

[Continued from page 80]

which was lots firmer. Side-winders? The dickens with them! She heard a thump, then heavy footfalls clumping behind her and she flung one panicky look over her shoulder. Yes, the man was coming. A light like a flashlight flicked at her. She didn't know where it came from and she didn't care. The man was right back of her. She swerved sharply, headed away from the train, straight out across the desert. She fell through a clump of sagebrush, picked herself up, ran on once more, with the heavy footfalls still pounding behind her, a roaring ring in her ears. She fell again, and as she was getting up a pair of arms caught her. Finding a sleeve brushing her face she sank her teeth into it and bit.

The owner of the sleeve pushed at her face, pushed at her shoulders. It was some time before Frederika became aware that the voice speaking to her was not a hoarse, coarse voice. She managed to open her eyes. Her man from the observation platform!

"Him? In the caboose by this time, I guess. Train crew has him. Tough customer, that guy. Half the detectives on the division are looking for him."

Frederika stared wide-eyed at her rescuer. She didn't understand it all as yet. At the moment her only comprehensible feeling was one of wretchedness, a sorrow that wasn't even sweet. He looked so adorable standing there in the starlit darkness, his hair mussed, his face handsome and serious. She could have walked up to him and kissed him; yes, and meant it, too. But naturally that was out. There isn't any fun—not if you're eighteen, with the whole world ahead of you—in kissing married men.

What Frederika said was, abruptly: "The train's pulling out."

"That's all right. We'll ride the flivver to Highgrade. My sister's there."

Frederika took in a breath.

"She's my twin sister," he explained conversationally. "I guess you saw her on the train. Swell girl. Her name's Eunice. You'll like her. Her husband—Jack his name is—he's superintendent of the Milo mine. You'll like him too. Swell guy. I work for him."

Frederika looked at him and presently, lifting his eyes, he looked at her. There was something in his eyes and something in hers; neither of them understood precisely what, but the hearts of both of them jumped into pumping faster and the dark blue velvet sky overhead became all at once a lovely intimate thing instead of a distant glitter of nameless stars.

He raised his head.

THE minute I saw you get on the train," he stated with simple dignity, "I knew I wanted to see you all the rest of my life. But how was I going to tell you that or make you believe it on the train? I studied and studied—and then you gave me the idea. You see, I was so afraid of losing you."

"You—were afraid of losing—me?"

"Surest thing. Let you get East once and I could come East fifty times and still be nobody with you. I played it for all I had, that's all."

"But I don't understand," said Frederika, fibbing slightly.

He said: "I played all my chips." Then abruptly: "You aren't mad at me still, are you?"

Frederika merely gave him a smile.

He said nervously: "The desert isn't so bad. You—you might like it a lot."

Inhaling deeply of the sweet-scented night Frederika told him the truth, which was that she loved it.

"Do you really mean that?"

"You know I do."

Now he grinned at her diffidently. "I always knew I'd fall in love quick," he informed her. "Do you think maybe it—it might ever hit you the same way?"

Frederika laughed. Oh, life was adorable! Life was exactly the way she always had known life was going to be.

It was then, peering incredulously, that he read the light that shone in her eyes. Men are so dumb sometimes! He took a step toward her. She took a step toward him. Maybe men aren't so dumb.

At least, if they love you, they have sense enough to hug you tight when you cry because you're happy.

WORDS AND MUSIC

[Continued from page 7]

string passages, not only with consummate accuracy and perfection of phrasing, but with a powerful singing tone that is uncannily suggestive of violins, violas and cellos. The brass section is equally fine. It has not, possibly, all of the brilliance that we are accustomed to; but this lack is amply atoned for by the richness of instrumental tone and the exceptional technical command of the players. The apparent ease, for example, with which the horn section negotiates some of the florid passages in the "Bartered Bride" overture is a revelation of the unsuspected resources of what is ordinarily regarded as one of the most refractory of all orchestral instruments.

It would be hard to estimate just how much of the band's effectiveness is due to the remarkable transcriptions of Captain Prevost. A superbly equipped theorist as well as a gifted leader, he has arranged virtually all of the music that his men play. In some instances his success in translating orchestral music into terms of wind instruments is little short of miraculous.

I have heard some superlatively good bands in this country, some of them perhaps as good as the Belgian

organization; but I have never before heard anything like, for example, Captain Prevost's arrangement of the "Petrushka" suite. Here by some private alchemy of his own, he contrives not alone to transfer the color of Stravinsky's orchestra to the band, but to achieve certain effects of instrumental contrast—strings playing against a background of woodwind, for instance, and vice versa.

A band such as the Royal Belgian is, I should say, the ideal out-of-doors purveyor of symphonic music. Put an orchestra out under the summer skies and even a great organization like the New York Philharmonic-Symphony will sound at times a little meagre and inadequate. A good band never does; for wind instruments thrive, appropriately enough, on fresh air. Their tone carries better than that of strings, and the great open spaces seem appropriate to their dynamics, which are sometimes a bit overpowering within four walls and a roof. Given the Belgian Symphonic Band, or its equivalent, there is no reason why the inveterate music-lover should not enjoy his Beethoven and Wagner, and even Debussy, in August as well as December.



"You'd hardly believe... now, would you?.. that I was ever a bothersome baby?.. But let me tell you... last month, what with the warm weather and prickly heat and chafing, I was so cross that the family could hardly put up with me. all but mother! She found we'd been using the wrong kind of powder. and then she found the right kind! It's softer and finer. and makes me so comfortable. no wonder I'm feeling cheerful now!"

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Mothers can well understand how good this Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is for children. It is a builder of body tissues, an energy food, nutritious, wholesome, and easily digested. They like its flavor—its rich peanutty flavor. And it's thoroughly good for those growing youngsters. Let them have it in generous quantity—at meal time or whenever it's appropriate for them to have a between-meal snack.

In buying peanut butter you'll find that Beech-Nut is the kind that every youngster and every grown-up likes. And there's a new top on the Beech-Nut jar. It opens easily and the top fits right back on as a cover. An exclusive Beech-Nut feature worth remembering.

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TWO WOMEN WHO WAITED

[Continued from page 17]

he said. "Women are fools," I told him, and he went out. Not one word of goodbye did he give me, and now—"

"We don't know that he's in the mine," Lucy said. Her heart was beating high. "I don't believe that—"

"We can go up and find out," Margaret suggested.

"Go, both of you," her grandmother said.

"I can't!" The cry broke from Lucy's lips. "I can't go up there with all the women looking at me, and the men thinking I have no right to come. I can't face them and have them think that I rushed out at the first sound, trying to make up with Jim Redding."

"You're the mother of his child, Lucy Redding. Will you be there if he calls for you?"

"I—"

"Will you be there if he needs you?"

"I'll go." She began to cry sobbingly. "I'll take Margaret with me. She can come back and tell you how it is." She stroked the old woman's shoulder, seeking to quiet her own agitation by the contact.

"Go," the old woman told her.

Lucy took her little girl's hand and the two of them toiled up the hard way in the hot light. "Do you think he'll come back to us, Mummie?"

"I don't know," Lucy replied.

They came to the fringes of the crowd and men and women, recognizing them, made way to let them pass.

"They have to go in through the lower shaft to work to the pocket where they're caught, and no one knows how long it'll take. It's a race with the fire," they told her.

Furtively at first, then with greater boldness as appreciation of the attitude of the other women seeped into her mind, Lucy began to look for Mollie Terriss. Had she dared to come? Would she be brave enough to face the judgment of the town? Would her love for Jim be stronger than her pride? Scanning the ranks of the watchers, Lucy failed to find the girl's dark, passionate face. Then suddenly on the mountain road she saw Mollie.

She was coming swiftly, her skirt whipped by the wind, her hair blowing about her face. For an instant there burned in Lucy Redding's soul compassionate pity for this other woman who loved the same man, but remembrance of what Mollie Terriss had taken from her quenched the flame.

MOLLIE stopped on the edge of the crowd. She asked a breathless question of a woman near her and the woman answered curtly. Lucy saw the look of stricken horror which went over Mollie's face at the answer.

With the consciousness of the girl's nearness eating into her heart, she watched the maddeningly slow work of the rescue crews.

Rumors ran from lip to lip. "They're getting near the pocket. The fire's out. No, it's broken out again on the upper level. There are fourteen of them penned in. Nothing can save them now."

Margaret, clinging to her mother, began to cry. Lucy felt the coldness of the girl's hands and came out of her trance. "Go down to Granny," she bade her. "You can't do anything."

"I want to stay with you," Margaret whimpered.

"Granny needs you."

Without further protest the little girl went, pausing only to kiss her mother. "You've got me," she said, and Lucy felt the fortification of her love.

The swift dusk of the hills fell on the crowd and Lucy shuddered with utter loneliness. All the misery, the

heartbreak, the dreary waste of her life crowded into this hour of waiting. All she wanted, she thought passionately, was to hold Jim's hand for just a little while, as she had held it on the slope of the Kildare.

But if he never came? She fought the dread valiantly. "He'll come," she told herself and the stars; "he'll come."

The intensity of her emotion brought its own reaction and she sank down, spent, upon the rough ground. The sound of footsteps aroused her. She stood up, making ready to go back to the other watchers. Against the gleam of the fires she saw on the slope, just before her, the figure of a woman. She moved nearer and in a moment had come face to face with Mollie Terriss.

In the flare of the flames they stared at each other: Lucy Redding with rising anger, Mollie Terriss with rising dread.

The younger broke the silence. "I've as much right to be here as you have."

RIGHT?" Lucy Redding's rage ran like lava over the surface of Mollie's defiance. "Right? What right have you? Are you his wife? Are you the mother of his child? Are you—"

"He loves me," the woman protested. "Do you suppose he'd have given up what he did if he hadn't cared more for me than for anything else in the world? You had everything—his home, his child, the place he gave you as his wife. You had all the people to back you because he was married to you. And he left you—for me! Isn't that enough to make him mine? Isn't that enough to give me the right to wait for him?"

"It isn't," Lucy said, "and you know it isn't. Would you dare to come if you hadn't spoken with him for two years?"

"Then he hasn't seen you?" Jim Redding's wife caught at the dread which had been answered by her taunt.

"No," she said, "he hasn't come to me, but he's sent me his message. He'd give, he said, the rest of his life to make it right to me."

"It's a lie," Mollie cried; "a lie. He loves me and only me. He wants my love, not yours. I've given him the faith you took from him. What did you ever do for him but bear his child and keep his house?"

"But I loved him, and you—"

"Do you think that I don't love him? What of the years we were children together? What of the times I listened for his steps as he came home from the mine? What of the nights we watched over Margaret, fighting death to hold her with us? What of the dawns when I waited for his coming from the night shifts? Love! You don't know what love is! Which one of us do you suppose he's thinking of now in there?" Her arm flung out toward the mine's shaft. "Which one of us is he choosing?"

"You've never let him choose," Mollie Terriss countered. "You wouldn't let him marry me. If I were his wife, he'd be happy."

"Then he isn't?"

"I never said—"

"I knew he couldn't be. I knew that some day, if I waited, he'd come back to me. What is your love, as you call it, to the love I've held for him since he was a little boy? What could you give him? Passion. No more. And men, even the worst of them, tire of that. You've kept him away all this time from what he wanted most—the respect of men and the knowledge that he was going straight."

[Continued on page 86]

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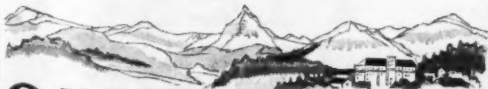
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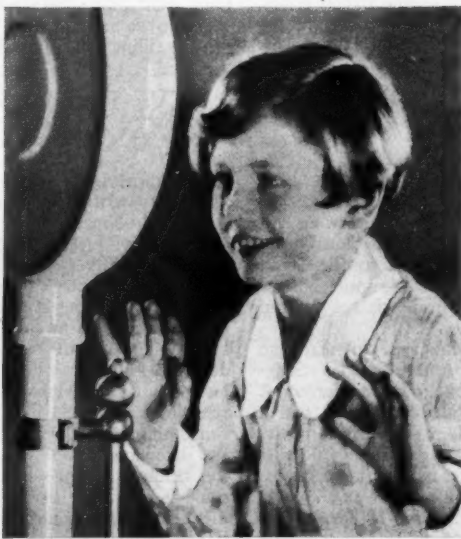


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TWO WOMEN WHO WAITED

[Continued from page 84]

"It's you who's done that," Mollie Terriss cried. "You wouldn't give him freedom. You wouldn't let him marry me. I could give him all you do, and more, if you'd play fair. Why don't you divorce him if you want him to be happy? Why don't you give him the chance to decide between us?"

"I shall," said Lucy grimly. "When he comes out from El Capitan I shall stand beside you and tell him that I am willing to leave the choice to him. He can come back to me, or stay with you. If he wants you, I'll free him. That's fair." In the light from the fires she saw the swift spasm of terror cross Mollie's face. "You're afraid," she taunted; "well, I'm not."

"I'm not afraid," Mollie said, but her voice was low. "He'll take me."

SLOWLY they went together back toward the fires. As they came near to the groups of watchers they parted, but they kept in sight of each other. Mollie Terriss went a little to one side of the waiting women, but Lucy kept her way into their midst. She felt exalted by an inner knowledge that her love for her husband had risen above her terror of Mollie's power over him. He would come back to her, she told herself with fierce joy.

From the shaft men were coming out. Lucy, knowing them for the fore-runners of the rescue crew, pressed close. In the tension of the moment she heard the hundred minor sounds of activity in the shaft. She could detect the thud of footsteps, she thought—the creak of the lift-cable, the tones of quick command. The crew had broken through the wall. What had they found? Was it life or death? She moved forward a step. Mollie Terriss moved with her.

Lights flashed over the ground. Lucy could see that men were carrying out stretchers. There were five set on the ground before she could reach the place. Her heart was beating so tumultuously that she could hardly speak. "Is he there?" she gasped to the man on guard.

He looked at her pityingly. "Jim Redding?"

"Yes, I'm his wife."

He shook his head. "He's gone," he said, "with the rest. They're all dead."

"I must see him," she said.

He drew back a tarpaulin from one of the still forms. In the dawn, growing red with the coming of the sun, Jim Redding lay in his last sleep. His

dark hair, rumped like Margaret's, fell off from his forehead. His eyes were closed, and there rested on his face that look of ineffable content which sometimes comes to the dead. For an instant, before there came the realization of what his death meant, Lucy had a thrill of exaltation in the knowledge that happiness had come to the man she loved. Reverently she raised the tarpaulin to cover him, but Mollie Terriss' voice stopped her.

"He can't be dead," she was saying. "It isn't true. He couldn't be taken from me. There is no God if He—"

"Hush," Lucy bade her. "Can't you see? God took him kindly. It's in his face. Aren't you glad for that?"

"He can't be gone. He wouldn't go without a message to me. He's sent it, I know. Even if he had only a moment, he'd have found a way."

"No one could bring that message."

"Perhaps he wrote it. Oh, there must be something! We'll look." She leaned over the still form, scanning the face she had loved so passionately. "Oh, my dear, you'd tell me," she cried.

"Don't touch him!" Lucy cried. "He isn't yours, now. He's mine."

"Take what the law gives you," Mollie cried. "I'll have the knowledge that he was mine to the end."

"How do you know he tried to send you a message?" Lucy's trembling fingers moved over Jim Redding's shabby workclothes. Stumblingly she groped into the pocket over his heart, while Mollie Terriss' fingers sought elsewhere. Just as the other woman drew out a crumbled slip of paper Lucy took toll of her husband's treasures—his union card, a notification of a meeting of the miners for the discussion of safety measures in the shaft of El Capitan, a letter from a man who had been his buddy and a little photograph. With a throb of joy Lucy recognized it. Jim Redding had carried the picture of their little girl, Margaret. She held it up for Mollie to see, but Mollie was straining her eyes over the scrawled words on the dirty scrap of paper. Lucy bent over to see.

"Tell Mother—" was all it said.

Lucy Redding drew up the tarpaulin over the still body. "He has answered," she said, and knelt in prayer beside her man. When she arose the sun was lifting golden rays above the mountains. Mollie Terriss was gone. Slowly Lucy went down the slope to where a blind old woman and a little girl waited for the tidings she must bear them.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[Continued from page 8]

But was it a marriage worth preserving, this union between a man who was inherently fine and a woman who had never cared how much she hurt him? There is much of truth in the book, and it is by all odds the most human thing which Sinclair Lewis has written since *Arrowsmith*.

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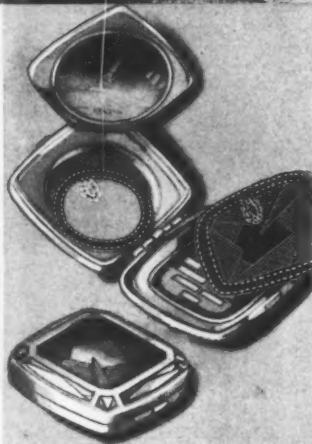
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THE GUARDED HALO

[Continued from page 30]

the charming old manor-house which Sir John had finally decided to purchase. He and Lady Beth were to follow very soon.

There was a jolly little cottage on the estate in which it was proposed the Wilsons should install themselves. Lady Beth had been reluctant, but quite firm on this point.

"I shall miss you, dear child," she told Shirley, "but you can come up every day and it's a chance for you and Bob to have your own home."

CORNER COTTAGE was small—three bedrooms, a fair-sized living-room and a tiny, sloping-roofed dining-room. But it was genuinely old—big beams supported the low ceilings and the latched windows were all leaded and diamond-paned. Shirley regarded her new home with satisfaction and announced the fact to all concerned. And, as she added, "Having Nanny here with us makes it more like home than anything we've encountered since we left Fen Wyatt."

Nanny winked away a tear. "Well, Miss, it's true as I'm standing here that there'd never 'ave been anywhere that 'ud 'ave been home to me without you and Master Bob littering up the place just like you used to." Conscientiously plumping up a sat-upon looking cushion as she passed, she bustled away into the back regions.

"And now," said Shirley, "I'm going to walk over to East Wyck Manor and march in unannounced upon Kit and Simon. That is, unless you want me up at the Friary?"

"No, run along and spring your surprise upon Drake and Mrs. Harford," said Bob, "and give them both my best salaams."

"I'll ask them to tea with us soon in our new abode," returned Shirley, and departed, waving goodbye to Lady Beth.

It was a good two-mile walk from Corner Cottage to East Wyck Manor and she had to inquire her way. For a time all went well. But before long she had to make decisions at first one crossroad and then another and finally met with a fork which left the wayfarer in hopeless doubt as to whether to follow the left or right-hand branch. Presently, scrambling over a wooden stile, she found herself on a stretch of downland, with the sea far below, sparkling in the sunshine; and some distance to her right a low, white-washed farmhouse with a newly thatched roof. She would waste no more time, but go to the farmhouse and inquire the nearest way to the Manor.

Shirley rapped smartly on the solid oak door beneath the porch. She heard a man's striding footsteps, followed by the grating of an iron latch; then the heavy door swung back on its hinges, revealing a big living-room, and Shirley turned to make her inquiry.

"Can you tell me—" she began. Then her throat closed up, choking the words into stunned silence. She stood staring dumbly at the man who faced her in the open doorway.

After what seemed an eternity a thin, shaking whisper of sound came from her lips. "Neil!"

She swayed suddenly and immediately felt his arm about her, steadying her, drawing her into the room.

"Yes, it's I," he said. "Come in. Come in."

"Why—why are you here?" she whispered. "I thought you were in South Africa."

"I was until six months ago." He hesitated a moment, then spoke as though he was saying something that had to be said and the sooner it was over the better.

"I wanted to save you all this and get away before we met. You see, when we were at St. Luc, Drake offered me a half share of this farm—Old Wyck—and a salary to manage the other half for him. But I'd half promised to stay with the man I was with in South Africa for a few months longer. And there was another reason. Do you remember when I went away from St. Luc for a time?"

She nodded gravely. "I thought you'd gone to be near Nicolette."

He stared at her for a moment, then broke into sudden, harsh laughter.

"You thought that? No. I went away to decide certain things for myself. Drake's offer was a temptation—I knew you were living with his sister. The offer meant England, a decent life, and seeing you sometimes." His blue eyes seemed all at once to burn down into hers. "I wanted to take it more than anything on earth."

"Then why didn't you?"

He came a step nearer to her and she rose to her feet and stood beside him.

"Why didn't I? Haven't I told you that I've cut myself off from those very possibilities? So I decided to go—back to South Africa."

Shirley's gaze never left his face. "Still, I don't understand. Why did you change your mind and come to Old Wyck then?"

"Because you told me, when I returned to St. Luc, that you were going

to the Somervilles. I knew, then, that you were as safely shut away from me as though I were dead—that there was no likelihood of our ever meeting. So several months later, I accepted Simon's offer. Then, a few weeks ago, I heard that Sir John had bought the Friary. I'd have cleared out at once, but that I'm tied here. Drake and his sister have been traveling for the last four months and I'm in charge. I couldn't quit till they came back. And they didn't return till last week."

She spoke impulsively. "Neil, why won't you meet the Somervilles?"

"It's they who won't meet me."

BUT why won't they?" she persisted, hoping now to clear up this mystery. But Kenwyn's face became blank. "Because I once did something which Sir John never forgave," he said at length.

She felt suddenly stricken. They were true, then, these things people said about him. Suddenly she felt she must know. She went on deliberately: "Is it true that you were in the same job which Bob has now?"

"Quite true, until Sir John kicked me out of it."

"And did you deserve that?"

For an instant he hesitated. Then coldly, composedly, he answered her: "Yes, I deserved it."

"Neil, won't you tell me what it was you did—what happened?"

[Continued on page 90]

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THE GUARDED HALO

[Continued from page 88]

His eyes were hard and impenetrable as granite. "No," he said quietly. "I can't."

She drew back from him with a little cry, as though he had struck her.

A heavy silence fell between them. Presently he opened the heavy door to her. June sunlight lay across the little garden and the air was full of the mingled scent of flowers. The sweetness of summer seemed mocking her, and Shirley hesitated, shivering on the threshold.

Neil now spoke again. "Why did you ever come here?"

"The Somervilles bought the Friary because Lady Beth was ordered to a warmer climate," she said, as though reciting a lesson. "And I came here today to ask the way to East Wyck Manor—I was going to see Kit and Simon. It's—it's all rather funny, isn't it?" she finished a little hysterically. Then, lest self-control should desert her, she fled down the flagged path and out through the green-painted gate.

Not until her figure had disappeared did Kenwyn move. Then slowly he turned away into the house, and the oak door swung to, shutting him in.

NICOLETTE arrived at the Friary with a trunkful of ravishing frocks and a long-suffering maid. She was looking a trifle tired, but beautiful as ever.

"This is a heavenly place," she declared to Shirley as she slipped off her traveling frock. "It's really ideal here for a holiday, although deadly dull, I should imagine, for keeps. Any nice neighbors?"

"We hardly know yet," returned Shirley, smiling. "But my friends, Simon Drake and Kit Harford, live here, and they say there are plenty of nice people around." She paused a moment, then went on: "There's someone else here, too—someone you know already."

Nicolette swung round. "Someone I know?" she asked quickly, a thrill in her voice. "Who is it?"

"Neil Kenwyn."

"Neil!" A flush of vivid color ran up under her clear skin. "That's rather a good joke on the part of fate, all things considered," she said. "How did it happen?"

Shirley explained, adding Sir John's ultimatum on the subject. A faint sigh of relief escaped Nicolette at this latter intimation.

"That simplifies matters, doesn't it?" she said. "Because, naturally, I should want to see Neil." She eyed Shirley challengingly. "You know, we are old friends."

She lost no time in arranging to meet Kenwyn again at the earliest possible moment. She insisted Shirley should take her to East Wyck Manor the very next day. "I must meet these charming friends of yours," she declared. And Lady Beth innocently seconded the proposal.

"Why, yes, my dear, I think that would be a very good plan," she said. "Mrs. Harford and her brother are both delightful people and I should like you to get to know them."

Accordingly the two girls motored across to the Manor, and very shortly after their arrival Shirley discovered that Nicolette was arranging to walk down with Simon to Old Wyck Farm immediately after tea.

"I adore tramping over fields," she answered. "And of course I want to meet Neil again."

Shirley had no wish herself to seek out Neil again. Meeting him was too fraught with pain, since there could never be anything, not even friendship,

between them. Nevertheless, the hour she spent alone with Kit held its own hurt. Do what she would, she could not free herself from the knowledge that Nicolette was with Neil.

Unconsciously she pictured it all—Nicolette, like a slender-winged firefly in her diaphanous summer frock, a spirit of femininity in that plain masculine abode.

There were to be many subsequent occasions when Shirley's mind was to recreate this same picture. As the days went on, Nicolette frequently contrived to absent herself from the family circle at the Friary, always with some cast-iron excuse: she was going upstairs to lie down, or she wanted to practice some new steps. But on one occasion, when the dancer was duly supposed to be reposing on her bed, Shirley, who had walked over to have tea with Kit, caught sight of her slim figure crossing one of the fields of Old Wyck Farm, side by side with Kenwyn. So she suspected that when Nicolette disappeared from the family circle, it was to go and visit Neil.

Over and over again the thought returned: Had she been right in her original surmise that in the past they had once cared deeply for each other? Could there have been an earlier bond betwixt the two?

There was also another factor which exerted a fretting influence on Shirley's nerves, and that was the obvious inclination for each other's company which was beginning to manifest itself between Kit Harford and Bob. When the Friary and the Manor people foregathered, Kit and Bob invariably gravitated toward each other. On one occasion, indeed, at a picnic they had completely vanished soon after lunch, and only reappeared shortly before it was time to be making a start for home, tendering the time-honored explanation that they had lost their way.

It was on this same evening that Bob confirmed that which Shirley had been inwardly suspecting. The brother and sister were strolling in the Cottage garden together when all at once he flung out: "Money is a curse!"

Shirley flashed him a fleeting glance of amusement.

"Is it?" she said quizzically. "That's the first time I've ever heard you give vent to such an opinion."

He laughed a trifle forlornly. "No. I used to think it could get you all you wanted. It never struck me that it could come between you and what you want."

"And is it doing that?" she asked gently. "Tell me about it."

HE HESITATED a moment, then spoke rather awkwardly. "Well, if Kit weren't a rich woman, she's the woman I should ask to be my wife."

Shirley regarded him with mild surprise.

"You don't mean to say you'd let that stand in your way?"

"It isn't a case of letting it. It simply does stand in the way. No man with any decent self-respect, who has nothing but a small-salaried job of his own, can ask a rich woman—"

"What utter rot!" Shirley broke in impetuously. "No decent man would ask a rich woman to marry him just because she was rich, I grant you. But neither would any decent man let her money stand in the way if they both cared for each other. He'd swallow his beastly pride and not allow two people's lives to be spoiled because one of them had some money."

[Continued on page 93]

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THE GUARDED HALO

[Continued from page 90]

For the first time Shirley's courage began to fail. Now she was to lose Bob—step aside and surrender him to another woman, just as she had had to surrender Neil to Nicolette.

She felt as though she must get away, seek some other place where she would not be eternally reminded of all that she had lost, of all that she had missed.

It was a glorious afternoon, but neither the beauty of sea and sky nor the flood of golden sunshine brought Shirley any wonted thrill of pleasure. She had sought the downland simply for the solitude it promised and even here she was not alone, for she could catch a distant glimpse of Old Wyck Farm. And the mere sight of its white walls and yellow-thatched roof had brought a pang as though a hand had laid hold of her heart and given it a sharp, agonizing twist.

SHE brushed her hand almost fiercely across her eyes, ashamed of the tears which misted them, when a sudden ominous sound arrested her. It was the thud of a horse's hoofs, beating the ground in panic-stricken speed. Then over the brow of the nearest slope streaked a riderless brown horse, galloping toward her like a mad thing, empty stirrups banging at his sides, reins swinging dangerously in front of him.

She recognized the horse—Satan, a hot-tempered, four-year-old Kenwyn had been breaking in. Neil's horse . . . and that empty saddle! . . . A sharp cry of horror broke from her lips.

She realized that Neil must have been thrown and might possibly be lying somewhere, hurt or unconscious. She started running as fast as she could, desperately, stumbling, her heart pounding painfully in her side. And at last, her breath coming in labored gasps, she came upon a still figure on the grass. Neil was lying on his back, his eyes closed, and for one anguished moment she thought he was dead.

"Neil! Neil!"

All the long pent-up love in her heart rushed out in that agonized cry. Fumbling with terrified urgency, she thrust her hand inside his shirt to feel if his heart yet beat, and when the throb of it came reassuringly against her palm she gave a convulsive sob of relief, bent and kissed him with all the passionate, worshipping thankfulness of a woman whose beloved has been given back to her from death.

He opened his eyes and gazed vaguely up at Shirley's face.

"Why am I lying here?" he questioned, a slow bewilderment in his tone.

"You've had a fall—Satan threw you," she replied.

All at once a look of understanding dawned in his face.

"Jove, yes! I remember. The devil was bucking like a broncho and finally got me off."

Complete consciousness had returned to him now, and gently putting her arms aside, he scrambled to his feet.

"I'm not hurt," he said. "Only a bit bruised and sore!" Then, regarding her curiously: "You look white. Were you very frightened?"

"I—I thought you were dead," she stammered. "I saw Satan had bolted. And then—and then I found you—lying here."

With a single stride he was beside her.

His voice was shaken with a deep, unspeakable longing. "Oh, my dear, do you care so much as that?"

"Do I care?" She was at the end of all concealment, could no longer pretend or deny the love which she had fought against so long. "Do I care? Oh, Neil, you're killing me . . . I can't bear it any longer. I can't—I can't!"

"But, Shirley, you know why—"

She nodded. "Yes, I know. There's Nicolette. You loved her first—before you met me." She rushed on recklessly. "And now she's come back and I don't count any more. But I can't bear it, Neil—I can't. And so I'm going away. I know this is all wrong—that I've no pride left to let you see I care when you don't care any more—"

"When I don't care!" With a swift, impetuous movement he swept her up into his arms and kissed her. "Darling, dearest, don't you understand? Don't you know that you're the one woman in the world to me?"

She leaned her head away from him so that she might see his face.

"But—but Nicolette?" she cried.

NICOLETTE? His voice held amazement. "You surely don't imagine I'm in love with Nicolette? Don't you know you are the only woman I love or ever shall love? Listen, and try to understand what you'd have to face! You'd be marrying a man who, in England, at any rate, could never come out into the open and build up a future."

"And you'd have to remain in ignorance of the reason why. That would always have to be something I couldn't share with you. I could never tell you what took place in the past. It involves someone else and my mouth is closed, now and always."

"I don't care," she answered steadily. "I don't even want to know what you did. And I'm ready to give up any friends who give me up. All that matters is you and me—and our love."

His eyes searched her face, hardly daring to believe the truth. Then convinced at last, he drew her into his arms and kissed her. "Beloved!" he said. "Beloved!"

And with that word against her lips Shirley knew the final barrier between them was down at last. The way to happiness was open.

[Concluded in AUGUST McCALL'S]

SUMMER BOARDERS

IF YOU are planning a boarding house for summer guests or all-year-round boarders McCall's new leaflet *Home Money Making With Boarders* will be extremely helpful. It gives many helpful suggestions on how to be an up-to-date hostess, provide an economical but adequate daily menu as well as comfort and conveniences for your guests and how to specialize in paying guests. Send six cents in stamps for this practical booklet to:

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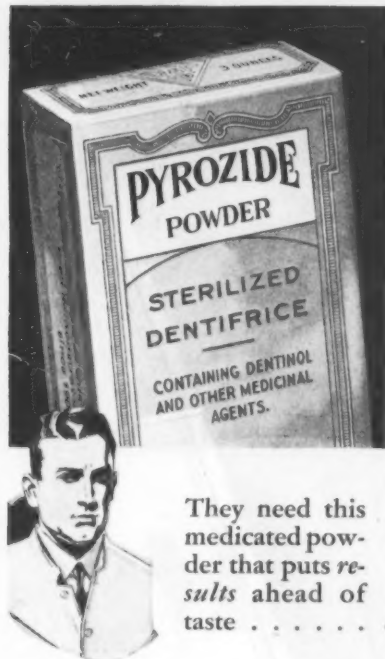
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They need this medicated powder that puts results ahead of taste

DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles steadily increase. No wonder! As your dentist will tell you, soft, easily-irritated gums need the stimulating action of a powder that concentrates on results instead of taste.

Pyrozide powder has done this for twenty-two years. It is not flavored. It contains *only* those gum-stimulating and tooth-cleansing agents that dental clinics have proved most effective. It is medicated with Dentinol, used by dentists to promote gum healing. Its distinctive taste comes from its Dentinol medication.

Scientifically compounded, Pyrozide Powder allays gum irritation and helps make soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white by removing the daily deposits of salivary secretions which, if not removed, harden and form tartar.

Today, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever are turning to it for gum protection. If you wish, begin by using it for just one of your daily brushings instead of your usual paste. The improvement in the condition of your gums will soon be so noticeable that you will use this sterilized, medicated powder exclusively. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

Free sample sent on request

The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., Sole Distributors, 1480 Broadway, New York City.

**PYROZIDE
POWDER**

UPSIDE DOWN

(Continued from page 27)

of feet on the stairs and Grace burst into the room. "Mother," she cried, "Love Is All!"

"I know," remarked Mrs. Mabrey mildly, "but please don't shout about it, darling."

"It's at the Colosseum," Grace went on breathlessly, waving the red poster she held in her hand. "A boy was passing these. My goodness, we might have missed it. I never thought it would come to Blairsville this quickly! We'll all drive over tonight and see it before the dance; may we?"

Rose rushed to her room, closed the door and tore open the envelope of her father's letter. As she read the first words on the cheap, ruled paper, she turned very white. With a little sound of wretchedness she fell into a chair, and lay tense, holding the crumpled letter tight in her hand.

CLAIRSVILLE was an overgrown country town, the amusement center for all the surrounding smaller towns. The Colosseum was its newest and most pretentious theater. Across its Byzantine facade an enormous poster proclaimed: "Love Is All—starring Arturo Appassionato with a full symphony orchestra"; and underneath: "Also Refined Family Vaudeville."

Rose slipped down a dingy alleyway and entered the theater through a small and battered door. And as she ran up the shabby, unpainted, ladder-like stairs; which gave directly upon the upper dressing room, all the sordid ugliness of the surroundings struck upon her consciousness with a fresh blow.

The air was heavy. A band of light shone around the door—open a few inches. She flung it wide. Her father stood before the little mirror—coatless, with his shirt open, his face streaked with make-up—he, too, was ugly. Grotesque and ugly!

She leaned against the door, pale, trembling, miserable.

He saw her in the twisted, cracked mirror and turned with a glad cry: "Rose! My little Rose!"—and his arms were held out to her. He waited for her to come to him—and in his eyes was the pleading, utter love one sees in the eyes of an old, faithful dog.

She went to him slowly and kissed his cheek.

"How—" he was stammering in his delight, "how quick you came! I didn't think maybe I could see you so soon. How did you get here so quick?"

"On the trolley," she said, sinking down in a chair. "It runs from Mabreyton every hour."

"But you look tired!" He hovered about her with nervous, anxious gestures. "You shouldn't have come, maybe? It is too hot. I didn't mean you should come as quick as you got the letter. I meant only when you had time—nothing else to do—"

He paused, trying to read her white, expressionless face. She sat with bent head, and would not meet his eyes—those tender, anxious eyes trying so hard to find her thoughts.

"Tell me, baby, do you need more dresses? Tell me. I have more money," he coaxed. He drew his chair close to hers and held out his hand. "My baby. What can I do?"

"How did you happen to come here, father?" she asked suddenly.

"Luck! It was just luck!" he cried joyously. Then at the look on her face, his quick exultant mood died. "My agent he fixed it for me," he explained dully.

"I asked him could he route me somewhere in the South—so you could come to me, Rose, when your visit was over. Well—then he wired me there was a place to fill here—someone had cancelled. I thought—to be near you, your friends—so near—to see you so quick—I thought it was a wonderful piece of luck."

"Oh, father!" she cried desperately. "Can you give it up?"

"Give it up?"

"You don't like it, father, this life, do you?"

"I don't know any other kind of work. Why should I give it up?"

"It's so—ugly!" she whispered.

He looked around him in amazement. "But, my little Rose, I don't think of that," he said simply. "Nothing like that worries me—any more. Once, perhaps, but not now."

"You don't care if things are ugly?"

"I don't see ugly things," he said, "because I am thinking of you. This is how it is, Rose. I walk along the street—well, the houses and the people, they are not there. You are with me. When I act, I am acting for you—to make you laugh. Don't you remember how you used to laugh when you were a baby, and I stood on my head for you? You thought my face was so funny turned upside down; I can still hear my little girl laugh. That's how it is, Rose. You see now?"

"You should have let me stay with you," said Rose bitterly. "And then I could have been an actress."

"You want to be an actress?"

"I don't want to be one. I hate this—hate it!" Her voice shook. "But it's all I'm fit for."

"What has happened? Who has hurt you?" he cried in terror. "What have they done?"

She sprang up. Her white cheeks were burning now; her voice tense. "It isn't what they have done or said; it's what they make me feel. Oh, father! Can't you tell me anything about my mother—where her people are? Couldn't I go to them?"

BUT I—I have told you," he stammered, bewildered, "all that I know; all that she told me. She was a lady, Rose. You are her own daughter and just like her. What more could they ask?"

"Your people, father! Don't you know anything about them?"

He bowed his head.

"You are not of my people," he said. "You have nothing of me. You are all your mother, who was so beautiful and fine."

She turned away in despair.

"Rose, listen," he said at last, and his shoulders were bowed like an old man's. "I don't know what's wrong. You say I wouldn't understand. Well—maybe not. I don't come into your world at all. Well—that's right. What I want to say is—if anyone has hurt you I can make it right, somehow. If it is a man—I will make him take back what he has said. If it is a woman—I will talk to her. And if it is no one—if you are sad because you have

(Continued on page 96)



10-minute outfit for GRAY HAIR

NOW girlhood color is given to hair by clear, colorless liquid that is safe, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Faded, graying streaks disappear. Hair becomes soft looking and youthful. Stays easy to curl. Nothing to wash or rub off.

This way takes the place of color pigment and gives natural effect. Auburn hair returns to auburn—black to black. Used by 3,000,000 women.

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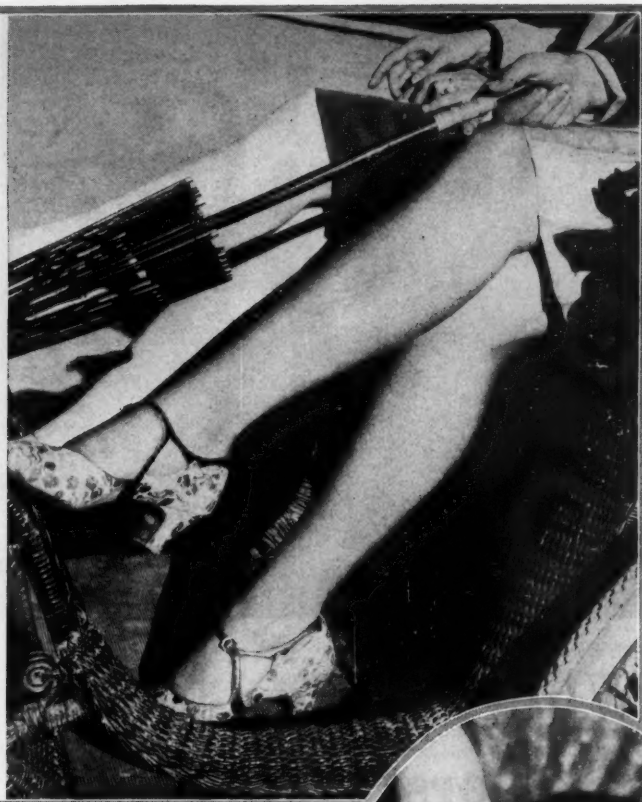
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Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.



"Suntan" with hose or without, requires utter smoothness of skin.

A Unique New Discovery in Removing Arm or Leg Hair

Utterly Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth



Every vestige of hair is gone—and reappearance of that hair delayed remarkably.

Mary Phillips, noted artist's model, recognizing the obviously false note in arm and leg hair, displays a skin satin-smooth and hair-free. She is pictured here between dips with a favored admirer.

A new way that not only removes arm or leg hair instantly but delays its reappearance remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior



There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth skin—hair-free as a child's.

beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both \$1 and 60c sizes. The \$1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.



Neet Cream
Hair Remover



Are White Teeth Impostors?

4 out of 5 say, "yes!"

Though too few of us realize it, teeth of gleaming whiteness do not signify immunity from diseases that take high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

NO favorites are played. Pyorrhea and other gum diseases treat everybody alike. They ignore teeth and attack gums. And unless forestalled they ravage beauty and youth. They hurry the destruction of health and teeth. If contracted, only dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance.

But modern dentistry brings you protection. If you will let him, your dentist can preserve the health of teeth and gums. See him at least once every six months. And between visits brush teeth and gums vigorously, every morning and every night. Of course, to obtain the best results, you should use a dentifrice that is good for both teeth and gums.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice. After using it for a few weeks you will note a distinct improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums. For it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay. In addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, such diseases as Pyorrhea seldom attack healthy gums.

If you agree that prevention is better than cure, add the daily use of Forhan's and a semi-annual visit to your dentist to the routine of life. It is economy. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York City.



Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no tell-tale odor. Try it.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

UPSIDE DOWN

[Continued from page 94]

not, maybe, as much as some others, why, I have saved money. There are two thousand dollars in the bank. And it is yours."

He stroked her hair slowly, gently. After a little while he said softly: "You are coming to the show tonight, Rose—with your friends?"

She flung up her head. The eyes in the hot, tear-stained face held a look of terror. How could she dare to hurt him? How could she explain? Her head fell forward again on her crossed arms on his knee.

"It's all right if you can't come," he said quickly.

"But they—we—are all coming. That's it! It's all arranged . . . The whole house party."

"Then I give you a box, Rose!" he exclaimed eagerly. "I'll pay for it. You can entertain your friends. And you wait and see! I have something new in my act. They will laugh. Oh, I know they will!"

Again she lifted that face—startled, white with fear.

"But father—but father, I . . . You see, it's like this—they—"

"Well, my baby?" His firm mouth curved in a slow, gentle smile.

"There won't be any time to come back to see you," she hurried on, desperately. "We are going to a dance. Perhaps they won't stay for anything but the picture."

"Oh!"

"But if they do—father!—If we do stay to see your act, father."

"Yes, dear?"

"Why!" she gasped. "You—you mustn't recognize me."

"Not recognize you?"

"Don't nod or smile—or anything. It's better."

He lifted his chin a little and gave her a long look; his face was gray.

"It's because they—wouldn't—understand," she whispered faintly. And she hung her head.

"I see," he said—and he was panting a little. "Then they—your friends—don't know about me?"

"No. No, father. I—"

He put his hand gently under her chin, and lifted her drooping face, so sorrowful, so ashamed.

"My baby," he said with a brave, struggling smile, "never make yourself sad for me. What you want is what I want—always."

She hid her face on his arm in a passion of weeping.

IN THE darkened Colosseum Grace Mabrey's house party occupied the two lower right hand boxes. The "super-film"—"Love Is All"—had reached its close.

"Well, shall we go?" asked Grace, gathering her cloak around her as the picture melted tenderly away and the house lights flashed up.

Rose heard and the color came back to her white cheeks, the blood to her numb body. "I'm saved! saved!" a voice was crying within her.

Don held out her soft white evening wrap. His fingers pressed gently through the silk as he folded it about

her shoulders. She looked up at him and smiled her thanks.

"What's your hurry?" drawled Edna, who had remained in her place, leaning on the railing.

"Do you want to stay?" asked Grace.

"The vaudeville's always rotten?"

"Oh, but let's stay anyway," said Edna, languidly, "and rag the actors."

"I don't think that's funny," said Don, hotly.

"Our noble little Donnie-boy," murmured Edna, brushing his cheek with her fan.

He colored angrily, but his voice was quiet as he said: "It's poor sport to hit somebody who can't hit back."

MY HEAVENS!" Grace said, in a penetrating, laughing whisper. "Do look at that funny old man!"

The orchestra had swung into a gay, quick tune and a gray-haired man was running out from the wings, turning hand-springs as he came.

"Doesn't he look exactly like a monkey in that suit?"

Grace giggled.

His glance shot toward the box, then quickly away. He doubled himself up and turned backward somersaults, while his assistant—dressed as a waiter—ran in to set the stage: two gilt chairs, a small gilt table. The music played faster and faster, and the old man, springing up and turning over rapidly in the air, approached the table. The waiter held out a chair for him, and as he attempted to

sit down, drew it out from under him. There was a deep boom from the drum as he fell; a few giggles from the audience.

"Simply rotten," drawled Edna in an undertone. "If American audiences would only boo like the English, we shouldn't have to stand for such stuff."

"You would stay," Don reminded her. "What can you expect from a clown?"

Rose looked up and saw Mr. Mabrey enter the box. Grace saw him too.

"Oh, hello, Dad," she said. "I guess there'll be something better later on. I wish this old bird would hurry up, though, and get through with his silly act."

The old clown had climbed up on the gilt table and was standing on his head. His red legs stuck straight up in the air, his whole body unwavering, rigid. His face, grotesque, red and wrinkled, wore a look of pride.

Rose's eyes had been closed. She opened them now and looked at her father. His purple, swollen, upside-down face was addressed to her and she knew the look that lay in those eyes—faithful, dog-like eyes.

Then, suddenly, as she gazed, a look of terror shot across his face. His legs wavered, he crumpled up, and, falling with a little thud, he lay motionless. There was a gasp of horror from the audience. The curtain went down.

Mabrey caught his breath with a little cry. Don turned to him.

"Dad! Hadn't we better go?"

[Continued on page 99]

FOR MAYONNAISE

Wesson Oil and just a fresh egg beaten together and seasoned to taste—and you have the most delicious mayonnaise imaginable. Doesn't it sound easy to make? And really good? . . .

Here's the recipe. Break an egg in a bowl—add one tablespoonful of Wesson Oil and beat vigorously until the egg and the oil are thoroughly mixed. Add another tablespoon of oil, continuing the beating. Then two more tablespoons. Then add three, beating all the time. Your mayonnaise will begin to thicken. Now add Wesson Oil about four tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition—until your mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as desired.

Now comes the seasoning—which of course may be varied according to taste. Perhaps you will like it this way. Mix well about one-half teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon each of sugar and mustard, with a generous pinch each of paprika and red pepper. Add approximately one and one-half tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar, and stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved. Pour into the mayonnaise and beat well.

Good mayonnaise can make even the varied "this and that" which every woman knows how to whisk together, into a delicious salad. Also, it

gives to lobster or crabmeat or fresh salmon a savor that can be achieved in no other way.

And mayonnaise made with Wesson Oil is good, for Wesson Oil helps give that rich, creamy smoothness that is so important in mayonnaise. And no wonder! Here is a choice salad oil. Pure. Wholesome. Crystal clear. Light in color. And *exquisitely* delicate in flavor. Indeed, Wesson Oil is so good to eat by itself, that it can't help lending its goodness to whatever you make with it.

FOR FRENCH DRESSING

Perhaps the pleasantest thing about *French Dressing* is that it can be varied in so many interesting ways—an individual creation, always, delightfully your own.

Six tablespoons of Wesson Oil, two of vinegar or lemon juice, one teaspoon of salt and a quarter teaspoon of pepper. Then whatever your imagination suggests: chopped almonds, a bit of Roquefort cheese, Worcestershire sauce, Ketchup, chopped olives, Bar-le-duc—the variations are infinite. A dash of paprika, of course, for color—and *there* is as delightful a dressing as ever lent zest to a fresh green salad, crisp from the icebox.

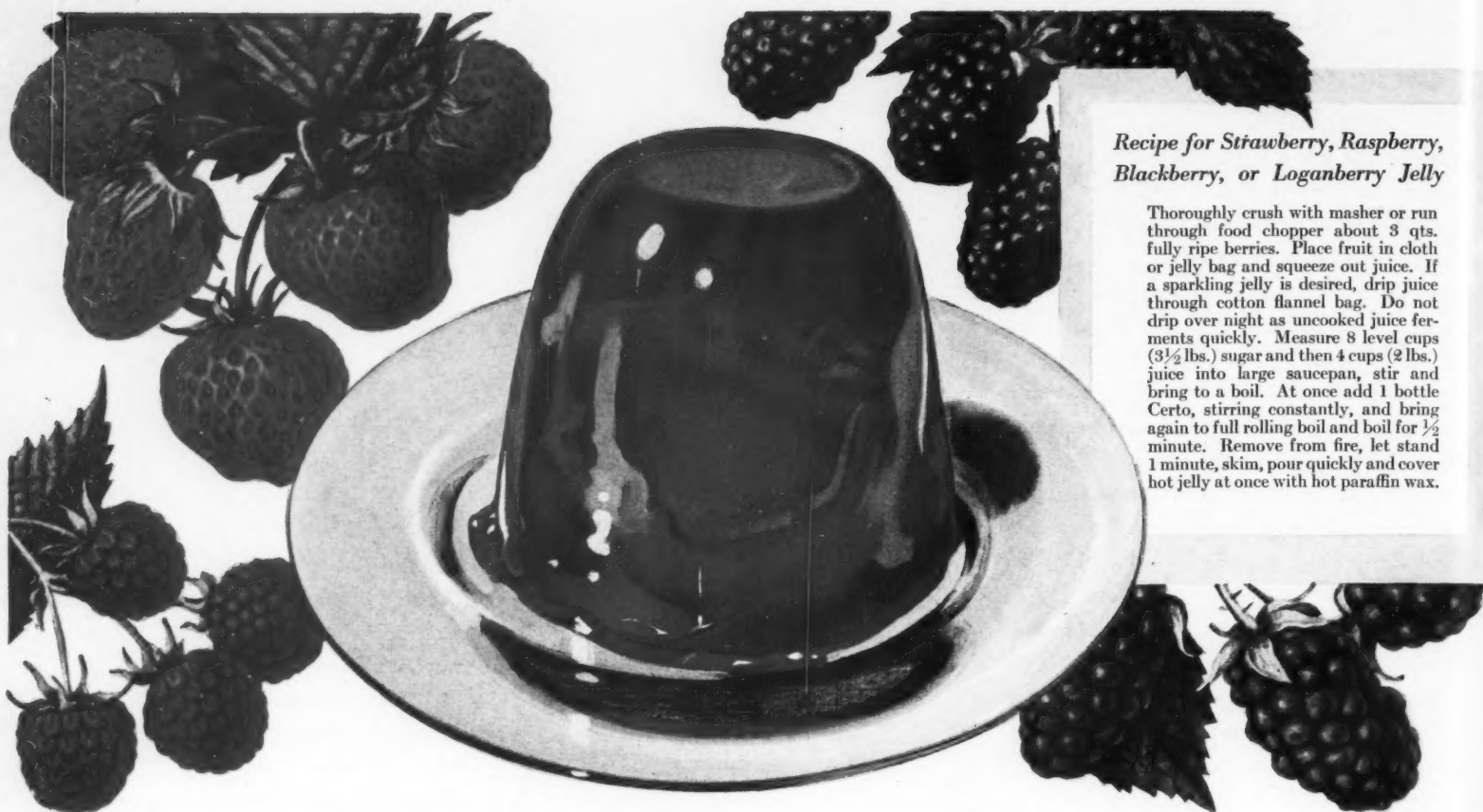
FOR BAKING AND FRYING

Have you ever made a cake with Wesson Oil? It will come out of the oven light and fine-textured—and more delicious than any you've ever eaten.

This, of course, is in line with the new modern idea of baking and frying with a fine salad oil. Wesson Oil makes delightful muffins, biscuit, waffles, pie crust. And food you fry in Wesson Oil is unusually wholesome and good.

The Wesson Oil way is an easy convenient way, too. For with Wesson Oil, you simply *pour* to measure, and *pour* to mix. And your measurements are always accurate . . . We shall be glad to send you our recipe book full of all sorts of delightful ways of using Wesson Oil. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.





Recipe for Strawberry, Raspberry, Blackberry, or Loganberry Jelly

Thoroughly crush with masher or run through food chopper about 3 qts. fully ripe berries. Place fruit in cloth or jelly bag and squeeze out juice. If a sparkling jelly is desired, drip juice through cotton flannel bag. Do not drip over night as uncooked juice ferments quickly. Measure 8 level cups (3½ lbs.) sugar and then 4 cups (2 lbs.) juice into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add 1 bottle Certo, stirring constantly, and bring again to full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot paraffin wax.

NOW IT'S SO EASY to make perfect jams and jellies

THERE IS A MODERN EASY METHOD that anyone can use successfully to make delicious jams and jellies.

Because it is most efficient and economical and retains the fresh natural flavor and color of the fruit, this method is recommended by famous cooking experts like Alice Bradley and Sarah Field Splint. It is taught in the Home Economics Departments of universities and colleges all over the country.

This is the modern "short-boil" method. Certo makes it possible.

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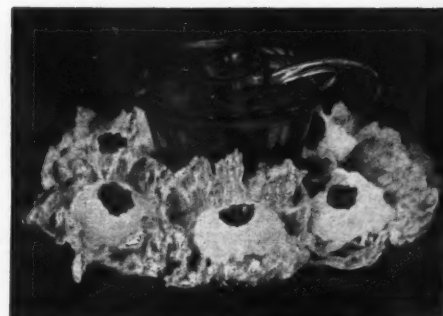
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UPSIDE DOWN

[Continued from page 96]

In the tumult of words and movement Rose stood, silent and motionless, holding to a chair, her eyes fixed on Don.

His face set sternly as he heard someone laugh. She had seen that he turned to her—his first thought. He put the white cloak about her and took her hand. And without speech they followed the others from the box.

When they were in his car, Don wrapped his own coat around the trembling shoulders. "That little thin cape of yours isn't enough," he said. "I'm going to take care of you from now on, darling."

"Oh, Don!" she said faintly. She leaned her head against his shoulder and shut her eyes. Waves of sick dread were closing over her, smothering her. She clenched her fists and tried not to think, as the car started. And the air of their swift going revived her. "He will be all right . . . he has his friends to take care of him," she tried to tell herself, at first. Then: "It's better not to think. I'll slip away when I can . . ."

"Poor little girl—it was all that horror." Don stopped the car, and slipped his arm around her. "Just lean on me and don't bother about talking until you feel like it, you're tired out."

"Don!" she panted. "Do you—think—he's all right now?"

"Why, of course he is, honey. Don't worry about him. My poor little tender heart!"

She buried her face against his shoulder, and shook with sobs.

"Now stop crying," he said, as if he were talking to a child, wiping her eyes and laughing at her. "Rose, I love you because you are just a little girl. Honestly, sometimes I feel like your father."

She shivered, and he felt her body stiffen in his embrace.

"Don," she said, in a high tense voice, "I want to go back there!"

"Where?"

"To the theater."

"What for?"

"I—left my purse there."

"They'll hold it for you at the box office—or, I'll give you another one. We don't want to go back now."

HE STARTED the car and turned off the highway into a narrow and deserted country road. The branches of great trees met overhead; there was the odor of wet earth and ferns, and the far off sound of croaking frogs.

"Where are we going, Don?" Rose asked excitedly. "Is this a short cut to Mabreyton?"

"No," he answered solemnly, "it's a short cut to happiness."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that this old road leads into another state. It's only twenty miles. We can be married there even if we haven't our parents' consent—"

"Married!"

"I got the license this afternoon and found out all about it while you were asleep. We are eloping, Rose. I thought you'd like to know." He smiled whimsically.

The comfort of his arms. Light warmth, comfort: her father . . . "Love that passeth all understanding—vaunteth not itself—forgiveth all things—"

With a cry, she clutched his arm.

"Quick, Don! Turn back," she said.

The car stopped with a jerk.

"Rose, can't you trust me?"

Her lips were dry—"Oh, Don," she whispered, "don't—hate me."

"Hate you?" He caught her to him, held her close. "I love you, darling."

"But you won't . . . I am not what you think I am. Oh, God! Go back—quick. I want to tell you . . . My people are not like yours. Dear Don—help me."

"What have your people got to do with us?" he exclaimed doggedly.

"They are stage people . . . He—the acrobat tonight—"

"Not the old man?" he interrupted.

"Don't make me stop to tell you—take me to him . . . Yes, to him—"

"That poor old man! And you went away like that—without asking—why, he might be dead!"



DON! Don't He's my father! Ah—I knew you'd hate me," and she trembled so that her words were broken. "Oh, Don—you said you didn't care . . . You said whatever happened—"

"Your father!" he cried.

And through the sound of the starting engine came his sharp, cold utterance: "You

could do a thing like that! Good Lord! You could do a thing like that?"

It seemed to Rose that all her hope in life had fallen in ruins and yet she had never felt so composed, so full of courage.

"Rose, forgive me."

At that her calm broke.

"Oh, can't you see I'm glad it's over? I don't have to lie and pretend any longer. I'm glad it's over, I tell you. I'm glad it's over!"

When they reached the theater, Rose broke a long silence.

"Please let me go in alone," she said in a shaking voice.

"I'll wait," Don answered, without looking toward her.

She ran down the dimly lighted alley toward the stage door.

"Rose," said a familiar voice. And a man came out of the shadow.

"Mr. Mabrey!" she gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you, Rose," he said gently, taking her hand. "I knew you'd come back to him."

"My father! He's my father, Mr. Mabrey!" She clung to him with trembling cold hands. "How is he? Where is he now?"

"I had him sent to a hospital and I waited here for you, so I could take you to him. It isn't far." He put out his arm to steady her. "Your father has been ill a long time. But he didn't care for his health or he'd have stopped his work, of course. The doctor's doing all he can, now. And some friends of his are at the hospital, too. It was they who told me about you—told me that you are his daughter."

"Don't!" cried Rose sharply, covering her face with her hands. "Does my father know I left him? Let's go. Let's go."

They walked rapidly away.

"No, he doesn't know," said Mr. Mabrey softly. "I told him that the doctor wouldn't let him see anyone right away; that you would come later."

"How did you know?" She raised her white, ashamed, despairing face.

"Oh, Mr. Mabrey! After I'd done a

[Continued on page 100]



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UPSIDE DOWN

[Continued from page 99]

thing like that—how could you know I'd come back?"

"Because I believed in you, Rose. Blood will always tell."

"Don said something like that. But he meant I wasn't—"

"Don't remember anything that Don said tonight, Rose. He will see things differently tomorrow. Who knows? It may take more courage to come back than never to have deserted."

"But Don was right, Mr. Mabrey. I know nothing of my family. I'm tired of pretending. I haven't any good blood, really."

"You have your father's, Rose. And he's the finest man I ever knew."

He had been lying with his eyes turned toward the door, mutely waiting, ever since they had said she would come; waiting patiently, although at every step in the hall his hands trembled. And when Rose came at last and

ran to the bed, to kneel beside him, he was quite calm.

"My baby, baby," he soothed, trying to touch her shaking shoulders.

"Don't cry, my baby."

He relaxed in her arms with a long sigh. "You're—not unhappy any longer, Rose?" he whispered faintly.

"Not any more. And I won't make you unhappy, father, any more. I've been so cruel. I didn't know. Can you forgive me?"

"Don't cry, my little Rose," he whispered. "You—have been—good. You made—me—so happy—always."

"Oh, father, is that true?" she cried desperately. "I haven't hurt you?"

His body straightened in her arms. A look of pride and courage flashed across his face. "Never," he said in a clear voice. "No—never."

And dignity and beauty came at last to him with death.

GOING TO PIECES

[Continued from page 7]

down the coast. A passing American correspondent thought it would be a good story to cable home, but I warned him that the complete chronicle would need a great many words. For the really rich humor of the incident could be savored only by someone who knew not only that a hotel had turned Bernard Shaw from its doors, but who also knew what manner of people—what human trash, what bejewelled pieces of nothing at all had at the same time been welcomed with open arms.

That painful and illuminating contrast has been coming back to me all day as I sit at my desk contemplating the fact that in both New York and London last season the year's most successful, and, incidentally, most distinguished play—*Street Scene* in New York, and *Journey's End* in London was produced at all only after it had been rejected for one reason or another by virtually every manager in its city.

IN LONDON now there is not a managerial sanctum which is not sicklied o'er with the memory of having let slip through its fingers the play called *Journey's End*, the incomparably beautiful war tragedy which, with truth and honor and profound emotion, seems to stand beside the cenotaph at Westminster and, in behalf of the Unknown Soldier, play the part there that Lincoln played at Gettysburg and the part that Pericles played in the little town called Athens when the world was young. However, what may be imagined as most deeply depressing those offices which could see no merit in *Journey's End*, is the present prospect that the play will run for five years in London, and that with its New York company already launched and with its Chicago and Canadian companies now being assembled for September premières, it is among the reasonable possibilities that *Journey's End* will make as great a fortune as play ever made since the first one was written.

It is always comparatively easy thus to be wise after the event, but it is difficult to understand the obtuseness of the managers who rejected *Street Scene* and *Journey's End*.

In the case of the Theatre Guild, which followed most of the other important New York managements in rejecting *Street Scene* (returning its multitudinous and abundant manuscript with the astounding complaint that it had "no content"), the Guild's

taste and acumen cannot really be measured unless you know not merely that it spurned this admirable tragedy, but know also what manner of plays—what trash, what bejewelled pieces of nothing at all—it clasped at the same time to its withered bosom. *Street Scene* was finally picked up by that veteran, William A. Brady, and will, I think, run a year on Broadway.

Already it is established as the most successful of the native works produced in New York during the season now faltering to its close. By this time, too, the guerdon of the Pulitzer prize is probably assuring its author that it was the best American play of the season, and by this time, too, Deems Taylor is doubtless far advanced in the composition of the score with which he hopes to clothe *Street Scene* for its entry into the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Street Scene the work of Elmer Rice (née Reizenstein) listens to the rhyme and rhythm of life by sitting on the dusty, brownstone, polyglot doorstep of a mean flat house in New York. To the ceaseless throb of the city's noises—taxi horns, fire engines, chatter of kids, rumble of mail trucks—the play jogs along as a spectator of the game of life and death. Jews, Italians, Irish, Germans, all jostled together and the friction thereof; a sidewalk courtship, as sweet as ever sought for moonlit words in a Veronese garden; fleet passing glimpses of courage and sacrifice and generosity and cruelty; the dalliance of a vaguely unhappy woman with the collector for the milk company; jealousy and murder and arrest in the second floor front, while the neighbors gape and the tabloids gather and the old wives of the tenement cluck together; a body carried out, a flutter of black crêpe over the doorbell, a pow-wow over the disposition they should make of the chicken soup brewing on the murdered woman's stove; then a squawk of protest from the third floor front, where a new life is inauspiciously entering the world—of such stuff is *Street Scene* made.

The endless jig goes on. The local gossips, deprived by murder of their favorite victim, are turning their tongues upon the woman's daughter; and an unsuspecting couple are staring receptively at the new Flat-to-Rent sign tacked beside the door as the curtain falls—slowly, reluctantly—on a living and beautiful play.



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film. Germs by the millions breed in it . . . germs of many different kinds.

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THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 8]

vision is of a Christian fellowship unspoiled by separating sectarian loyalties; and he sees no insurmountable difficulties in the way if men really have the spirit of Christ.

"It must be borne in mind," Dr. Ainslie reminds us, "that all these Churches believe in God, in Christ and in the Bible. That is to say, in their basic faith they are one, differing only in interpretation. Are we sure that it is impossible that our interpretations may be imperfect, or that they contain less than the whole truth? Even if interpretations differ, are these differences of such character as to make us unchristian in our attitude toward other Christians? Does not the fact that we violate the spirit of love and truth awaken no alarm in our souls?"

"The scandal," Dr. Ainslie insists, "is not that we differ over secondary matters, or even that we have different interpretations of great matters—for there must be diversity of opinion in any permanent unity; no, the scandal is that we make our differences a breach of fellowship. The exclusion of any Christian from any Church which he desires to join, unless he accepts our particular interpretations and uses words with our exact accent, is an outrage upon the very genius of Jesus and the spirit of His religion. How can any Church claim to be Christian if it shuts its doors to anyone who loves and is seeking to follow Christ?"

SOMETHING TO SAY

[Continued from page 8]

vocal movies place a heavy burden of responsibility on the writer who composes the lines for the characters to speak, and it is becoming apparent that there are regrettably few authors who can bear up under this burden.

In the best of the talking pictures, such as *The Broadway Melody*, *Hearts in Dixie*, *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, *Alibi*, *The Letter*, *Show Boat*, *Coquette* and *Close Harmony*, you will observe that wherever the dialogue becomes stilted and unnatural, the acting suddenly seems to appear crudely incompetent, the dramatic interest slackens and the illusion is dispelled.

Show Boat is an excellent case in point. It is a superb picture—a veritable orgy of picturesque romance and genuine sentiment; but its force is lessened by some awful scenes wherein the hero and heroine shout at each other, using phrases that have not been heard since *East Lynne* and *Bertha*, the *Sewing Machine Girl* vanished from the stage. However, these occasional lapses don't count heavily in the ultimate entertainment value of *Show Boat*; they are forgiven and forgotten whenever the grand and inspiring chords of "Ole Man River" surge forth from the loud speakers.

Alibi, like *The Broadway Melody*, should be seen and heard by all those who are inclined to shed tears over the death of the silent drama: it proves that a talking picture is still a moving picture and not necessarily a mere mechanical reproduction of a stage play. The movietone has deprived the screen of none of its traditional breadth of action, none of its fluidity, none of its opportunities for eloquent pantomime.

Neither is the movietone depriving the screen of its former stars to the expected extent. Most of the notable performances that have been given in the talkies have been the work of actors and actresses whose experience has been gained in the films.

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1639



1674

1688

1712



1649



1713

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1694



1670

(Below) 1656



1640



No. 1639. The round Smocktop with a simple binding at neck and comfortable long sleeves with smocked cuffs is as practical a play frock as the small girl can need. The special facility for making the garment that results from the shaped smocking design is an attraction appreciated by the busy sewer. Adapted to little girls from 2 to 10 years.

No. 1713. The most captivating of party frocks for 6 years has rows of fine narrow lace gathered on the shoulders and fine rambler-rose sprays embroidered down the front. Daintily worked it is equally sweet on smaller lots of 2 and 4 years.

No. 1674. The finely smocked points around the neck of this tiny Smocktop garment lend that baby-like charm that is always sought. The simplicity of the model is its own recommendation, also its perfect adaptation to the earliest ages including infants to 6 months, 1 to 2 and 3 to 4 years.

No. 1688. With bonnet and coat matching, this infant ensemble spells the last word of chic in baby-hood styles. On a fine albatross or crepe-de-chine of pale shade or on white, the smocking stitches work up easily and with delightfully soft effect. Designed for infants to 6 months, or for 1 to 2 years and 3 to 4.

No. 1712. Another little Smocktop for infant years has tiny rambler-roses worked in between the smocking, a very cunning frock for curly-locks. Her mother could devise nothing smarter nor more French in taste. The work following simple directions is easily done. Designed for infants to 6 months, 1 to 2 and 3 to 4 years.

No. 1649. The sleeveless Smocktop with a curved diamond design running through the yoke is a favorite. It makes quite an adorable party frock for the small maiden and so comfortable to slip over the head. Model adapted to either small size (2 to 4), or medium (6 to 8), or large (10 to 12).

No. 1694. A pretty color combination and the divided smocking worked on this smart frock gives it a special charm all its own. The finish with collar and cuffs edged with one row of cross-stitch makes a perfect completion. It is fascinating to make and launders beautifully, being adapted to either 2 to 4 years or 6 to 8.

No. 1640. Something that she can wear to school as well as for outdoor fun, describes this smart pointed Smocktop for Miss Eight or Ten years. The little group of rambler-roses worked in each point lends the desired color. Designed for a small child of from 2-4-6 years or a larger girl of from 8-10-12 years.

No. 1656. For a girl in her teens, a stunning version of the popular Smocktop having motifs in the colorful cross-stitch known as "peasant" embroidery, brings her right in step with the vogue. When the cutting and fitting of the dress is so simply governed by the work of the Smocktop itself, it is a delight to use such a model. Adapted to misses of 14, 16, 18 or 20 years.

No. 1670. Another interesting variation of the pointed Smocktop has an increased number of points which look lovely in brown smocking stitches on a yellow frock for small child of 2 to 4, or of medium (6 to 8), or larger (10 to 12).

L'ECHO



Youthful Lines Are Suggested in Elaborate Frocks

THOUGH fashions are growing softer in style and more various in cut, a flattering suggestion of youth remains part of the style of every smart frock. Paris has invented details that add youth to a gown even while making it more elaborate. Youthful lines are no longer strictly straight ones, but youth is suggested by accenting the long lines of the figure. A slightly higher waistline is marked by seamings, or a short bolero effect. Or the peplum, a favorite feature for every type of frock is used to give a young silhouette at the same time making a gown look more formal in character.

No. 5753. A striking effect is produced by the use of two materials in a slender frock with pointed diagonal seamings. Size 36, upper dress 1½ yards 39-inch; lower dress, 2½ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5759. A becoming version of the peplum frock is flat in the back, with a peplum at the front and the sides. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material; lace edging requires 1½ yards 4-inch.

No. 5751. The skirt of an afternoon frock is cut to flare in the back, and a separate panel attached under the girde provides a front flare. Size 36, 4¾ yards 35-inch, 4 yards 39-inch or 3 yards 54-inch.

No. 5763. Youthful lines are suggested by seamings that give the effect of a short bolero to a simple frock with a circular skirt. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 32-inch material or 5 yards 35-inch, skirt cut crosswise.



PARIS



Paris Drapes the Waistline of Afternoon Frocks

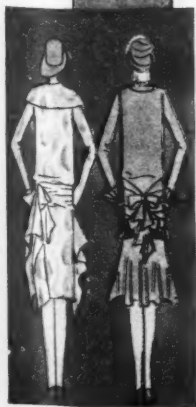
AMONG the features that give a completely new look to the French frocks just arriving from abroad is the soft draping of the waistline. This is part of the tendency to change familiar silhouettes by suggesting the natural curve of the waist and accenting the long lines of the figure. Many different types of frocks make this suggestion in many different ways; soft folds of draperies are among the most successful as they suggest the soft curve of the waistline subtly, without sharply breaking the lines of the frock, and because they are more easily adjustable to the individual figure.

No. 5757. A clever girdle attached at the lower edge to curved seamings on the skirt ties in front to give a draped waistline. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch or $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35- or 39-inch.

No. 5755. Two materials accent the diagonal lines of a frock that has a skirt pleated in front and a wide bias girdle tying in a bow. Size 36, dotted, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35- or 39-inch material; plain, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5742. The draped waistline is very simply effected by a skirt cut straight and shirred at each side of the waistline. Size 36 requires 5 yards 35-inch material, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch or $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 51-inch.

No. 5766. A wide peplum in girdle effect that ties in two bows at the back lends the new Victorian silhouette to an afternoon frock. Size 36 requires 5 yards 35-inch or $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch, skirt cut crosswise.





L'ECHO
de
Paris



No. 5750. The handkerchief scarf lends a becoming neckline to a sleeveless frock. A shaped band suggests a scalloped bolero on the bodice, and a circular flounce is joined to the skirt in a scalloped line. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch or $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 39-inch.

No. 5744. A bouffant evening gown of the type Paris is making of tulle or chiffon has a very full circular skirt and an overskirt formed of circular panels attached to the edge of a draped girdle. Size 36, 5 yards 72-inch; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch; one material, $9\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch.



Stories about Blouses

by Thérèse Clémenceau

BLOUSES have just entered into conflict with sweaters! Sweaters we must admit have had their hour, and we, whom men love to criticize for our impatience, have given proof of an astonishing stability. Nevertheless, we must change, and here comes the pretty little blouse, fresh, smart and resolved to vanquish the sweater. Really, I do not see any reason why these two varieties of waists do not go hand in hand.

Let us now speak of the blouse. Its color may be in harmony with the skirt, or frankly different, or a medley of colors. The first is the least favorable, because it is less new, and the one I would place in the highest rank is the wearing of a much darker blouse than the skirt, fashion having a tendency to contrasts of light and dark. In the most recent models the yoke is visible. We see it either large or small, placed on one side, in the front or in the back. These yokes must always be joined to the waist with delicate hand-work, very fine cording, fagoting or scalloped edgings. Very often the jabots are in one with the yokes and complete them. They should be trimmed in the same manner as the cuffs and bottom of the blouse. This idea surprises you, because you possibly think the blouse cannot be tucked in the skirt? You are in error, the new blouses are just as charming worn on top, as underneath; therefore, prepare them for both, as they will certainly be worn both ways. I must add that the lower part of blouse below the waist-line will always be short, so that nothing will confound them with their rivals, the sweaters. In any event, the blouse remains in the domain of femininity, even if, for the good of the cause, it adopts a little masculine air. Therefore, the front, which derives its inspiration from men's shirts, can be made of lace, of heavy embroidery, of small tucks or in open-work embroidery. The place for the belt is formal, at the waist, rather snug, so as to produce a blouse effect all around.

In rather heavy, washable white satin, is a blouse for morning wear, buttoned entirely down the front, with novelty buttons, similar in color to the material employed. Very high cuffs have the same button closing. A diminutive lingerie collar is without trimming and finished with a rather important neck-tie, similar to the collar itself.

Another blouse is reddish-brown with a large band across the bust, and at the sleeves, at the same height. The tone of this band is a very pale tan, with incrustations in gold thread. The original feature is a series of small tabs buttoning on the skirt with gold buttons. The belt is entirely optional, but if it exists it must be of gold-colored leatherette.

Another blouse in red lacquer crêpe de Chine has five little white collars one upon the other, that afford the only trimming. Red polka dots are embroidered on each collar, and a very tiny scallop edges them. Similar embroidery appears at the bottom of the sleeves.

In the horizon what else do we see? A fourth blouse in ocre lace, the large insertions separated by very fine, vellum-lace tucks. Simplicity dominates and the neck-line cut square has a narrow jabot of ocre-tinted handkerchief linen that falls to the hip-line.

Do you wish to have now a few novelties? Look at a crêpe de Chine blouse of blue on which are appliquéd a series of very pale blue triangles. The points go in all directions, but radiate from the bottom of the blouse, so as to make a border. The girdle is of sky-blue crêpe de Chine.

Now, I come to a very interesting creation from which the great fashionists take many new effective ideas. It is the union of extremely fine woollens with rather heavy silks.

I have finished. You are in the presence of a series of the newest blouses. Make your choice, and try not to shame the one who chose them for you!



No. 5741. The new peplum silhouette is effected in a graceful evening frock by circular flounces at the hip and the hem. A shaped band and a bow on the bodice suggest a bolero and repeat the line of the skirt flounces. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch material or $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch.

l'echo de paris



New French Frocks Become Longer and Fuller

A LITTLE while ago, the length of the skirt was relatively unimportant in fashions. A sports frock could be very brief, a formal frock very long—Paris cut the length to suit the general character of each individual frock. But there is a new movement that insists on long lines in almost every type of frock, and in keeping with this, waistlines are slightly raised, and skirts are lengthened to give a long sweeping line from waistline to hem. Skirts remained short because a longer skirt might be less youthful. But Paris has avoided this by making hemlines very much wider; and a long very full skirt is still a youthful one.

No. 5764. Princess lines are modified to suit a young girl's figure in a frock which has a very full circular skirt attached to a shaped yoke. Size 16, $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch with skirt cut crosswise; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 39-inch.

No. 5670. A graceful afternoon frock has a circular wrap-around skirt cut to dip at one side and joined to the bodice in a scalloped line. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch material or 4 yards 39-inch material.

No. 5765. The belt that marks the waistline of a simple frock with a circular skirt is tied in a bow to match the bow at the draped neckline. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch material with skirt cut crosswise.

No. 5675. The bodice is cut to fall in a circular jabot at the side, repeating the lines of a side flare on the wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

l'echo de paris



Afternoon Chic is a Matter of Small Details

FINE details are characteristic of the new season's afternoon frocks. Every model has an air of subtle complication and individuality, an effect produced by little added touches. There are soft collars to flatter the neckline, a few tucks at the waistline, a peplum or a bolero. Or most frequently of all, a soft bow supplies the added touch of decoration. It may be a bow formed from tying the long ends of a cape collar or a bertha, or a bow at the waist to finish a sash. Or simply a separate bow added as a trimming—a large bow on the shoulder or tiny tailored bows arranged in a row down the front of a blouse.

No. 5745. A circular skirt is attached to a deep yoke slightly draped in front by means of three tucks. A bertha collar finishes the neckline. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32- or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with skirt cut crosswise.

No. 5758. Three tailored bows add to the smart effect of a front bolero. The front of the skirt is slightly circular, falling in long points. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 5674. A wide girdle tying in a bow at the side accents the side flare of a wrap-around skirt. A bertha collar is attached to a shallow yoke. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 5762. A narrow belt ties in a bow at the side above a one-sided peplum and a side flare on the skirt. A bertha collar is finished at one side with an attractive bow. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.





No. 5735. A large collar is flattering on a simple straight coat. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch material; collar, cuffs and lining, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5622. Bands and bows trim the frock of a short jacket ensemble. Size 36, sleeveless dress, 3 yards 39-inch; coat, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5717. A three-quarter length coat accompanies a smart frock. Size 36, dress, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 35-inch; coat, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch.

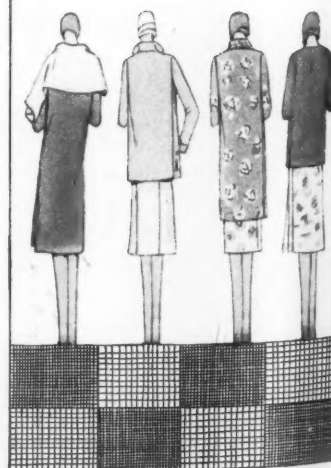
No. 5672. A short jacket ensemble is attractive in contrasting fabrics. Size 36, sleeveless dress, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27- or 32-inch; jacket, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch.

L'ÉCHO
DE
PARIS



Every Summer Dress Has Its Own Coat

THIS summer, coats are in vogue as never before. Where in other years the typical summer costume was a dress and a hat, now there are so many frocks made without sleeves or with low necks that the summer costume is more likely to be an ensemble. The sports or tennis frock usually has a short jacket, and these little jackets made of bright silks are very smart as well with chiffon afternoon frocks. The three-quarter length coats appear to be a favorite length both for sports or street costumes. And the long coat, usually made of light materials and designed along soft lines that suggest a dress style, is worn for every hour of the summer day or evening.

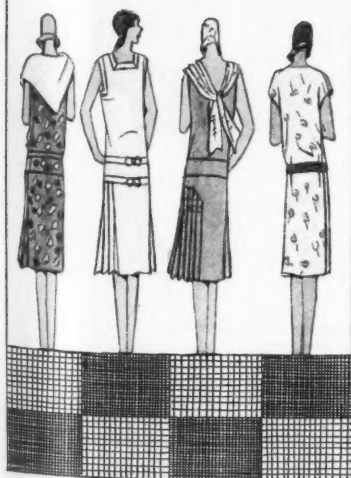




5682

5688

L'ÉCHO
DE
PARIS



No. 5682. Panels of pleats at the side are headed by patch pockets. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch; kerchief, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32-inch.

No. 5688. The sun tan neckline is a smart feature of a tennis frock. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5662. A handkerchief collar has long scarf ends in the back. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch; contrasting, 1 yard 35-inch.

No. 5768. A simply draped neckline is finished with a bow. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 27-inch or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch; tie, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 4-inch.



5662

5768

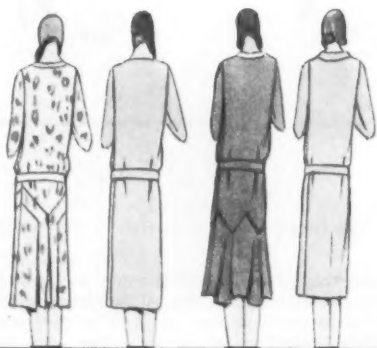
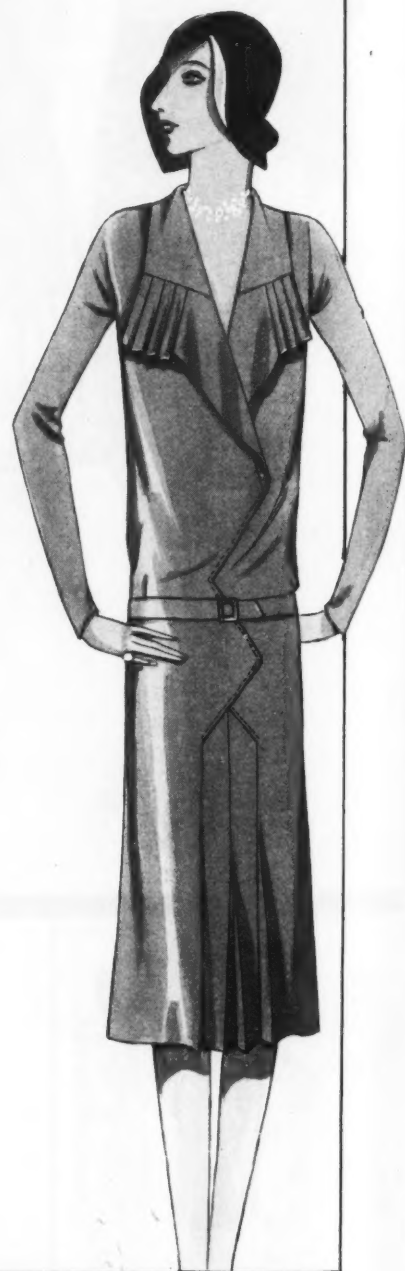
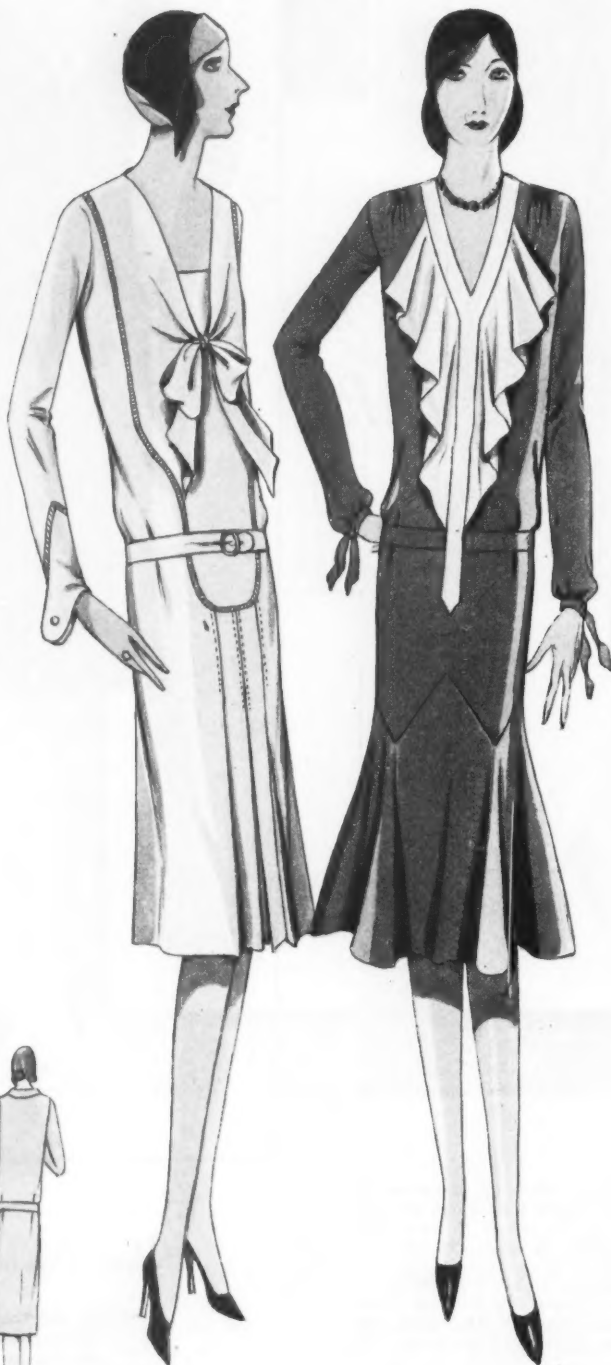
New Necklines in Summer Sports Frocks

THE sun-tan neckline has become a popular feature of summer frocks this season. At Southern resorts, the frock cut low in the back was adopted by the smartest women who wanted the same tone of tan to appear when they wore the new evening frocks cut low in back. But for summer, the sports frock with the low sun-tan neckline has been adopted by everyone, for no other reason than that it is attractive and practical in itself. In contrast to new necklines for those who want as much summer tan as possible, there are also handkerchief necklines that can be knotted high in the neck as a protection against the sun for those who want a pale complexion during summer months.

The Jabot is Revived in New Forms

LINGERIE touches are an item mentioned in any discussion of the newest French frocks. They consist not only of cuffs, collars and frills that are made of the crisp white that one thinks of in connection with lingerie details, but every kind of soft trimming at the neckline made of contrasting material or the same fabrics as the frock. Jabots and soft bows that have wide ends falling in jabot effect are popular.

L'ÉCHO ^D



No. 5748. A pleated jabot softens the neckline of a tailored frock in which pleats are combined with seamings at the front and back. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch material, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch or 3 yards 54-inch.

No. 5754. Fagoting trims an attractive daytime frock pleated in front. A draped effect at the neckline is finished with a large bow. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch material, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5747. The low flaring silhouette is effected by a circular flounce joined in a pointed line. A jabot is attached under trimming straps. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35-inch.

No. 5773. A front closing cut in a pointed line and a smart collar trimmed with a pleated frill are distinctive features of a simple frock. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch material or $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 39-inch.

PARIS

Daytime Frocks are Smartly Tailored

A FAVORITE type of frock for this time of the year is designed on the simple slender lines of a tailored frock, cleverly pleated or subtly flared, beltless or held at the waistline by a narrow belt. Such frocks Paris intends for every practical daytime purpose, as a sports frock, a street frock for town wear, a smart indoor costume or a frock to combine with one of the new smart coats to form an ensemble.



No. 5752. A simple straight line frock bloused by a belt is given an attractive air of complication by novel seamings on the bodice. Size 36, supper dress, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch material; lower dress and sleeves, 2 yards 39-inch.

No. 5760. Fullness is supplied by a panel of pleats in the front of a tailored frock. Decorative seamings and a belt mark the waistline. Size 36, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35-inch or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 39-inch.

No. 5767. The diagonal lines of the bodice are accented by a flare at the side of the skirt of a smartly tailored frock. Size 36, $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 32-inch material or $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 39-inch.

No. 5667. The new spiral lines are suggested by a circular panel on the skirt joined in a diagonal line, and a diagonal bodice closing. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch or 2 yards 54-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35-inch.



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L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5673. A contrasting vest heads a panel formed by two box pleats in the front of a French frock. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch.

No. 5304. The short jacket of a little girl's ensemble fastens at the neck and falls open to reveal an attractive frock. Size 6, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch; bands, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 35-inch.

No. 5764. Princess lines are suggested in a young girl's frock which has a circular skirt attached to a shaped yoke. Size 14, 5 yards 32-inch, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5692. A practical ensemble consists of a frock in contrasting materials and short jacket. Size 8, waist, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch; jacket, skirt, band, belt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5605. A French ensemble has a simple coat and a frock with pleats in front. Size 10, dress, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32-inch; coat, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch.

No. 5756. A novel front closing over a contrasting front is an attractive feature of this suit. Size 4, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch; under-waist front $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35- or 39-inch.

No. 5746. A double collar is a becoming feature of a frock with short sleeves. Size 8, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch; under collar, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 32-inch.

No. 5775. Kimono sleeves are cut in one with a shaped yoke in a frock that has French panties to match. Size 6, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27- or 32-inch; yoke and collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 118.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5731. The cape ensemble consists of a frock with a pleated skirt and a circular cape reaching just below the waistline. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5772. Circular panels at each side and a deep bertha collar give graceful lines to a small frock trimmed with ribbon. Size 8, 2 yards 35-inch; ribbon, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

No. 5652. A novel front closing in double-breasted effect is accented by a contrasting vest finished with a round collar. Size 6, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35-inch.

No. 5681. Novel appliques are a French detail of a frock that is gathered to a round yoke. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27- or 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 32-inch.

No. 5580. The simple lines of a princess frock without sleeves are attractive and practical for a young girl. Size 14, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch or 2 yards 54-inch.

No. 5693. A collarless jacket is worn with a frock that is pleated beneath a smart yoke. Size 6, dress, without sleeves, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch; jacket, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5774. Clever seamings and a group of pleats in the front are style features of this frock. The square neckline is new. Size 10, 2 yards 39-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 39-inch.

No. 5749. Contrasting materials add smartness to an Eton costume with pleated skirt and a jacket. Size 8, waist with short sleeves, 1 yard 39-inch; jacket, skirt, 2 yards 39-inch.

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New Attractions for the Needle

by Elisabeth May Blondel



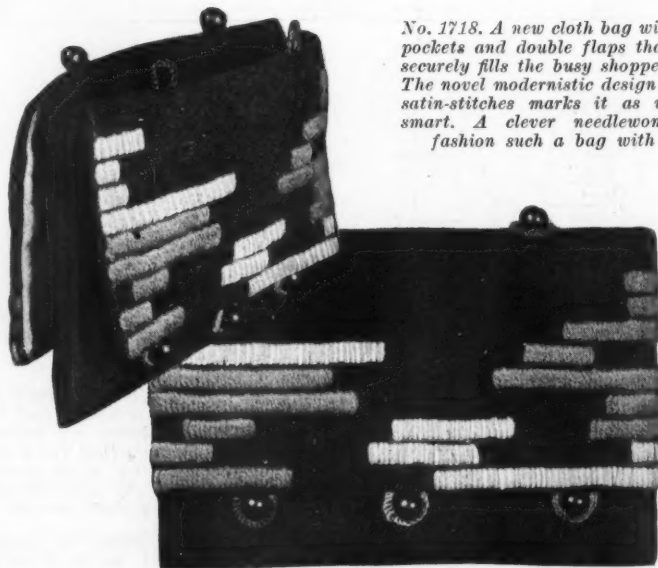
1719

No. 1719. The new ruffled pillows of crisp organdie are refreshing and Oh! so dainty in the delicate pastel shades of shadow appliqué for the quaint costume. Delightfully feminine, a pair of these lends a smart touch to the boudoir.



1716

No. 1716. Another pillow design that is a decided favorite this season is the ancient clipper with swelling sails, worked with embroidery wools on colored linen foundations. The fashionable size for square pillows like this is 20 inches.



No. 1718. A new cloth bag with roomy pockets and double flaps that button securely fills the busy shopper's need. The novel modernistic design for wool satin-stitches marks it as unusually smart. A clever needlewoman will fashion such a bag with ease.

1718

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THE PATIENCE OF GRISELDA

[Continued from page 14]

Paul was rather shocked. "The idea of insuring anyone one loves is so calous," he protested. "It's true that Daisy might have wished it if she had understood anything about business, but the poor child had had such a hard time all her life that Bertha and I didn't wish her to be bothered with any further discussion about ways and means as long as she lived."

"I'm so glad," said Griselda, "that I'm at least able to contribute my fair share of our living expenses. Even as it is, I feel it's unfair. You and Aunt Bertha do everything for me and what can I be except a burden to you?"

"You are the solace of our lives. The only one we have!" cried Paul.

"All the same," said Griselda, "I wish there was more I could do for you both. I can't even leave you the money I should like to as most of mine is an annuity."

"Was it to get your annuity that you filled in those papers at Sans-Souci, dear child?"

Griselda explained how annuities worked. How her bank manager looked after her affairs for her, and how her childish handwriting, which was amazingly legible, for she used a contrivance of two rulers between which she wrote, was accepted and known at the bank as her signature.

"It all seems very well thought-out," said Paul. "This bank manager, he is an old friend of yours? Do you often see him?"

"No, I haven't seen him for years," answered Griselda. "You see, I have always liked to travel as much as possible although I am blind. So he is quite used to getting the annuity forms signed by me from all over the world."

"I see," said Paul.

Griselda wrote in her large childish hand a letter addressed to *Giles Penrose, Poste Restante, Tunis:*

Here we are all three installed in this little bungalow. Don't worry about me. I have fixed things so that there won't be any insurance going on, and anyway for the present I think they realize that they are getting more out of me this way. I have made great friends with the postmistress here, a dear old thing called Miss Glasson. I explained that I didn't want the people I was living with, fond as I was of them, to read me all my letters aloud, that she quite understands why they are addressed to me in care of the post office, and she reads them aloud to me when I come over to fetch them. Of course you must be very careful what you write and keep your letters as unexciting as possible.

THAT letter was written a couple of weeks after the Cauvins and Griselda had settled into the bungalow, and now two months had gone by and Griselda was beginning to long for Giles' return. Those long lonely nights when she would awake at the lightest sound and sit up with her heart beating heavily, had begun to tell on her. She even thought she would have been unable to stand the strain had it not been for the cheery presence of Keziah, a stout, red-faced maid servant who walked over every morning from the farm and back again every evening after she had laid the supper. Keziah had a great admiration for Griselda and regaled her with spicy local gossip.

One day Griselda walked back from the post office with a lighter heart. She had had a letter, long delayed, which told her that very soon Giles hoped to be with her. He added that his antiquarian researches had been highly suc-

cessful. Miss Glasson was not interested in antiquities, but she was very interested in the fact that Griselda, blind as she was, had a young man; and she had shared Griselda's infectious lifting of the spirits. "The end is in sight," thought Griselda as she walked homeward over the smooth turf, lightly touching with her stick the masses of scented gorse blossom.

"Dicky, my darling Dicky," she said to herself, stopping suddenly, overcome by the powerful emotion that seemed to flood her being; "you will be revenged at last" . . . and she stood shaken in the bright sunlight, almost sick with the force of the feeling that took hold of her. When she reached the bungalow, she found that the Cauvins had not yet returned from town.

WHILE she was having her tea Keziah came bustling into the living-room. "Miss Griselda!" she gasped. "Aw, Miss Griselda, my dear, there be a young man at the gate asking for 'ee. A lovely up-standing young man. Almost as brown as one of these heathens he do be. He'm eager as fire to set eyes on 'ee." Keziah paused and gazed with even greater admiration than usual at Griselda, whose cheeks were burning. If Keziah could have known of the pounding of Griselda's heart she would have been more convinced still that her diagnosis of the situation was correct and she would have been bitterly disappointed could she have known the true state of affairs.

She was disappointed at Griselda's quiet: "Show him in please, Keziah," and much relieved when Griselda recalled her to add, "Keziah, keep a lookout for Monsieur and Madame Cauvin, and warn me in time. I particularly don't want anyone but you to know that this gentleman has been here. Will you do that for me?"

Would she not? Keziah's face glowed with pride and pleasure as she went to fetch Giles Penrose.

He came in, and for the first moment, while he held Griselda's hands and looked down into her face he found he could not speak for his immense relief. To both of them there came at that moment a strange sense of fulfilment, almost of victory. They had both come through certain perils unscathed, and were clasping each other's hands after many weeks in which each had felt agonizing fear upon the other's behalf.

Giles thought he had never seen her look so lovely with a burning color in her usually pale cheeks; her eyes, those shining gray eyes that you would never have suspected of blindness, had it not been for a certain vacancy in their calm outlook, brimming with tears as he spoke of Dicky.

When he told her all the nice things that he had heard of Dicky, the kindly tributes of Madame Bignon and others, her lips quivered and she touched his hand for a fleeting moment in gratitude. She paled a little in alarm when she realized, in spite of his light narratives, the risks he had run in his investigations: treated with suspicion by the Arabs and actively discouraged by the French while he was still posing as an Englishman; and always in danger of discovery when he had taken to disguise and lived in the native quarter for several weeks as an Arab.

"No risk at all about that, really," he assured her. You just unhitch your own personality, as it were, and hang it upon hook, and adopt your new one so that it's your real self even to you. It grows all over you if you think yourself into it in the right way."

[Continued on page 118]



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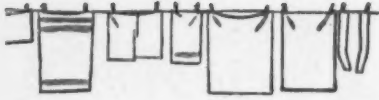


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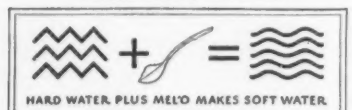
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THE PATIENCE OF GRISELDA

[Continued from page 117]

"I know," said Griselda. "That's what I do. As Griselda Anstruther it's not as difficult for me, of course, as it was for you, because Griselda is my real name, though nobody before ever called me anything but Pat—short for Patient Griselda, you know. But tonight, Giles," she unconsciously called him by his Christian name for the first time—"I feel as though the end were in sight, the end of Miss Anstruther, and oh, Giles, how I long for it."

GILES felt a little superstitious wave of fear. He hadn't liked those words—"the end of Miss Anstruther," but all he said was: "My dear, the end of all your troubles is in sight, I think. I've got all the threads of the Tunis tragedy disentangled now. Even the French authorities agree with me that it seems a queer case. There is no doubt that this girl whom poor Dicky was led to believe was a virtuous girl and of good family, was a dancing woman that the Lamottes had hired to play the part they wished. She let him in to a little house she had taken in Sidi-bou-Said, and it was there the poor boy was killed. The dancing girl and the Arab took the pocketbook which was their share of the spoil."

"I happen to have a pretty considerable pull with one of the most important Arabs in Tunis, a splendid fellow, straight as a die, who insists on thinking I saved his son's life in the war. Don't ask me to tell you exactly about the pressure we brought to bear on the dancing girl and her native owner. But we have their depositions written down and witnessed and my old friend knows where to put his hand on them if we want them. After I had got it all fixed at the Tunis end of it I started to track our French friends backward and found they had come from Marseilles. It wasn't difficult because you told me your brother had joined them there and I was able to find out quite a lot about their lives before they had taken him to Tunis. They had insured him all right, when the poor boy hardly knew any French and they'd put up some cock-and-bull story to him. It wasn't the same company they insured Daisy in. They know a bit too much for that. I got the representatives of both companies together and they are both pretty mad. We can count on them to help us."

Griselda had listened in silence, nodding her head at intervals. "That's all right, as far as it goes," she said at last, "but it doesn't go far enough. There's still no actual proof, you see. The depositions of two Arabs, who may say they were frightened or even tortured into making them . . . well, you can see for yourself. No one saw the accident happen to the boat. When they rescued Paul he had got astride of the upturned boat and was holding Daisy across it, but she was already dead. Everywhere these people have built up such a good reputation. Paul was overheard several times reasoning with Dicky in Tunis, begging him not to go and see this girl, telling him he was too young and didn't know his way about the world."

"And at St. Fructueux it was the same thing. Paul even took the trouble to pretend to be in love with Daisy. People used to tease him about his little affair and laugh at Bertha for being a deceived wife. What do you suppose that I have been living in the same house with these devils for all these weeks, Giles? I could have kept track of them without doing that. It is because I was determined to find out everything that I could."

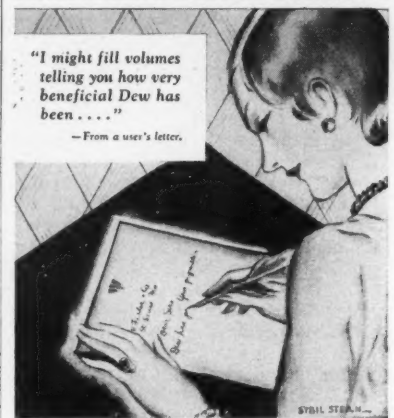
"But my dear child," said Giles, "how can you, situated as you are—" he hesitated a little over his choice of words—"find out very much? They aren't likely to talk so loudly so that you can overhear them."

"It's just because I'm blind," said Griselda, who never tried to soften down the fact of her affliction, "that I've had the advantage of them. No one could possibly suspect me, you see. And I have the proof of it, Giles. I've got what I want. . . . At least, I know that it exists, and where it is. I haven't dared take it till you were back to help me afterward. I will tell you what first put me on the right track. Bertha is insanely jealous of Paul. He only sticks to her because she's useful and because they are so bound together by their crimes that it wouldn't be safe for them to part, but she'd kill him, I think, sooner than lose him."

Giles stared at her for a moment without replying and his pleasant face settled into unusually grim lines. "And will you kindly tell me," he asked,

[Continued on page 119]

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of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for April 1, 1929.

State of New York, County of New York, ss:
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N. Y. C. Editor: Otis L. Wells, Managing Editor: E. M. Millen, Business Managers: None.

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No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
5304	4-14	35	5683	14-18, 36-42	35	5741	14-18, 36-40	50	5759	14-18, 36-42	50
5580	8-20	45	5684	12-20	45	5742	14-18, 36-42	45	5760	14-18, 36-42	45
5605	6-14	45	5688	14-18, 36-42	45	5744	14-18, 36-40	65	5761	14-18, 36-42	35
5622	14-18, 36-42	50	5689	14-18, 36-42	50	5745	14-18, 36-42	35	5762	14-18, 36-42	45
5652	4-14	35	5692	4-14	35	5746	6-14	45	5763	14-18, 36-42	45
5662	14-18, 36-42	45	5693	4-14	35	5747	14-18, 36-40	45	5764	12-20	45
5667	14-18, 36-42	45	5710	14-18, 36-42	45	5748	14-18, 36-42	45	5765	14-18, 36-42	45
5670	14-18, 36-40	50	5711	14-18, 36-42	45	5749	4-14	35	5766	14-18, 36-40	65
5672	14-18, 36-42	45	5712	4-14	35	5750	14-18, 36-42	50	5767	14-18, 36-46	45
5673	4-14	35	5713	4-14	35	5751	14-18, 36-40	50	5768	14-18, 36-46	35
5674	14-18, 36-42	45	5714	14-18, 36-42	50	5752	14-18, 36-42	50	5769	28-38	35
5675	14-18, 36-42	45	5715	1-6	30	5753	14-18, 36-42	50	5770	28-38	35
5676	6-20	30	5716	14-18, 36-46	45	5754	14-18, 36-42	35	5771	14-18, 36-42	35
5677	1-8	30	5717	14-18, 36-46	45	5755	14-18, 36-42	50	5772	4-14	35
5678	1-6	30	5718	14-18, 36-42	35	5756	2-6	35	5773	14-18, 36-42	45
5681	1-6	30	5731	4-14	35	5757	14-18, 36-42	45	5774	6-14	35
5682	14-18, 36-42	45	5735	14-18, 36-42	50	5758	14-18, 36-42	50	5775	1-6	30

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1640	45	1674	45	1711	50	1716	45
1645	40	1688	50	1712	35	1717	\$1.25
1649	45	1689	40	1713	35	1718	30
1656	50	1690	45	1714	40	1719	35



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THE PATIENCE OF GRISELDA

[Continued from page 118]

"how you have found out that Bertha can be really jealous? Has that swine been bothering you?"

Griselda put up two protesting hands. "Now you mustn't get to thinking that I can't look after myself," she said, "or you may come rushing in and spoil everything. Promise me you will do what I say, Giles."

Giles winced at the matter-of-fact acceptance in her voice. "What I still don't see," he said at last, "is how this woman's jealousy has put you onto the right track. What proof, unmistakable proof, can you have got?"

"I can tell you what it is, but I can't tell you how I found it out," answered Griselda slowly. "There's a lot I can't tell you yet, Giles, but I will, I promise you that I will. Only just for a little while longer you must trust me. Bertha has written down in a little book, which she keeps in a secret place, everything she and Paul have ever done. The other day when she began to be very suspicious of him I heard her telling him this and taunting him with it and if he ever leaves her for another woman she's going to give herself up to the police and take her book with her."

DO YOU believe that?" asked Giles. "Yes, I do. You don't know Bertha as I know her. She would hesitate at nothing to be revenged on Paul if she lost him. I know what I am talking about, Giles."

"She must be mad," said Giles. "No, not mad. Many criminals can't resist writing and talking about what they have done, you know. There's nothing strange in Bertha having written it all down. The only strange part of it is the motive with which she's done it. She would never feel tempted to talk about anything unless she had a very good reason, and for her that reason would be losing Paul."

Giles again paced up and down the room. "What do you propose to do?" he asked. "You can't stay on here indefinitely in the hope of abstracting this thing."

"I shall get it at once now you're here. I have a plan."

"And may I hear it?" Griselda got up and came to him and put her hands on his arm. "I couldn't have done any of it without you," she said. "Surely you know that. I had tried my best in Tunis and failed."

A discreet knocking at the door made them draw apart, and then with a loud warning cough Keziah burst into the room. "I do be sorry to have to interrupt 'ee, my dears, and Miss Griselda there with the first man to pass the time of day with, saving that old goat of a Frenchy, that she's had this summer, but they're coming now."

"Quick!" said Griselda. "Come out this way, come down by the cliff path. You can get along by the beach."

Keziah nodded approvingly at this piece of strategy and discreetly left the room. Griselda pushed Giles toward the open French window. He paused obstinately. "When am I going to see you again? Come, Griselda, it's no good trying to put me off."

"Be here this time tomorrow. I will take my usual little stroll after tea, when they play patience. I know the cliff path very well, and I will come down it for a little way, to where there's a seat which stands back behind some bushes. Wait for me there. Now you must go."

"Giles!"—For he had caught her to him and hastily kissed her. The next moment he was running along the path that led to the cliff.

[Concluded in AUGUST McCALL'S]

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of the Blessed Prophet, "and the truth is that I should be afraid to do it."

And this put an end for a moment to the conversation which had been somewhat less serious than the words here set down, because of a certain affectionate banter in the tones.

It was in the late summer of 1925 and we were seated beneath the trees, a family picnic party—the Sheik el Mevlew, Dr. Dray, Mrs. Dray and Major Thomas Dray of Cairo, who was on leave visiting his brother, and my wife. This made six of us, intimately, and a dervish servant, beneath the ancient cedars of Lebanon, in the small sacred grove which lies on an otherwise denuded mountain slope six thousand feet above the sea, at the head of the Kadisha River gorge behind Tripoli.

There remain only some four thousand of these ancient giants, closely grouped together, not immensely tall, but many of them forty feet in girth, two thousand years in age, with enormous evergreen wide-spreading branches. The grove is deemed sacred in a special sense by all natives—Moslem, Christian, Hebrew, of whatever sect or none. Surrounding slopes, once heavily forested are now white and bare. Here grew the Cedars mentioned so often in Holy Writ—the Hebrew Scriptures, the Koran. From this range of the Lebanon came the cedar beams built into David's house before King Solomon was born. Here was felled the timber brought by Hiram, King of Tyre, for the great temple in Jerusalem. Here came with their axes Phoenicians, Romans, Greeks . . . And now only this one grove remains.

ITS peculiar survival may be explained, I think, in a peculiar way. A mountain peasant, Moslem orthodox, may say: "These trees are under the protection of Allah." A simple Maronite may cross himself in reply: "Nay these trees stand because they were planted by Jesus Christ." But there are other peasants in these mountains who, if they can be persuaded to speak the truth, will shake their heads knowing better than any archeologist that older pagan mysteries and terrors lurk here. For in this very grove stood Canaanite idols of black stone before Moses ever came from Egypt; and here also were celebrated the bloody orgies sacred to Adonis. From time to time now, rarely, the shorn tresses of a woman are found dangling from a branch, mute evidence of expiatory rites still held in secret.

Our own excursion to the Cedars had been on invitation of the Sheik el Mevlew, at whose palace-monastery in Tripoli we were week-end guests. After sleeping in Bsharrah, little mules with red tassels and tinkling bells were provided for our two hour climb, skirting precipice and waterfalls, to Al Arz—the Lebanon Cedars.

It was after luncheon, in the grove, that our conversation concerning local history, tradition, superstition, had taken a sudden personal turn. It had begun—the superstition part—with finding the tree on whose huge trunk in 1840 the poet Lamartine had deeply carved his name, still legible, with the date, and beneath it the name of his Julia whom he loved better than his life.

Dr. Dray mentioned the fact that Julia had languished and died two months later in Beirut. We discussed it as a queer coincidence in connection with the belief that some dreadful fate is sure to overtake whoever cuts, breaks or carries away even the slightest branch, twig or splinter from this sacred grove.

We had been retelling these old tales when Major Thomas Dray, who had been silent, said:

I HAVE been debating whether or not to tell you something rather absurd that happened to me here in this same grove some twenty years ago. I had come up alone on horseback one day from the hotel at Baalbek to have a look at the Cedars. I knew little of Syria; I had never heard these stories. I was carrying a silver-handled riding crop which I prized because it was a gift from a friend. I suppose that is why it occurred to me that I might cut a stout switch from one of these trees—the Biblical Cedars of Lebanon and all that sort of thing, don't you know—and have it properly seasoned and set also in a silver handle for my friend back in England. I hung my crop on a bush, went to a tree not more than ten paces distant, climbed up into it with a little difficulty, cut the switch I wanted and descended. It was early afternoon, bright daylight even here in the shade, as it is now. I looked for my riding crop but it was gone. I thought I had simply gotten turned around, but I searched circling and still couldn't find my crop. I was concluding that some thief had darted from behind a tree and stolen it, when I suddenly realized that I had never found the bush on which I had hung it! Both had disappeared together. There was now no bush of any sort near that tree. And there couldn't be any mistake about the exact tree for I verified the fresh mark of my knife on it. I searched for an hour and I never found either the bush or my riding crop."

THE VENGEANCE OF THE SACRED GROVE

[Continued from page 15]

"Come on, Tom," interrupted Dr. Dray with the privilege of an older brother, "you've mystified us long enough. It's a good anecdote, worth telling, now let us have the sequel, the explanation—or are you going to let us down by saying that you went to sleep and dreamed it?"

"I was not dreaming," said the Major as solemnly as an owl, "and that is just the queer part. This is why I hesitated to tell you this story at all. There was no sequel. There was no explanation. My riding crop and the bush, mind you, disappeared together as if they had passed into Einstein's fourth dimension."

At this point Dr. Dray became annoyed as a brother will at times with a brother, and cried:

"Bosh, tosh and nonsense! I'm tired of this. From peasants, it's interesting, but from you it's drive! I'm

"Good Lord," he said, "don't tell me that you of all people take any of that nonsense seriously?"

"I don't think I do, really," she answered, still holding to his arm, "but you know how superstitious the servants are and they might talk to the children."

"Right you are, my dear," said Dr. Dray, "I'll just leave it in the car and take it down with me in the morning."

"Thank you," she said, kissing him.

I must explain that Dr. Dray kept two establishments, this place in the hills, and another, his official residence, on the University campus down in Beirut with the living quarters upstairs and on the ground floor an office together with a study-laboratory where he did most of his work. Just now the entire family, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Dray, their three young children and a number of native servants were living here in Brumanna; and it was Dr. Dray's custom to motor down in the mornings, sometimes remaining two or three days, sometimes returning the same evening.

Permanently in charge of the house below was a boy about twenty years of age by the name of Aram, born in Beirut but of Christian Armenian extraction, whose family Dr. Dray had saved from misery and possibly death at the hands of the Turks in the early days of the war, and who served him with a devoted gratitude.

And it was Aram who let us in when Dr. Dray and I motored down from Brumanna on the morning after our return from the Cedars. If I describe here minutely what happened on our arrival, it is not because it impressed me at the time, nor can I now see that it has any understandable connection with the event that occurred.

The billet of wood still lay on the floor in the tonneau of the car. With it were a satchel, a suitcase, a basket of vegetables, two or three smaller packages. Aram, unloading this stuff to the veranda steps, saw what must have seemed to him a stick of rotted wood left in the car perhaps by accident, and said, "Shall I bring that?"

"Yes," said Dr. Dray, "I want it. Put it on the mantel in the study."

"But wait a minute," he added, his eyes twinkling, "tell me, Aram, are you superstitious?"

The boy, understanding that he was being teased, grinned, waiting to hear more. "Because if you are," continued Dr. Dray, "you'd better not touch it. There's a *hijab* on it. It's dangerous." (*Hijab* means a magical charm or curse; also colloquially any queer object for which there is no precise word. In this second sense, it is like "gadjet" or "cantrap" in English.)

Aram laughed and picked it up and turned it over in his hands, laughed again, and said to Dr. Dray: "It's an old stick of firewood."

"Right," said Dr. Dray, "but put it on the mantel."

I do not recall that any of us ever mentioned the stick of wood again, but I remember seeing it there just before we returned to America.

MORE than a year passed and my wife and I were living in New York. One morning as we were having our breakfast coffee, my wife, glancing carelessly through the *Times*, said suddenly, flatly, dully: "Oh, William, William . . ." and laid down the newspaper and stared. As I was picking it up to see what she had read that hurt her so, she said, still dully, slowly: "It's about Dr. Dray . . . he's dead."

The story in the newspaper—it was an Associated Press dispatch from Beirut—will be remembered, I am sure, by the several thousand people throughout the United States who are intimately familiar with or directly interested in Near Eastern personalities and affairs. I think it may also be remembered by a great many other more casual readers because of a certain ghastly illogicality inherent in the brief facts recorded at the time:

Mrs. Dray, the children and most of the servants were up in Brumanna. Dr. Dray, in the house below, was seated alone in the evening after dinner, at the big flat-top desk in his study-laboratory facing the mantel. Aram crept in silently unheard, with a long knife, and killed him. Almost surely he died without knowing who or what had murdered him, or why. And Aram, when arraigned and asked why he had done it, said it was because Dr. Dray had scolded him a day or two before. Nor was any more reasonable explanation ever evolved.

I realize that this tragedy, so far as the Cedars of Lebanon are concerned, may have been no more than an unconnected ghastly coincidence. I realize also that if there was a deeper sinister connection it could still be explained rationally. So, like the old Sheik el Mevlew, I assert that I am not superstitious. But if I am to be wholly honest, I must add, as he did, that I do not know what I mean when I say it.

ADVENTURE

BY DORIS ESTCOURT

The safe roads are sweet roads—
None so well as I
Has loved the sunny hollows
Where peace and safety lie.

*But I have heard the wind call
And I have watched the sky.*

Known things are dear things—
I have bound my heart
With tiny chains of blessedness
I scarce can break apart.
*But I have heard a gull cry
And watched the swallows start.*

Oh, I shall go with eager feet,
And follow the wind to the sea.
*But why, O god of the gypsy folk,
Must I break my heart to be free?*

ashamed of you. You deserved to lose your precious riding crop, but such superstition is twaddle and I'm going to prove it to you! I won't cut one of these living trees, for that would savor a bit of vandalism, but I'm going to find a limb lying around here on the ground, a limb that hasn't rotted too much, with some sound wood still at its core; and I am going to cut a piece from it and smooth it down and make it into a paper weight, and every time I look at it I shall laugh and think what a donkey I have for a brother."

"Donkey yourself," retorted Major Tom, and all of us were laughing. It was during the subsequent lull that the Sheik el Mevlew, who had been laughing too, said gently:

"Just the same, I wouldn't do it."

And so they argued; and finally Dr. Dray said to him sincerely: "If you will tell me that my doing it would distress you personally—I do not mean because of any fear of consequence for me; I mean distress you either as a saint of Islam or as our host on this excursion—I will not do it."

"I should like to dissuade you, my old friend," replied the Mevlew, "but on that ground I cannot, for it would not be true."

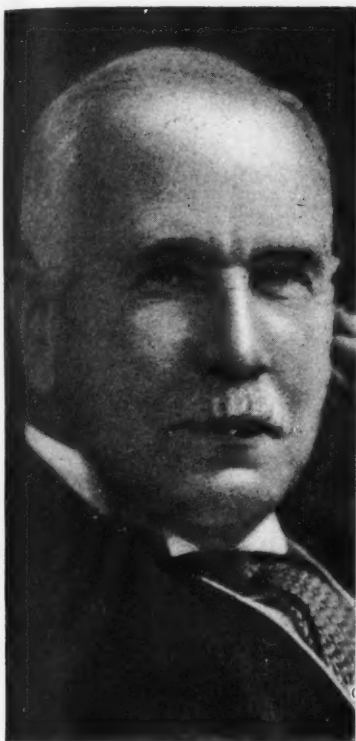
WHEN we came down from the mountain Dr. Dray carried with him a small, solid piece of cedar, bark-covered, surface-rotted, about a foot long and three or four inches thick. At Tripoli we bade the Mevlew farewell and hurried on to Beirut in another motor which had been sent to fetch us. The piece of wood lay tossed in the bottom of the tonneau with other luggage. I am reconstructing these events now very carefully in retrospect, but I am sure that at the time none of us, save perhaps the Mevlew, took the matter very seriously. I am inclined to think we had more or less forgotten about it before we reached the outskirts of Beirut and turned toward the Dray's summer home in the mountain suburb of Brumanna.

But arriving there and preparing to unload the luggage, Mrs. Dray suddenly put her hand on her husband's arm and said, "Arthur, just to please me, I wish you wouldn't bring that into the house."

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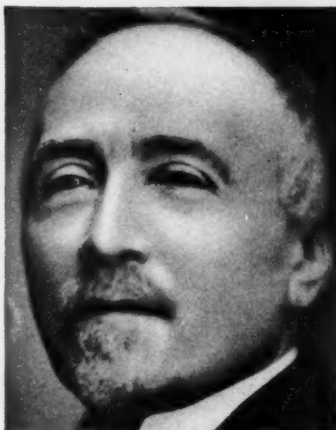
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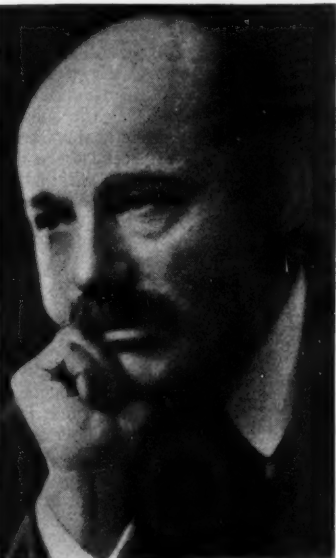
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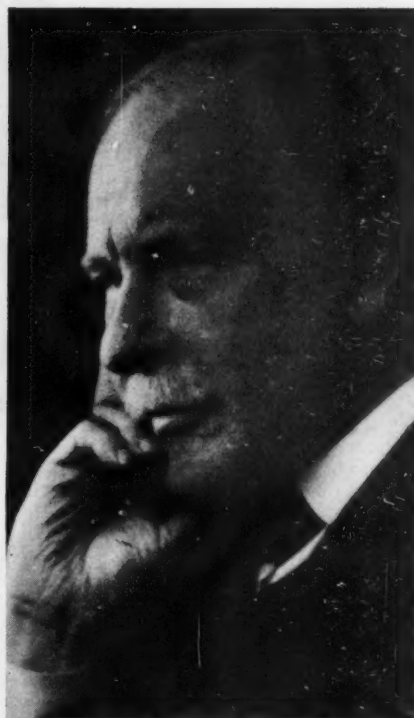
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Fayer, Vienna
Vienna's official food expert, Dr. V. Grafe, says, "Yeast aids digestion."



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Photograph from "La Clinique"

Americans eagerly await the forthcoming publication in English of his latest book, "Le Chemin du Bonheur" (The Road to Health). Dr. Victor Pauchet, eminent Paris surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract, says, "Unfortunately, constipation is often treated with irritating medications. Yeast, however, is a safe remedy."

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WHAT IS BAPTISM?

By Basil King

ONE day while Bobby was at home for the Christmas holidays, when both his father and mother were present, he asked why he couldn't be baptized as were so many other boys at Doolittle's.

"What's put that into your head?" his father asked. Bobby replied that everyone was. "Why wasn't it done when I was a baby, father, and Ellie, too? You were baptized and so was mother. Then we should be like everybody else."

Having perhaps grown too shy, he said nothing about the *sacramentum*—as he had learned to call an oath of allegiance. His whole emphasis was laid on conformity to what seemed a general custom. His mother made the explanation he was asking for.

"We did think of having you done when you were a baby; but it happened just then that we went to two christenings which we didn't like. In both churches they seemed to consider that the poor innocent little baby was a creature born in sin. Somehow that interpretation rather disgusted us. When Ellie came along we felt the same thing. I'm not sure now that it wasn't a mistake. Personally I should hesitate now to break with the great and ancient tradition of the church, even though I didn't wholly agree with the implication of its phraseology."

"That means," Bobby ventured, in his own tongue, "that if I was a little kid now you'd have me done—the way you've come to think. Well, why can't I be done as it is? Then I'd be like every other boy."

"Unfortunately you're not a little kid," the father objected, "and I don't think you should be done now without your knowing something more about it. By the way, how much do you know?"

"I don't know anything except what you told me, that it's the *sacramentum* by which I swear to be loyal to the best things we know anything about. I ought to do that, oughtn't I? Anyhow, it's what I want to do."

"Some day before you go back to school we'll talk it all out, and I'll tell you about baptism the little that I know," Leroy, Bobby's father, said.

"All right, father; that's a promise."

THEY dropped into the discussion by accident. Bobby having come on the following Sunday to the luncheon table without having washed his hands was scolded by his mother, while he did his best to defend himself. He had not washed his hands because they were already clean; and to wash them to no purpose was not only silly, but would have obliged him to climb two flights of stairs to his own room.

His mother argued that it was not wholly a question of cleanliness, but of proper deference to those with whom you sat down to a meal.

Partly because his recent reading had filled his mind with the subject and partly to keep the family peace,

Leroy threw in: "Like the ceremonial washings of the ancients. Ablutions were dictated by taste, custom or for the sake of cleanliness. Too, there was a religious motive behind the ceremony, implying inner purification through an outward symbol. By the Gentile it was done in honor of some god; by the Hebrew as an outward and visible sign that he had expiated and been forgiven for some sin. A 'lustration' among the Latins became a *baptism* among the Greeks, from whom the later Hebrews borrowed the word to express the many kinds of purification by water which their own religion imposed on them."

"When you come to think of it, purification by water was the most natural symbol either Jew or Gentile could have chosen. The element could be procured anywhere; it cost nothing; and being the means of outward cleanliness it suggested at once that cleansing of the soul of which most people at some time in their lives have felt the need."

Bobby asked: "Well, was that like our baptism?"

"It was very like it. Baptism is in fact the one vestige that remains to us of all these laws and habits. It was undoubtedly because of the many forms of baptism already in use that it was adopted by Christ as a symbol of the purification He so strongly urged. To repent and be baptized was the substance of most of the earliest preaching. As the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace it was a witness to a spiritual process going on within the soul. To repent came first—everything depended on that. The washing with water was no more than external evidence."

"But if you repented," Mabel objected, "I don't see that the washing with water—the baptism—was strictly necessary."

"Perhaps it wasn't; but human nature is so constituted that it isn't content with what is purely inward and spiritual; it demands something that it can do externally. That's especially true of most of us. Some ceremonial runs through all our lives; but when we come to religion which is so mysterious to us, and in general so little understood, ceremony becomes largely the means by which we venture to approach God. Jesus of Nazareth seems to me to show His wisdom in allowing some symbolism, but in making it the simplest and most familiar possible. There is no question but that He did associate the washing with water, in other words baptism, closely with the essentials of His teaching."

"But, father, could you have a baptism without water?" Bobby asked.

"Not in the ordinary sense, no. Most of us need the symbol. We can't imagine that the Holy Ghost could come to us without it."

"The Holy Ghost?" Mabel said, in a tone of inquiry. "Has He anything to do with it?"

"That was the difference, as I understand it, between John's baptism and Christian baptism. John's baptism was significant of the forgiveness of sins only. Christ's baptism symbolized what they called power from on high. Grace, spiritual strength, the Holy Ghost—I think the common man can take them as meaning much the same thing. The theologian, for aught I know, may see them otherwise; but I'm trying to simplify it down to what people like ourselves can understand. Much of the difference that I see between the dispensation of the Old Testament and that of the New is in this conception of power. Christ's idea of a man is that of a being capable of doing things that would amaze himself. This heightened spiritual strength was the gift of the Holy Ghost, the Working Force of God. This Working Force comes to everyone in proportion as he is able to receive it. Some are prepared to use much of it; some less; some scarcely any of it; but all are endowed with the capacity of receiving at least a little."

BAPTISM is a sign to me and to everyone else that we come to the Holy Ghost to be cleansed by water or by fire—the symbol is of secondary importance—and endowed with His perpetual help. How He gives me that help I don't know; neither do I know exactly what that help consists in. But I do know that it is the Divine Force that came to this world when the Spirit of God first moved on the face of the waters of chaos, and has never left it."

For a few minutes there was silence in the room till Mabel said: "I can't see why you should baptize a baby, who can't understand anything about it."

Leroy was quick with his reply. "Did you ever see a baby that didn't need the Holy Ghost? I don't suppose that there's any time in the life of a human being when the supreme Working Force is more of a stimulus to him than at the beginning. Quite personally I do not believe that the sweetest thing in all the world, a little baby, is 'conceived and born in sin,' even though ancient formulas may say it is. But I do believe that blame attaches to the parents who refuse or neglect to take their children into the great company of the purified and reborn. The Holy Ghost may see to it that the children themselves do not suffer; but I can't help the feeling that the parents may. I should like to see both of my children born again of water and the Spirit."

Consequently it was not surprising that before Bobby went back to school both he and Ellie were baptized.

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

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